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Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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JOHN LAGATTA

What the salespeople in New York's 12 great department stores recommend for

cleansing delicate garments

The saleswoman from whom you buy one of those enchanting peach-bloom step-ins simply has to know how it should be washed. It is part of her job!

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Very well then—what soap do these intelligent people recommend? During an extensive investigation recently conducted in New York in the 12 largest stores, salespeople universally said—"For delicate garments—*use Ivory Soap.*" Other soaps were mentioned occasionally, but everywhere the conclusion was, "If you use Ivory, you need never worry."

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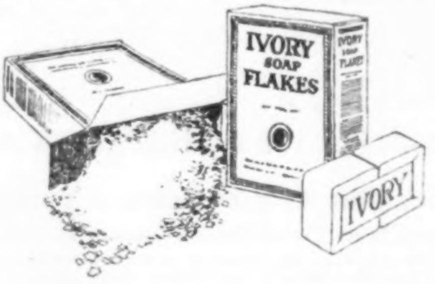

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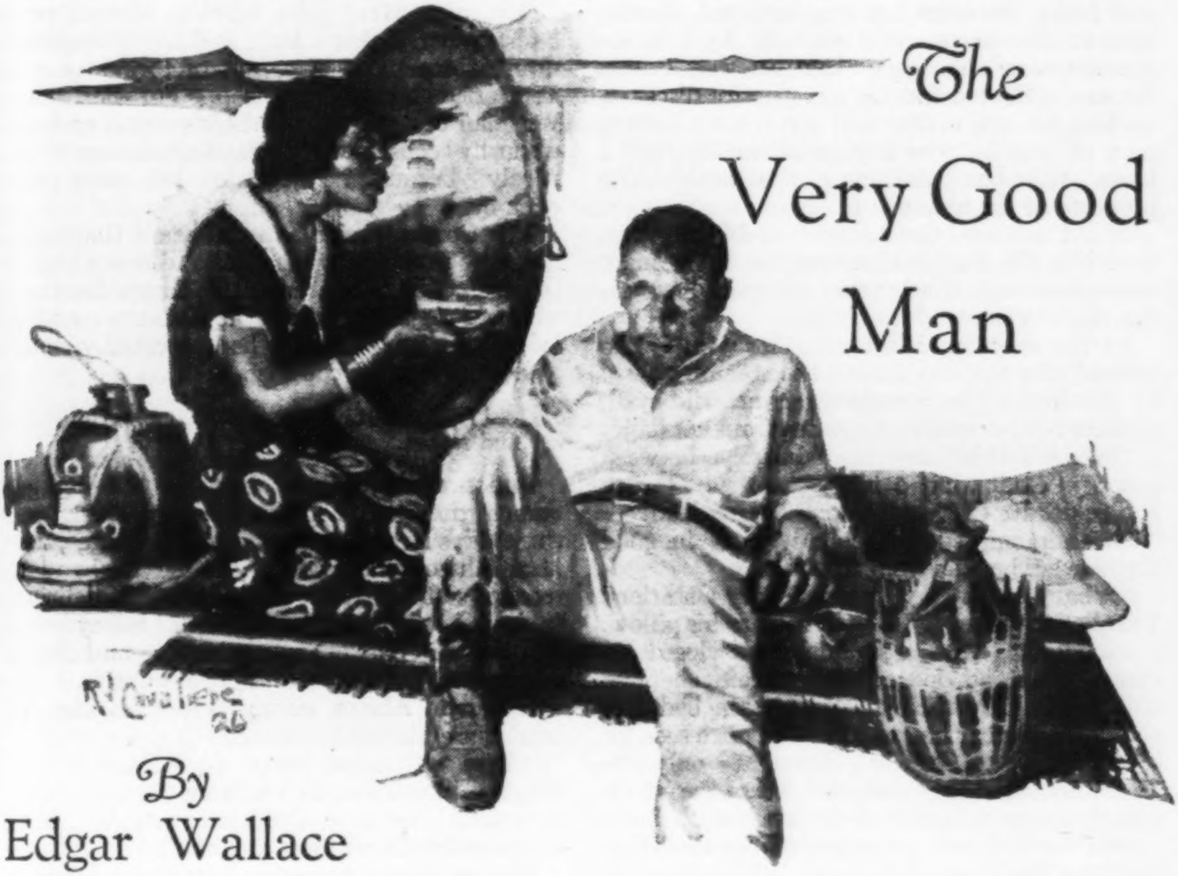
Advertising section continued in rear of book

A rotter condemned by the white man's code shines on in a woman's heart



The Very Good Man

By Edgar Wallace

THE spectacle of a white man going native may be romantic—it is largely a question of locality and the imaginative faculties of his biographer. In the islands that stud the smiling seas, in a setting that may consist largely of smelly copra, but can easily be masked by the blazing stories of frangipani, a man may take to himself an olive-skinned mama and excite no more than amused contempt among his decent fellows. But in Africa . . .

B'firi, the Christian woman, was young and comely. She had been the owner of three husbands, each of whom had loved her and died. After the third death the chief of her village held her for Sanders.

"It is not good that young men should die so quickly," he said at the palaver which followed, "and in the days of my father—his father—this woman would have died for her witchcraft, for it is clear that she carries in her body a poison too strong for men. But now, lord Sandi, those good days are past, and we bring her to you that you may say wise words to her."

There was sarcasm here, but Sanders wisely overlooked the lapse. It was no more intricate or delicate a problem than hundreds of others which came to him for solution, but here he was relieved in his rôle of oracle.

The woman B'firi, silent till now, spoke.

"Lord, I am tired of men who never meet a good woman but they must have her better, and never walk with a bad woman but they leave her worse. I have spoken with the Jesus men on the Shagali River, and there I go to be washed in the river and wear cloth over my breast, for by this magic I will grow wings when I am old and live in the clouds with other ghosts."

This solved the problem, and B'firi went off, paddled by her two brothers to the Baptist Mission on the Shagali River (which was little more than a creek and was certainly not a river), and there she was baptized, learned to make tea, did the lady missionaries' laundry and acquired other Christian virtues.

She was clever. She learned to speak English and read Bomongo in a year; at the end of eighteen months she was a lay preacher and went forth into the forest to carry the Word. Once, when she was conducting a mission of her own on the edge of the French territory, there was a tremendous happening. A white man, sickly white he was, came swaying across the swamps. The people of the village called her and she went out to meet him. His clothes were old and filthy, his solar hat was battered, brown, torn at the crown. She thought by the unsteadiness of his gait that he was drunk. He was. Behind him, at a respectful distance, walked his one carrier and servant, an elderly man of Angola, who supported on his head a large sugar-box containing the wealth and property of the unknown.

It did not need the influence of B'firi to procure him the shelter of a new hut. The man was white—not the browny white of Sanders, but the white of trodden chalk.

In the morning B'firi with her own hands brewed him tea and carried the steaming bowl to his hut. The stranger sat up wild-eyed, glowered at her and took the tea from her hand.

"Where's this?" he asked huskily, between gulps. "God! what a filthy country! I wish I were dead! Oh, God, I wish I were dead!"

She admonished him soberly—but in good English. The man blinked at her.

"What's this . . . missionary station? Thanks for the tea." He fell back to his pillow, a folded coat, with a shudder, and closed his eyes. When he opened them again she was still kneeling by the side of the skin bed, the bowl between her hands. He had once seen an ebony figure at Christie's like that—only she wasn't black. She did not wear the cloth which, wrapped tightly about a woman's body almost to the neck, proclaimed her Christian virtues. Only the little grass skirt, and all else of her was brown satin.

"Missionary, are you?" he asked weakly, when she explained her presence. "Try your hand on me! I've lost everything—everything! I gave up all that makes life worth while when I came to this blasted country—sorry."

She repeated the word with her lips: B'firi was what actors call a "quick study."

SHE understood men, having sapped three of their lives, and knew that they were happiest when they were talking about themselves. John Silwick Aliston was immensely sorry for himself—he pitied John Silwick Aliston with an intense pity that brought tears to his eyes. At the end of the fourth day of listening he came to the conclusion that she was a miracle sent to show him the way to salvation. She, bored to weariness, contemplated a magnificent future. The end of it all was that, when they came to the mission station, he married this native woman B'firi—the missionary who performed the ceremony in proper style (B'firi being a baptized woman) was newly arrived from England and had no definite views about the color line. He believed that all humanity were God's creatures and that heaven was populated by beings of a neutral pigmentation. So he pronounced John Silwick Aliston, bachelor, and B'firi, pride of his mission, man and wife in the face of God and his congregation.

Mr. and Mrs. John Silwick Aliston went back to her father's hut, and the bridegroom drank three parts of a pint of forbidden rum and cried himself to sleep. For he was a Bachelor of Arts of Oxford University, and was absurdly conscious of his degradation—"absurdly" because he degraded his caste with open eyes.

Mr. Commissioner Sanders heard the shocking news from one of his spies and flew a pigeon to Lieutenant Tibbetts, of the King's Houssas, who was fossicking round the Akasava country, looking for an Arab who had repeatedly smuggled arms into the country.

Hoof Allison out of country. Give hell missionary and report.

Bones made his way back to the big gas launch that had brought him up river, and three days later came up with the village where Mrs. Aliston was waiting for her husband to recover sufficiently from his attack of delirium tremens to begin her fourth honeymoon. Happily the missionary was away, and Bones was spared the most painful of his duties.

He found Aliston sitting before his hut, his head buried in his hand.

"Arise an' shine, dear old Aliston," said Bones. "Pine not, as the jolly old poet says, for partin' brings a nice kind of feelin'; let's say good-by till we meet at Ealin'."

Aliston sprang up at the sound of a familiar tongue, and stood gaping at the unexpected apparition of a tall, thin, young man in a khaki shirt.

"Oh . . . sorry! Good morning," he said awkwardly.

"Pack up your dinky old traps, Aliston, dear old bird. Sunstroke very bad for you, sir an' wanderer. Fellows do things when they get a touch of jolly old Sol. . . ."

Dimly the man began to understand.

"What is the idea and who the devil are you?" he demanded resentfully.

"Deputy Commissioner, sir." Bones was very gentle. "Can't allow this sort of thing . . . good gracious! don't you know Kiplin'? 'White is white an' black is black but they keep their own side of the street' an' all that—"

All that was masculine in John Aliston coalesced in a gesture of defiance.

"You won't think I'm rude if I tell you to mind your own business?" he asked.

"I shall, dear old Aliston—I certainly shall," proclaimed Bones. "I shall be simply fearfully upset. Get your kit, old sir."

Aliston stood squarely on his feet, his hands on his hips.

"I'm not going—and you can't force me."

A bony fist shot out suddenly and caught him under the jaw . . . the man sprawled down with a thud, and came whimpering and cursing to his feet. Twice Bones hit him before he fell and lay.

"Get up, silly old Aliston," and, when he did not move, Bones stooped, gripped and brought him to his feet.

"You swine!" sobbed John Silwick. "To hit a sick man—you brute!"

He went meekly enough between the two Houssas whom Bones's shrill whistle had brought to the spot.

Mrs. Aliston came flying through the village at the one end as her husband disappeared at the other.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded, in a gray fury.

Bones answered her in the native tongue.

"Woman," he said, "this man belongs to my people, just as you belong to your people. There is the river and there is the land, and where they mix is mud and a stink."

"I am his wife," she answered tremulously, and there was murder in her eyes. "We are God people and I have a book to show that I married in the God-man way. Also . . ."

She invented on the spur of the moment a very excellent reason for desiring her husband's companionship.

"I don't want to know anything private, dear old B'firi," said the agitated Bones very loudly.

She followed him down to the boat, arguing, pleading, threatening. Every dozen paces or so they stopped, Bones's long arms waving eloquently, Bones's thin shoulders shrugging with great rapidity. When the *Wiggle* cast off she took a canoe and six paddlers and followed him down the river. By the worst of luck the *Wiggle* struck a sandbank and grounded. She climbed aboard and was thrown into the river by the indignant soldiery, and, anchoring her canoe at the stern of the launch, refused to move.

In the short period of her new matrimonial experience, she had acquired vivid additions to her vocabulary.

Bones listened to her opinion of him for three seconds and then put his fingers in his ears.

"Naughty—naughty!" he roared. "You mustn't say that—you really mustn't . . . you won't go to heaven. . . ."

"—— —— ——!" screamed Mrs. Aliston, employing one of her husband's most popular directions.

In the night, whilst she and her paddlers slept at the bottom of the canoe, one of the soldiers slipped overboard and towed her to the shore, fastening the grass rope with many knots, whilst his fellows, knee-deep on the shoal, pushed and shoved the *Wiggle* to deep water. In the morning, when she woke, the prison of her husband was gone and B'firi paddled back in fury to the mission station. Half-way she landed at a fishing village. The old chief of this village was very rich, and all his wives wore big brass collars to testify to his affluence.

"If you come to my hut I will make you my chief wife and give you rings of brass for your legs as well," he said. "Also I will make you a fine new hut and my old wife shall be your servant."

B'firi pondered the matter.

"Will you become a Christian and let me wash you with water and say holy things to you?" she asked.

"One ju-ju is like another ju-ju," said the ancient philosopher, and Mrs. Aliston made her fifth marriage.

SANDERS was on one side of his worn desk and a sullen, bearded man on the other.

"The point is, Mr. Aliston"—Sanders's voice on such occasions as these had the quality of an ice-cold razor—"that marriage in these territories cannot be performed between Europeans without a certificate issued by me. Therefore your marriage was illegal in every sense. I feel that I should be wasting my time and yours if I attempted to bring home to you the foulness of these mixed marriages."

"It is a matter of opinion," growled the man, and then: "What are you going to do with me?"

"I'm sending you home as a D. B. S. by the first available steamer," said Sanders.

The man went hot and red. His was the type of pride which revolted at being classified as a Distressed British Subject. Poverty with legitimate excuses, he could confess. But to fix such a patch to the rags of his failure was intolerable.

The day the steamer called, he was missing. He had struck inland, and when they next heard of him he was teaching the interested Isisi the art of making mealie beer. Bones, with two trackers, went after him, but he had news of their coming. For three months they lost sight of him. Then Sanders, going up river, was stopped in midstream by an old chief with a grievance.

"B'firi, my wife has gone away into the forest with a white man," he quavered. "And, lord, she has taken a great collar of brass that is worth a hundred goats. . . ."

Sanders cursed under his breath and sent a pigeon back to headquarters.

This time Hamilton, with Bones and half-a-dozen Houssas, took up the trail, which led to the French border and the discovery of a new crime. An Arab trader had been attacked by a dozen lawless tribesmen led by a white. Four cases of gin had been stolen and a man killed.

Captain Hamilton did not stop to inquire into the presence of the gin-sellers so close to the forbidden area, but turned at right angles, and, late in the afternoon, came up with the camp of the robbers—nine stertorous and unconscious men and a dead woman—the long fingers of John Silwick Aliston were still about her throat when they found him, and Bones had to pry them loose.

"Poor old thing," said Bones in a hushed voice, as he looked down at the silent figure.

And then the glitter of something at her wrist caught his eye. It was a little golden bracelet, a cheap, hollow affair which had once held three small stones. One remained, a tiny lusterless diamond. Stooping, he pressed the catch of the thing and drew it off.

"Humph!" said Hamilton, as he took the feather-weight trinket in his hand. "That little bracelet could tell a story, Bones. . . ." He turned it over on his palm. "American-made—five dollars net. How the devil did it get into the Akasava country?"

He handed the jewel back and Bones slipped it into his pocket. . . .

It was at three the following afternoon when Aliston became dimly aware of a life which was fast slipping from him.

"Hullo. . . ." He looked up into the grave faces of the two officers. "Got me, eh? Where's B'firi?"

They did not answer.

"Hum . . . did I hurt her?"

The elder of the two men stooped and put something into his hand. It was a book.

"Prayer-book—what's the idea?"

Hamilton's eyes met his.

"In half an hour you hang," he said briefly. "Five of your friends have drunk themselves to death; the other two will go the same way as you. You don't want a judge and jury to try you, I suppose—with your name and filthy crime in the English papers?"

Chalk-faced, trembling, speechless, the man shook his head. They left him alone, but under their eyes, for the appointed time. One of the soldiers climbed a tree and fixed the rope, and then Bones walked to the man, who was squatting where they had left him, his head on his breast.

"Come," said Lieutenant Tibbetts tensely, and laid his hand on the shoulder of the doomed man.

With a scream, Aliston leaped up. For a second he stood swaying, and then stumbled and collapsed in a heap. He never regained consciousness, but died in the cool of the evening, and they buried him apart from the natives who swung from the trees.

IT WAS generally agreed that Bones was not to be trusted alone. He was a good officer and a gallant fellow, but solitude and the absence of human props went straight to his head.

And he had been left practically alone on the station. Mr. Commissioner Sanders was up country on his annual tax-collection, and Captain Hamilton was in bed with a very ordinary and conventional attack of malaria. It is true that he had the queer illusion that he was falling through the mattress of his bed right on to the spiky parts of the Albert Memorial, but that isn't really serious. People inured to malarial symptoms know that a case is only dangerous when the patient believes that he is Queen Victoria and that he is playing poker with Julius Cæsar for the fishing rights of the Rubicon.

Bones did not think his superior officer was in the slightest danger, nor did Sanders, nor did Hamilton, and the only wish that the sufferer had expressed was that Bones should refrain from nursing him.

It was unfortunate that the land wire which at odd periods connects the River Territories with Headquarters should have been repaired that week. The wire passes through the elephant country, and when the pachyderm isn't scratching himself against the wooden poles, he is pulling down the wire to discover whether it is good to eat. H. Q., in a burst of energy, had repaired it that week.

"O. K.?" asked H. Q.

Bones scribbled out a message and it was transmitted as spelled by the unimaginative half-cast telegraphist, who, to do him justice, thought he was sending a cipher message of the highest importance!

All well all well stop Comisoner at Ississi Isissi stop Hamulten sufering sevvere doze of marlarier but am carying caryrying carying on stop will do my best to save Hammilton life but feer feare fear the wost stop I will do my duty dutty.

Bones had an exasperating habit in all his written correspondence of spelling most words three times to discover which looked the most correct. If, as Sanders had so often pointed out to him, he had had the intelligence to cross out the two which found least favor in his eyes, his correspondence would have gained in clarity.

And then a great idea struck him. In case of serious sickness, Headquarters sometimes sent assistance. It was a privilege that Sanders seldom claimed, and yet why not?

"Send good nurse," he added to the wire.

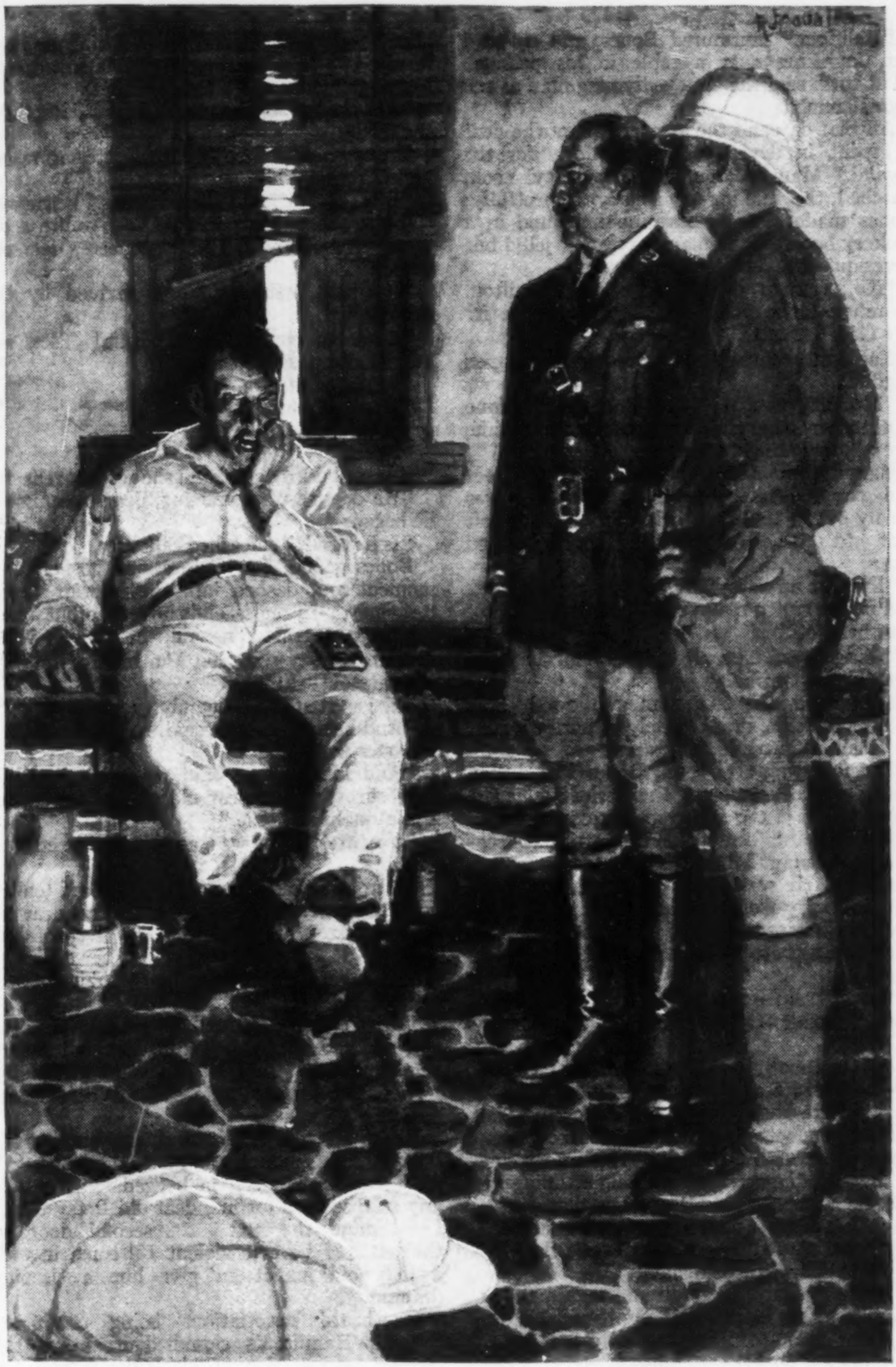
It looked lame. What Hamilton wanted was a motherly sort of woman. . . . Bones added a technical adjective.

He stalked soberly back to the residency, went into Hamilton's bedroom and laid a clammy hand on the brow of the sleeping officer.

"What (something violent) do you want here, you (something worse)?" demanded the enraged invalid.

"Bones is here," murmured the visitor reassuringly. "Jolly old Florence Nightingale, dear old officer. Want anything, dear old Ham?"

"I want you to go to so-and-so out of here," cursed the sick man.



Illustrated by R. J. Cavaliere.

"Hullo. . . ." He looked up into the grave faces of the two officers. "Got me, eh?" Hamilton gave him a book. "In half an hour you hang," he said briefly, in answer to Aliston's question.

"Delirious!" murmured Bones, and tip-toed out, knocking over a table in his passage. "Tut tut!" said the annoyed young man as the door slammed.

All that day and the greater part of the next he spent in devising little comforts for the invalid. Mama Pape, the residency cook, watched the making of a jelly respectfully; Bones made it from a recipe he found in a cookery book. It was a pretty good jelly, but never quite reached the jelly stage.

"No, I *won't* drink it!" raved Hamilton. "I refuse to be poisoned . . . *you* made it? My God . . . !"

Cup and contents flew through the open window.

"Naughty, naughty," said Bones, in the tone of a mother to her child. "Let ickle Bones take um jolly old temperature."

Hamilton pointed a yellow hand to the door and glared fiendishly, and his attendant was hardly out of the room before he heard a bolt shot and the baleful voice of Hamilton hailed him.

"I've got an automatic and ten rounds here, and if you try to nurse me I'll blow the top of your head off."

"Dangerous," murmured Bones, and shrugged away his responsibility.

Left alone, the sick man swallowed three quinine tabloids, drank deeply of barley water, and went off into a healthy sleep.

The following afternoon, Bones was dozing noisily on the stoop of the residency. The moving rays of the sun crept across the broad white stoop and focussed on the corn that decorated Lieutenant Tibbetts's little toe. He, too, dreamed. He was being burned at the stake before Trinity College, Cambridge, for having spoken disrespectfully of the Jockey Club. The flames were licking his feet—especially one foot.

"Ouch!" said Bones painfully, and awoke to rub the outside of his mosquito boot tenderly.

AND gradually, as he regained his faculties, he became aware of an extraordinary vision. There was sitting on a deck chair, not half-a-dozen feet away from him, the most beautiful lady he had ever seen. She was young, and against the green of her helmet lining her hair shone like red gold. The lips that showed in the delicate face were almost a geranium red. They were curved now in a smile and the blue-gray eyes sparkled with laughter.

"Bless my jolly old soul!" murmured Bones, and allowed his long, lank body to subside into the chair again. "Bless my jolly soul . . . shouldn't eat pork . . . phew!"

"Wake up, please."

Bones opened one eye and saw all of her; opened the other and sat up, his jaw dropping.

"I've been sitting here patiently for a quarter of an hour," she said, and then, looking past her, he saw two large steamer trunks, a suit-case, a bag of golf clubs and a tennis racket.

"I'm the nurse from the Victoria Hospital," she said.

Bones staggered to his feet, uttering meaningless sounds.

"Bless my life and jolly old pants!" he gasped. "You're the young person . . . you're a bit young . . . how did you get here, dear old nurse?"

"By boat," she said. "I arrived by the *Pealego*."

"Come to nurse dear old Ham! Bless my life, what a peculiar thing!"

She stared at him.

"Ham—a man?"

Bones nodded.

"Fever?"

Bones nodded again, and she seemed relieved.

"He doesn't want nursing, dear old miss—" he began.

"Is he dead?" she asked callously.

Bones gaped, horrified—stared at her for a moment and dashed into the interior of the residency. In ten seconds he leaped out again.

"No, young miss," he said, "he's alive. What I meant to say was that I'm nursing him my naughty old self."

She gazed at him solemnly.

"And he's alive," she said, half to herself.

Bones was hurt.

"And kickin'," he said reproachfully. "It may surprise you, dear old nursin' sister, but I'm a qualified nurse."

"You are?" She was, as he anticipated, surprised.

"I are, dear old red-cross one. I had ten lessons by correspondence. Symptoms, dear old nursing sister, are my specialty. I can tell at a glance . . ." He frowned at her critically. "You've got sunstroke—one eye's bigger than the other."

"It isn't!" she protested, pulled open the little bag she had on her lap, and drew out a very small mirror. "It isn't!" she said wrathfully. "They're both the same size. Where is the patient?"

Bones waved a large and sinewy hand to the door, fixed his monocle and looked serious.

"Treat him kindly," he begged. "In case of any relapse send for me, dear old Betsy Gamp . . . mind the mat . . . second door on the left. If he gets violent I'll come in with a jolly old mallet an' give him a sleeping draught."

He heard negotiations being conducted through Hamilton's closed door; heard the startled exclamation of his superior and the bolts pulled back.

"Who on earth sent for you, nurse?"

A low reply. Bones smiled complacently. He had accomplished something . . . he wondered if she played tennis or just owned a racket.

Bones was sitting, his gloomy mind fixed on the neglect he suffered, when he heard the puc-apuc of the *Zaire's* stern wheel in the still night, and over the trees saw the haze of her smoke. In a second he was racing down the quay to meet the Commissioner.

"Yes . . . got back a week earlier than I expected—the Akasava people are growing honest or else wanted me out of the country. How is Hamilton—I got your pigeon message—nothing serious, I hope?"

"No, sir," said Bones, and felt the moment opportune to announce the new arrival.

"A nurse?" repeated Sanders, amazed. "Why, in the name of heaven?"

Bones coughed.

"Dear old Ham has been pretty bad, sir," he said gravely. "Didn't even want to see me. When I peeked through his window, sir, he had his jolly old face to the wall, sir—so I sent for a nurse."

"Does it matter on what side a man sleeps?" asked Sanders innocently.

"Face to the jolly old wall, sir." murmured Bones, and shook his head. "That's one of the worst signs, sir, in the jolly old Pharmacœpia, sir. Face to the wall, sir . . . johnnies always pop off that way, sir."

"Stuff!" said Sanders, with the ghost of a smile. "Still, if the old lady is here we must make her comfortable."

"Not old, sir, not so jolly old, sir. Rather on the young side, dear sir an' excellency. Pretty, sir, in a way," he added daringly, and saw Sanders's face fall.

"It can't be helped—Hamilton will be all right. Headquarters are getting quite sprightly: as a rule they take a month to answer that kind of request."

He greeted the girl kindly—admired her in his detached way.

"I don't think I need stay very long." With a woman's instinct she guessed the reservations in his welcome. "Your Captain Hamilton isn't very ill. He is annoyed, but he is not ill."

When the girl retired for the night, Sanders, who had had a chat with the sick man to discover the real cause of his annoyance, took Bones out on to the veranda and talked to him.

"You must be awfully careful, Bones," he said. "I'm afraid you sometimes use words which are just outside the meaning you intend. For instance . . ." He gave an instance.

"That means a motherly sort of lady, sir," said Bones. "Bless my life, sir . . ."

"Maternity nurse means something quite different," said Sanders, very steadily for a man who was shaking with internal laughter. "And naturally Hamilton *is* a little peevish."

Sanders employed the last morning of the girl's visit showing her around the station. Her name was Rosalie Marten, and she admitted her age as twenty-four.

"It must be lovely to be away from the natives in tall hats and the electric light and cinemas," she said, drawing a long breath. "I came out to West Africa thinking I would have this kind of life—but Headquarters is a sort of Clapham plus sunshine. There is no work I could do here, Mr. Sanders?"

He shook his head.

"If it is not an impertinent question, Miss Marten, why have you come to the coast at all? Have you friends here?"

"No," she answered shortly. "I hate the coast, I know: in some ways it is better than I thought it would be—in most ways worse. I got my ideas from a trade newspaper that is run by a man who has never seen the other side of the Sierre Leone Mountain—my father is a journalist and told me this. I hate the place—The man to whom I was engaged died here." She was cruelly frank. "He came out two years ago."

ONLY for a moment did the voice lose control. Sanders was silent. Such confidences as these almost hurt him. The coast ate up these young lives ruthlessly and the tragedy of hers had its duplicate.

"He was the very best man in the world—he came out to make sufficient money to buy a home. I am rather rich, Mr. Sanders, and he had to run the gauntlet of family suspicion. They thought he was a fortune-hunter—they told him this to his face, though I never knew this till afterwards."

"Was he . . . a missionary?"

She shook her head and smiled faintly.

"No . . . he was a very good man, but he was not a missionary. He died somewhere in the French territory—he wrote to me soon after he arrived on the coast. It is terrible . . ." She frowned. "Every day I pass the hotel where he stayed when he was in Headquarters . . . I know the window of the room. He looked out of there upon the street along which I walk. It isn't unbelievable, Mr. Sanders—it simply isn't unbelievable!"

Sanders realized that she was talking as she had never talked to any human being. That she was expressing in words the long-inhibited confidence she had ached to give to somebody. He let her talk on without interruption as they slowly paced across the arid, dull ground.

"I've bored you awfully, but I feel better!" she said, half laughing, half crying. "I've often wished I were a Catholic so that I could confess to somebody. I suppose I shall recover in time and marry some poor man and put away my romance between sachets of lavender—hearts aren't easily broken."

[*Continued on page 161*]

The Fiddler of Crockett Ridge

Mellie Dunham had made his mark long before Henry Ford's invitation. A neighbor who has known the Dunhams for thirty years tells the story of a couple whose greatest distinction is that everybody loves them

by Hugh Pendexter

WHEN the long arm of fate reached down into the little village of Norway, Maine, and lifted Mellie Dunham into national prominence, it bestowed a reward for a lifetime of worth. It enabled the Dunhams to take a honeymoon trip fifty years overdue, to provide for the needs of the nine grandchildren in their care, and to repay themselves for a life-long habit of free-handed hospitality to the sick and unfortunate. Fame and fortune have no greater reward for a couple celebrating a golden anniversary of constant happiness.

"HE AIN'T much bigger'n a gallon o' cider, but land's sakes alive how that feller can fiddle!" That's the way folks "daown East" used to talk about Mellie Dunham of Norway, Maine, long before he became known to the United States at large *via* Henry Ford, the Sunday newspapers and the newsreel movies. *Boston Fancy, Old Zip Coon, The Green Mountain Volunteers, Speed the Plough, Weevily Wheat, Lady Washington's Reel*—the old dance tunes that go back to the early pioneer days of an America that is almost forgotten—Mellie could play them all. Sitting in the glow of the firelight in the long Maine evenings, with one foot beating time on the floor, he would fiddle away while young folks and old danced the quaint old square dances that have come down to us from the days of powdered wigs and crinolines.

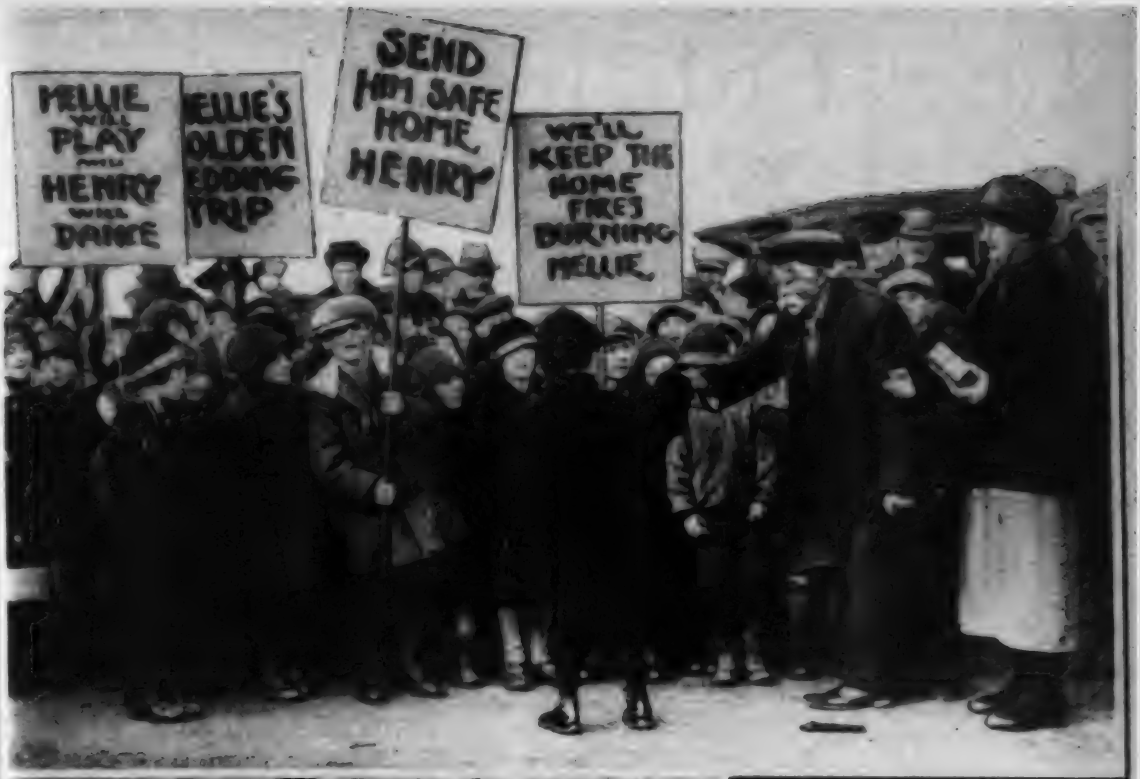
Every one has something desirable in his house. In the case of a certain Widow it consisted of a bottle of oil and a bit of meal, but these meager possessions were blessed. In the home of Alanson Mellen Dunham up on Crockett Ridge was the best fiddling that ever agitated and satisfied nimble feet.

"Grampa" Dunham, now known throughout the United States as "Mellie" was a busy, successful farmer. Over a hundred acres he worked—land that has been in his family for nearly a century. And Dunhams have lived in the cozy old New England homestead with its wide door, flanked by narrow glass panes, for even longer. In that house Mellie made snowshoes on the side—snowshoes so good that it was on one of his pairs Peary reached the North Pole. But the important thing in Mellie's house was the love that he and his wife Emma had for the folks all around. Up hill and down Mellie would trudge with his battered old violin case to fiddle at the neighborhood dances, "dollar'n-half a night in town, 'n three dollars out o' town." Hospitality and neighborliness emanated all over Oxford County from that old house on Crockett Ridge.

So it was that when the seventy-two-year-old farmer and his wife were invited all the way out to Detroit, so Mellie could play the old dances for Henry Ford, the whole town turned out. Mellie's triumphal progress with a fiddle case under one arm and a pair of snowshoes for Henry Ford under the other, attended all the way to Dearborn by a scrambling entourage of reporters and photographers, has fixed the spotlight of publicity on Henry Ford's crusade against the modern jazz of Tin Pan Alley. But to really understand what has attracted the nation's notice to Mellie, you must go back to that scene at the station when we bid him and Emma good-by.

Good land! Never were such doings. Everything was done that a Maine town could attempt in paying homage to a great war-hero, the President, and a popular saint tied up in one bundle. With the town filled to the choking point; with people massed so close that if you stepped on a man's foot at the railroad

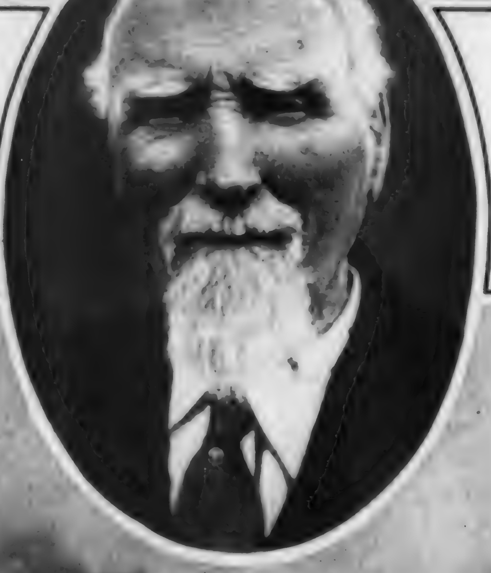
[*Continued on page 169*]


MELLIE WILL PLAY AND HENRY WILL DANCE
ELLIE'S OLDEN EDDING TRIP
SEND HIM SAFE HOME HENRY
WE'LL KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING MELLIE

THE first departure of the Dunhams from their home town was the occasion for an enthusiastic send-off. Every man, woman and child came to bid them Godspeed.

ALANSON MELLEN DUNHAM, who is seventy-two, is the champion fiddler of Maine besides being a maker of snowshoes for such patrons as Admiral Peary. Emma, his wife, is a champion cheese maker.

CAPTAIN ROBERT DOLLAR, still active head of the steamship line that bears his name, was born in Falkirk, Scotland, in 1844. Although he is many times a millionaire, Captain Dollar regularly takes a street car and ferry from his home in San Rafael to his office in San Francisco. At eighty he continues to be a confirmed globe-trotter.



The Grand Old Man of the Pacific

The sun never sets on the possessions of Captain Robert Dollar of the Dollar Line, whose vessels were the first to carry the American flag around the world on regular schedules. At eighty-two he is working harder than ever

by Magner White

CAPTAIN DOLLAR'S life history at one point or another touches every discouraging situation that occurs in the average lifetime. Were you born into poverty? So was he. Has your education been limited? So was his. Have you built up a business only to have it fail? So has Captain Dollar—and he came back. Today he gets less satisfaction out of his millions than out of the knowledge that he will leave the world a little better than he found it.

SIXTEEN hundred miles from the ocean, on the Yangtse River in China, a teacher was conducting a class in a school in Chungking—a city in a district where the soft-focus reveries of the world's oldest civilization are just now being flooded with the garish and insistent lights of our newer civilization.

"Name," said the teacher, "three of the greatest men in the history of the United States."

The yellow-skinned chap addressed stood up. "George Washington," he began.

"Good," encouraged the teacher.

"Abraham Lincoln."

"That's right."

"And *Captain Robert Dollar*."

"Correct!" said the teacher.

This storiette, which comes to you across many thousands of miles of land and sea, indicates how the industry and influence of that "grand old man of the Pacific," Captain Robert Dollar, has captured the fancy and admiration of a nation that leads the globe in population.

Here is another storiette of the same import: Several years ago the United States government contracted with the Chinese government to purchase fourteen million dollars worth of ships, to be built in Chinese shipyards. (This was during the war when ships were needed faster than they could be built at home.)

Hon. Wellington Koo, Chinese ambassador, called on Edward N. Hurley, President of the United States Shipping Board, when the contract was about to be closed. Captain Dollar, as a friend of both nations, had assisted in the negotiations.

"You can turn the money over to Captain Dollar as our depositary," Ambassador Koo instructed President Hurley. "When we complete the contracts, he will then turn the money over to the Chinese government."

"Very well," said President Hurley. "Fourteen millions of dollars. Ah—Captain Dollar's bond—"

"Bond! He doesn't need any bond so far as the government of China is concerned."

So Captain Dollar handled the fourteen million dollars without a bond being required by either government—a tribute to a granite-like character.

We have seen the external results of Captain Dollar's energy; let us look into his mind, which we may do in the following incident, an incident that may or may not be legend—but it is probably true that it really happened:

Captain Dollar was trotting down a San Francisco street early one morning (he rises at six o'clock) on his way to his office. He had some books under his arm and despite his eighty-two years he was the very picture of energy and determination as he trotted along.

"Say—what's your rush?" asked a friend jovially, grabbing the old fellow by the arm.

"Rush?" panted Captain Dollar, standing almost on his toes, ready to go again. "I am more than eighty years old. You fellows of fifty and thereabouts can take your time, but my time is limited. If I make good my desire to leave the world a little better than I found it—a pledge I have made to Almighty God, who has prospered me all these years—I've got to rush, young fellow!"

And he trotted down the street—a white-haired figure, bristling with purpose and determination.

Captain Dollar is worth millions. His possessions are scattered all over the globe—America, Europe, the Orient, the British Isles: docks, timberlands, nearly a score of office buildings, lumber mills, farm lands, waterfront property—so wide-spread that the sun never sets on them!

His vessels, the famous Dollar Line, go around the world on regular schedules—the first to undertake such an ambitious knitting together of the lanes of ocean commerce; and Dollar steamers have led the way to vast industrial and commercial developments unheard of a few years ago.

From Chore Boy to Lumberjack

CAPTAIN DOLLAR did not achieve his present eminence through fortuitous circumstance, or through outside help. He did it all himself.

Were you born into genteel poverty? So was he. Has your education been limited? So was his. Have you built up a business only to see it fail? So has Captain Dollar—and he came back, too. So he has been over the road to independence twice.

Captain Dollar's life history at one point or another touches every discouraging situation that ever occurs in the average lifetime.

He was born in Falkirk, Scotland, in 1844. His father was employed in a lumber-yard, and as a child Robert Dollar lived upstairs over the lumber office where his father worked.

"Perhaps subconsciously, I thus got an urge toward the lumber business," Captain Dollar said to me.

"It is also probably significant that my mother's folks had been for generations men of the sea. But I never dreamed, as a boy, that some day I should have a part in the developing of both the lumber and shipping industries of another continent and on the Pacific Ocean."

Captain Dollar's mother died when he was still quite young, and the bereavement so affected his father that the elder Dollar lost his job. Drink was the cause of the unemployment.

"I declared then I would never touch liquor—and I never have," Captain Dollar said.

Failure of his father's job forced young Robert to leave school and seek employment.

His first job was feeding a lathe for twelve hours every day in a machine shop. For this he was paid half a crown (about sixty cents) a week—the first money this future captain of industry and commerce ever earned.

Within a few months the father took the family to Canada, sailing for Quebec from Glasgow on the Str. *Anglesia*. The trip took five weeks, and rough weather was encountered—but it thrilled the little Scotch boy in the steerage. He was just finding out how big the world was.

On landing, the first immediate problem was to find a job. The first work that offered itself was a job as chore boy in a lumber camp about a hundred miles north of Ottawa City, on the Ottawa River. The pay was ten dollars a month. Young Robert's duties were to wash the dishes, help with the tables, and generally to make himself useful about camp.

It took six or seven days to reach the camp, for it was in the wilds. Part of the distance the boy had to walk; some of it he made in a canoe; the rest of the way he rode in a wagon.

There were about fifteen men in camp, and, weary from his trip, the boy addressed one of the men. The man turned around and said:

"*Bonjour, mon gars. Viens-tu dans les bois avec nous?*"

The boy was puzzled. "What did he say?" he asked another man, standing near. The other man stared at the boy, and said:

"*Quoi? . . . Ma foi, il dit; viens-tu dans les bois avec nous. . . . Chameau, ne comprends tu pas le français?*"

Not a man in camp could speak English! So Robert Dollar listened sharply, and made signs that brought forth words from the lumbermen to describe various articles used about the camp—and picked up enough French within a few months to get about the lumber camp and to enjoy the companionship of the lumberjacks.

For several years the young man lived in the lumber camps.

"I just drifted along with no serious effort to improve myself in an educational way," Captain Dollar narrated. "But, I did do my work the best I knew how. When later I got into the woods with the men, I made it a rule always to do more work than any other man on the job.

"I cut more trees, or handled more logs; I was the first man at work in the morning, the last to quit at night. And what did this driving drudgery get me, you may ask? For a long time, it got me nothing—apparently.

"But what it did actually get me was the habit of doing things well. It was self-discipline. Having to drive yourself to do a task is almost as hard work as doing the job itself; and if you start early to make yourself do your work properly and with dispatch, after a while the work becomes easier because your whole thought is in doing the work, and not in thinking about getting started."

If Captain Dollar's philosophy stirs a reminiscent note in your mind, perhaps it is because you have already met him vicariously as "Cappy Ricks." He is the original of those inimitable stories by Peter B. Kyne.

One day the camp superintendent where Robert Dollar worked came upon the chore boy writing on a piece of birch bark. His sharp eyes took in the kitchen, the tables, the dishes—and he smiled, for the work was all done.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Learning to write," replied the boy.

No one to help him—but he kept at it. He copied letters written to the camp foreman; he tried to read the few scraps of printed matter that found their way to the camp.

"To my dismay," the captain said to me, "I found I had forgotten nearly everything I had learned in school. Six years had gone by—I was then about nineteen—and I hadn't done one thing to add to my knowledge. It came to me that if I made no effort to save myself, I should forever be living in lumber camps working for small wages."

Permit an observation here: No man knows what he is deciding when he makes a decision affecting himself. Had Captain Dollar made no effort to overcome his lack of education, what would have been the result in world shipping today? That decision was the beginning of a career that has influenced shipping in the Pacific in ways that are striking and almost fabulous in their consequences—as we shall see later.

At least it started a chain of coincidences, the first of which was that the next season the company made him a clerk.

"That is," Captain Dollar said, brown eyes twinkling, "I had the privilege of clerking—after I had done a full day's work in the woods."

It was laborious work. He wrote with difficulty. He knew no tricks of record-keeping and indexing, and he had to keep every transaction clearly in his mind at all times.

In the fall of 1865 the foreman of his camp received a letter. "Send Dollar to Ottawa," it said.

"I thought I was fired," Captain Dollar

The Dollar family now includes fifteen grandchildren, three of whom are pictured in this group with Captain and Mrs. Dollar. When the elders were married, in 1874, they rented a house at three dollars a week and spent the wedding dowry of fifty dollars for furniture, yet "it was the most satisfactory thing I ever did," says Captain Dollar. "Mrs. Dollar has been my companion all these years, travels with me, and shares my enjoyment in building up a business. We have made thirty-one trips to China together." Mrs. Dollar's household budget system started their prosperity.

recalled. "I put all my belongings on my back, and trudged out to Ottawa.

"'Something must be wrong with my accounts,' I thought. 'Maybe I didn't do it right.'

"When I got to Ottawa I found I had been promoted again. The company—Hamilton Brothers—had bought out an estate on the DuMoine River. I was sent to their depot to check in the supplies and equipment taken over."

"My pay was raised to sixteen dollars a month. Incidentally, I made it a policy never to ask for a raise in pay."

The combined wages of Robert Dollar and his brother made twenty-six dollars a month, and out of that they bought a farm. It didn't cost but a few hundred dollars, but it contained three hundred acres. In addition to making payments on the farm, which the boys were buying to give their father a home, young Robert also helped out with his father's living expenses.

Captain Dollar showed me a statement given him in 1866 by his employers. It showed that his personal expenses for that year were just twenty-three dollars, sixty-seven cents! One thinks at once of another Scotch boy named Donald Smith who spent thirteen similar years on the Labrador coast for the Hudson's Bay Company, and is now buried in Westminster Abbey as Lord Strathcona.

In 1868 the company raised Robbie Dollar's pay four dollars a month, and gave him the additional money at the end of the season. The farm was paid for—an additional hundred acres having been included—and even with this unexpected raise in pay, young Dollar's profits at the end of the three years during which he helped buy the farm were just three dollars and fifty-two cents.

"That is—the money profits," he says. "In addition, I had built up a strong constitution, I had gradually learned to read and figure, and I had learned first-hand the first principles of handling timber." (He still owns the farm.)

Married In the Face of Debt

HE BEGAN to save, and as his expenses were never more than three dollars a month, within a few years he had accumulated several hundred dollars. One day Tom Johnson, whose father was commissioner of crown lands, suggested that he and young Dollar become partners to handle some lands being thrown open to settlement by the government.

"We went into the country, got our logs out cheaply and soon had a good stock on hand. Prices were good, but we wouldn't sell. We hung on, expecting to clear at least eight thousand to ten thousand dollars.

"Then the panic of 1873, known as 'Black Friday,' came. Our lumber could not be sold for months, and when we did sell, it was at a tremendous loss. I came out twenty-five hundred dollars in debt.

"From that experience I learned this lesson: When you can get a decent profit, take it. That has been my rule since. Also it made me scared of debt." (Note that young Dollar never even mentions recourse to a bankruptcy court.)

"The next year, 1874, I got married—the most satisfactory thing I ever did. Mrs. Dollar has been my companion all these years. She travels with me, and shares my enjoyment in building up a business. We have made thirty-one trips to China together.

"As my bride she faced years of debt, for remember, I owed twenty-five hundred dollars. I took a job as camp foreman at a hundred dollars a month at Bracebridge, Ontario. I had many offers to go into business, but I considered it my duty to stick by a sure thing and pay off that debt before I ventured the uncertainties of going into business.

"I left my bride in the village and went into the woods for a week. When I got back she had left the hotel, rented a house (at three dollars a month) and spent her wedding dowry of fifty dollars on furniture.

"She wanted to make a home. We knew we had to economize, and she certainly knew how to do it. She carefully estimated what her expenses would be. I forget what the sum was—not very much. Monthly, I paid over this amount to her, and put the remainder of my salary in on my debt.

"The first month Mrs. Dollar saved ten dollars out of her allowance, small as it was. She has that original ten dollars. She has saved something every month since. Today—after more than fifty years—that original ten dollars, with subsequent savings, interest, and the profit from a timber deal that netted ten thousand dollars on a twelve hundred and fifty dollar investment, has grown to approximately a hundred and forty thousand dollars!

"Mrs. Dollar did that herself. That shows what persistent saving will do, for except for that one timber deal, that sum has been added to in no way except through monthly savings put on interest. Of course, as our income increased, our expenses increased, too, but the hundred and forty thousand dollars represents savings on expenses—plus interest."

Once out of debt, Captain Dollar went into business with H. H. Cook. He had no money. His investment in the firm was his experience and ability.

It was his task to direct the lumbering operations. He went into the upper reaches of the Michigan peninsula and brought out timber, specializing in giant logs which found a quick market in Quebec, whence they were exported to England.

The town of Dollarville, Michigan, was an outgrowth of these operations.

Last summer Captain Dollar personally received the papers of the *President Lincoln* just before her first voyage in the Trans-Pacific service. Twenty-six years earlier, Captain Dollar had sent the first cargo of lumber from America to China and in the interim had been the first to bring Chinese pig iron back.

Captain Dollar was thirty-four when he became Cook's partner. By the time he was forty he was a highly successful lumberman on his own account, owning timber lands in Michigan, California, Oregon and British Columbia. As he prospered, he expanded.

Hard work and severe winters threatened his health, and one winter he and Mrs. Dollar and their four children—three boys and a girl—went to California. They decided to make their home permanently in San Rafael, and there it has been ever since. To this day when he is not trotting off to some far corner of the world, Captain Dollar "commutes" every morning via street car and ferry from San Rafael to his office in San Francisco. He arises at six o'clock, and reaches his office before nine.

Once settled in this new California home, the transplanted Michigan lumber man began looking over the territory for possibilities in his line just as he always does, no matter where he happens to be. This led to the establishment of a mill and lumbering establishment, in 1893, at Usal, Mendocino county, California.

Lumber stacked up faster than steamers were available to take it out to San Francisco. After several serious delays, Robert Dollar—who is a man of action—bought a vessel of his own, the *Newsboy*. That was his first venture into the shipping business.

The *Newsboy* was soon outgrown, and other vessels were added until, within six years, there was a little fleet.

"My entry into the shipping business at fifty-three was made without any fear as to the outcome," Captain Dollar says. "I believe it is never too late for a man to undertake anything, if he is willing to start from a small beginning and build slowly. And he must see to it that he makes progress every day."

The little *Newsboy*, a tiny schooner, was the forerunner of the great Dollar fleet, comprising thirty-two first-class freight and passenger vessels today.

Twenty-six years ago Captain Dollar sent the first cargo of lumber from America to China. The Str. *Arab* carried the cargo. Steam transportation in the Pacific was a new venture. Nobody knew what the effect of steam would be on Pacific shipping. So the shipper insisted on a lower rate for the lumber than would have been charged by the sailing vessels.

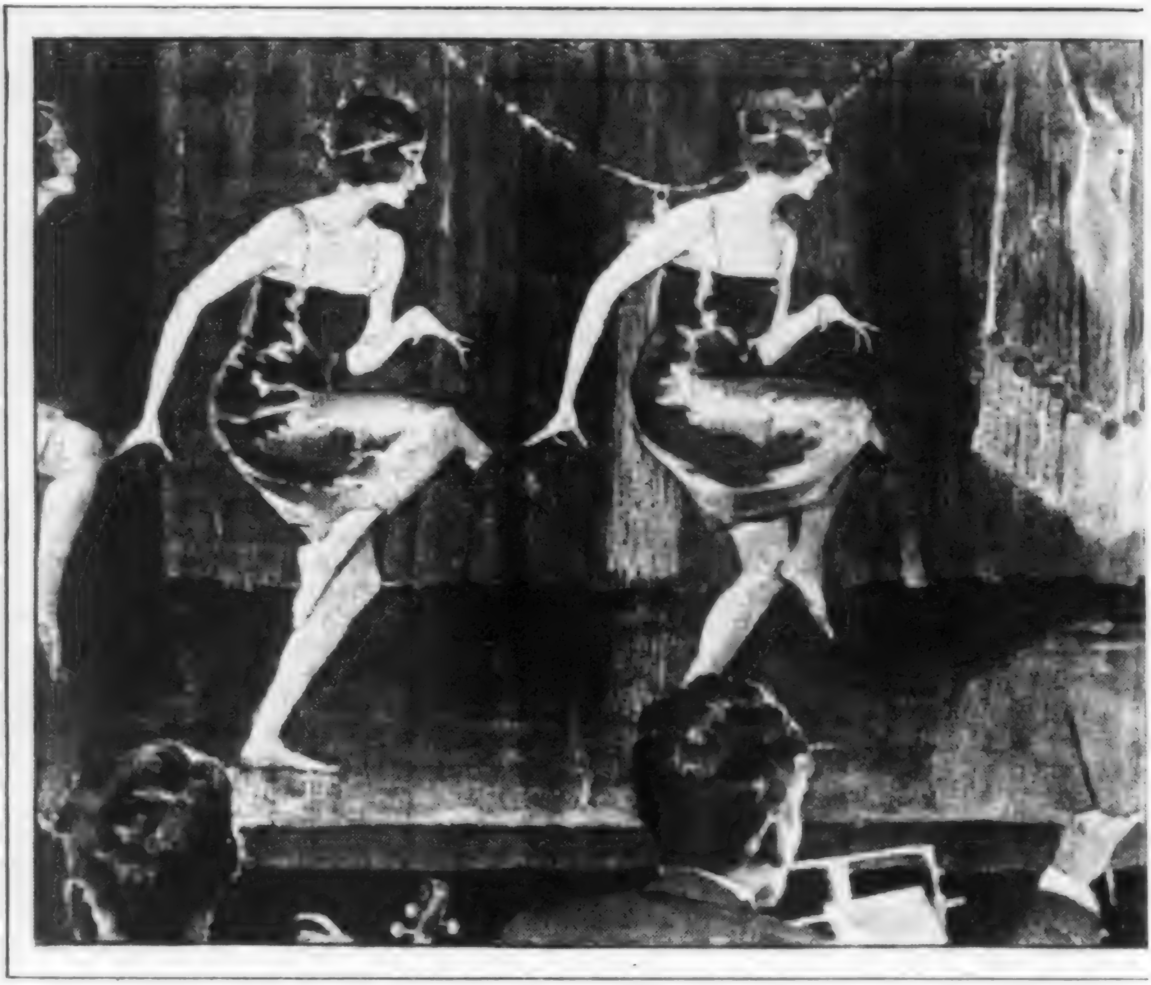
The trip of the *Arab* was a financial failure; expenses outran the revenue—but the things that trip led to!

A shipment of lumber going to China interested Captain Dollar, the lumberman. He kept thinking about the possibilities and very soon he followed the *Arab* over to look around and see just what the prospects were for a shipping trade to the Orient.

"We could get plenty of cargoes on this side to take to China," he explained to me, "but there were no cargoes of consequence to bring back. That meant the outgoing steamers had to come back bearing the most expensive freight there is—wind and air.

"I found, however, an abundance of oak ties in Japan. Who in America, I asked myself, would buy oak ties? I brought some back with me to use as samples and started out to interview several prospective buyers. The oak could

[*Continued on page 180*]



Sweet Stepping

The girl with the toothpick

Illustrated by

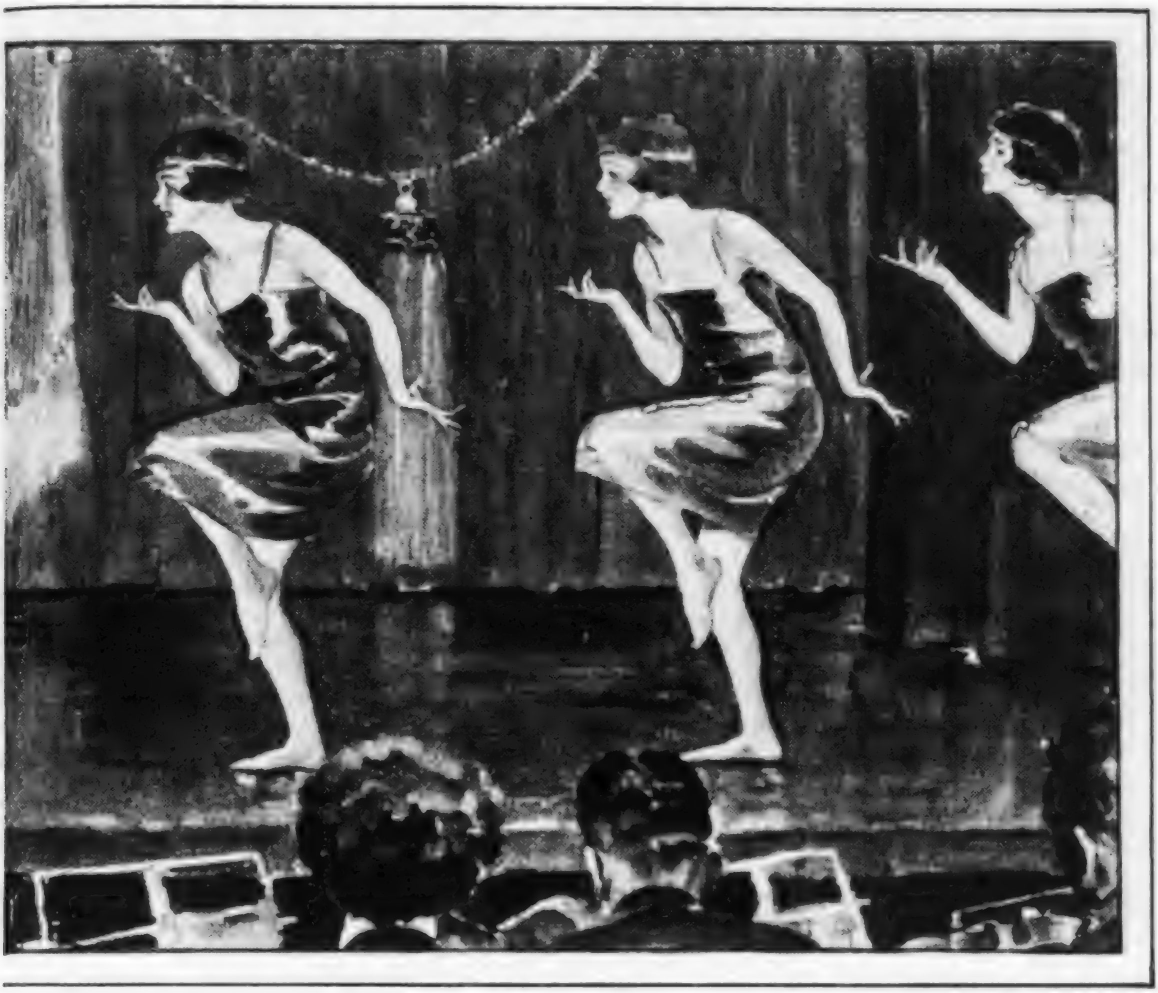
THE chime of church bells ringing in the dusk of a Sunday in spring wafted no vesper balm to three individuals glooming in the gloaming in three widely separated locations of the tidy, tree-lined college town. To wit:

D. D. Showberg, Broadway's busiest producer of musical comedy, sat in the darkened auditorium of the Lyric Theater unhappily watching a rehearsal of his newest venture. Grimly he faced the fact that a weak-kneed second act was reducing his sixty thousand dollar investment to the value of a pint of Siberian kopeks.

In the fashionable residence section of town, out near the Country Club, Picks St. John, six weeks this side of her eighteenth birthday, lay curled like a sleek kitten on the divan in her room. Desire and despondency darkened her gray eyes as she crooned to the strumming ukulele in her hands:

I want a sweet stepping baby,
  A jazz sugar baby,
A stepper, full of pepper
  With a loving temper'ment—

"For Heaven's sake, Picks!" her older sister Alice called irritably from her room across the



Baby legs signs for a life contract

By Walter De Leon

O. J. Gatter

hall. "Tune in something else. Of all the cheap, vulgar, worthless songs Lefty Loomis ever wrote, that is the extreme limit!"

By way of added emphasis, Alice slammed her door shut.

Picks calmly eyed the closed door for a moment. Then with mournful expression she sang softly, to the tune of an old hymn:

> There is pain in a burn and a blister,
> A corn and an earache; but, Mister,
> Of all pains we bear
> There is none to compare
> With the pain that I get from my sister.

Whereupon she relapsed into silence, wishing she knew what had occurred the night before between Lefty Loomis and Alice to generate the vile temper her sister had been nursing all day.

On the other side of town, across the campus, heedless of the hopeful church bells, Lefty Loomis sat slumped in a library chair within his fraternity house. Crossed feet hung over a corner of a table, the weight of his well-knit frame resting on the fourth vertebra south of his collar line, unshaven chin on chest, he glared balefully through a window at a flivver outside. An outrageous flivver it was, without top or windshield, whose graying tinware was profusely illumined with ribald legends in scarlet and white paint. Brazenly it leaned against the curb reminding Lefty of his permanent Sunday evening date at the St. John residence.

During the past months, in the quiet music-room there, under the influence of Alice's highbrow ideals and serene blond chastity, Lefty had struggled to elevate the character of the tunes that were forever dripping from his fingers. Encouraged by Alice, he had endeavored to compose melodies which did not demand at least three throbbing saxophones, a slip trombone and an ambidextrous drummer to achieve complete expression.

Last night, leaving a stag party at the fraternity house, he had driven to the St. John home to develop the germ of a new melody which had haunted him all day. Admitted by the maid, he had gone directly into the music-room. Seated at the piano, however, the melody eluded him.

Alice had come in; had approved the theme; urged him not to jazz it. Accepting this added handicap to the difficulties already encountered, Lefty had settled down to work, drifting into a foggy trance. . . .

"Pretty near got it," he had decided at length. "Listen, Al—" He had found himself alone in the room.

"Al!" No answer.

He had walked into the hall—to see an envelope pinned to his hat. The note within read:

> I asked you the same question four times before I realized that as far as you were concerned I was entirely out of focus. Not to say without existence. Oddly I found no thrill in babbling to myself while you soared alone on Parnassus.
>
> For the next twenty minutes I was left free to consider the ever growing differences in our ideals and temperaments. And suddenly I began wondering how many times in the past while I have sat beside you at the piano, fondly imagining our souls were in close communion, you had quietly passed out of the picture and were blissfully unconscious of my presence.
>
> I decided to ask you. Timidly I touched your shoulder. You grunted. Perhaps you intended to grunt gallantly, but—anyway, I've gone to bed.
>
> Please turn out the lights when you leave. I've fixed the front door so it will lock when you close it from the outside. ALICE.

There had been nothing to do then but go home. There was nothing now to do but return, and apologize.

CHICK HAINES, Lefty's room-mate, entered the library.

"Telephone, Mozart. A nameless dame."

"I'm out," Lefty growled.

"Ah, you know who she is."

"No."

"No? You're sick. Listen, there's a jolt of rejuvenating juice in a flask upstairs—"

"No, thanks, Chick."

"The situation appears to be impregnated with pathos," Chick said slowly. "Any time you renounce wine, women—"

"And song!" Lefty's woes surged to the surface. "I'm through with them all. In two months, after graduating *cum* not so much *laude*, I'll be peddling bonds, and starving to death, for an Uncle who's a demon prohibitionist. As for music, the only thing I've ever cared a darn about, it takes the discriminating taste of an African garbage collector to appreciate the sort of junk I write. The tunes I like sour the girls I like, and that sours me on both the girls and the tunes—"

"And there is no health in us," Chick quoted irreverently. "What shall I tell the skirt hanging onto the other end of the line?"

"Don't ask me. I can't even grunt to please them." Lefty hoisted himself to his feet and rubbed a feverish hand across his chin. "I'll bet there isn't a sharp razor blade in the house."

Chick returned dutifully to the telephone.

"Hello—yes, Mr. Loomis is absent."

"Oh!" Alice St. John dropped it coldly into Chick's ear. "Did he say where he was going?"

"He's gone hunting," Chick informed her. "Any message?"

"No, thank you."

Alice thoughtfully replaced the receiver on its hook.

"And that's that!" she said with unshakable finality. Quickly she hurried up the stairs toward Picks's room, donning hat and coat as she went.

"Listen, Picks, dear."

Her younger sister came to alert, suspicious attention. That sugary "dear" boded no good to someone.

"Doctor Mehlin—he's assistant professor of astronomy, you know? He's downstairs. He wants me to go to the observatory with him and—and look through the telescope. If"—she tugged at a glove—"if any one should call or 'phone for me, you will know what to say."

"Oh!" Picks understood. Her eyes glittered, though guileless was her tone as she inquired, "And after sinking the poisoned harpoon in Mr. Loomis, shall I leave it lay, or shall I give it a couple of excruciating twists?"

"Don't be coarse, Picks."

"Merely conscientious. I'd like to know just how dirty is this job you're wishing on me."

Alice colored angrily. "Sorry, Picks. I forgot that Lefty has long been your favorite hero; sort of a god on a pedestal to adore from a distance. Well, dear, as far as I'm concerned, you are perfectly free to draw near and swing incense before him."

With a tight smile, Alice turned away.

"I hope," Picks said fervently, "I hope the roof falls in on you."

But when the front door closed a few minutes later upon Alice and the young assistant professor of astronomy, Picks's wrath had somewhat simmered down. She crossed to a pier glass mirror in her room.

"A little bit of powder wouldn't do any harm." Turning, hand on hip, she gazed aslant at her easily-gazed-upon person. "And another dress—I had on an old brown rag, I remember, the last time he saw me—and that new pair of chiffon hose—two years ago nearly; June—and would you wear the garters with the little silver bells on them? They're—I remember he asked me why they called me Picks and I nearly swooned with mortification; but I didn't tell him—and, oh, while I'm about it, I might as well change from the skin out. Something tells me this is going to be a crucial night in my fair young life."

ABOUT the time Lefty Loomis climbed aboard his flivver and pointed its bashed fenders toward the St. John home, D. D. Showberg walked down the center aisle of the Lyric to the brass railing that enclosed the orchestra pit.

"That's enough, Eddy," he stopped the piano player from launching into the second act finale. Dismissing the weary, anxious company for an hour of rest and refreshment, D. D. gathered his staff of directors about him. Also, the author, the composer and the lyricist of the piece.

"I've watched," D. D. said heavily, "the changes you've made in the second act since we opened last Wednesday. Before we throw the entire act into the ash-can and write a new one, I want to try something. The big trouble is, the act never gets started. So I want to try putting in a number right after the opening, a big, gang number; one of these here fast, peppy jazz things with the girl kicking their heads off all through it. Understand? I want a punch number that'll lift the audience right out of their chairs." He turned to Timmons, the composer. "Got any tunes like that?"

"Yes, sir," Timmons, of course, answered.

"I'll hear them," D. D. replied. "And if you haven't what I'm after, I want Eddy to play over a bundle of tunes I borrowed from Mr. Lubelski." Lubelski, the music publisher, as everyone knew, owned a twenty per cent. interest in the show.

"Wait," D. D. halted Timmons as he took a seat at the piano. He turned to Harry Gordon, the house manager, who had been watching the rehearsal from a rear seat. "Harry, come here, please. You were sitting alongside me here, remember, that time last season I picked the Tinkel Toes number, the biggest song hit of the year. Maybe you'll bring me luck again." A moment later, "All set, Timmons; let's hear what you've got. I hope it's good. . . . "

Lefty's flivver stopped and shuddered before the St. John home, for Lefty's last Sunday night date with Alice.

"I mustn't forget," he reminded himself, "to fill her up with gas. I'll do it on the way home. If Allah is good, that'll be almost immediately."

Picks opened the door.

"Won't you come in; you're expected," she smiled demurely.

Over Lefty's somber countenance there settled puzzlement. Instead of the rather regal, blond Alice, his eyes rested without effort upon a petite young person in a frock cunningly fashioned to discount none of the charms of an adorably rounded, youthfully slender figure. Lefty inventoried other bewildering and magnetic features: dark, short, wavy hair; velvety skin, perky nose, firm little chin, unguessable gray eyes beneath long curling lashes.

His memory revived another picture; a scrawny, bashful, half-baked kid around the St. John house, whom he sometimes teased for the fun of watching how her confusion pinked her cheeks and darkened her gray eyes, remarkable even then.

"You're Picks, Al's sister," Lefty grinned, "so grown up and everything I hardly knew you. How long have you been home from school?"

"Oh, several months," Picks said, casually, leading the way into the soft lights of the music-room.

"Several months?" Lefty repeated. "Why haven't I seen you?"

"Why should you?" Picks asked placidly. She perched herself on the piano bench. Lefty caught a glimpse of pink knees as she crossed her trim legs. "To be candid, my home-coming was nothing to advertise. I arrived erupting measles from every pore. You were out of town—on a Glee Club trip—at the time."

She reached behind her for a box of candy on the piano. Helping herself to a bonbon she offered the box to Lefty.

"You didn't see the Junior Follies at the Country Club a couple of weeks ago, did you," Picks continued. "You were in strict training for the Intercollegiate Track meet. Well, anyway, I was in the chorus of the Follies and we rehearsed every Sunday evening at the Club. Try one of those caramels. They're galloptious."

"Thanks," said Lefty.

"Listen, I'm wild about that new tune you were working on last night."

A confection half-way to his mouth, Lefty cocked a suspicious eye at Picks.

"I wish you'd play it—that is, if and when you feel like it," she requested with an innocent air.

Lefty hesitated. "Er—fact is—" Picks's white teeth met in the center of a large marshmallow. "I mean to say, I'm afraid that Alice—"

"Um! Wait!" Picks mumbled as though she had just that second thought of something that might interest him. Hurriedly she negotiated the marshmallow.

"I should have told you right away. Al's gone out."

"Out!" Lefty's throat contracted.

"Yes, with Doctor Mehlin. He's been a fairly consistent dropper-in for some time, and tonight he induced Al to go over to the observatory to look at his pet brand of night life."

Daintily she licked the marshmallow powder from her red lips. "She told me to tell you," Picks added.

"Thanks," Lefty said, dizzy but still polite.

"She forgot to say when she'd be back, but you're welcome to wait as long as you please, of course."

Lefty reddened. "Did she tell you to tell me that?"

Picks correctly read the glitter in his eyes. "No; that was just a little idea of my own. Not so good, I guess."

Lefty scrutinized her for a long moment, during which time he learned nothing whatever.

"Did Al tell you about—about what happened here last night?"

"No," Picks replied evenly, "and if you want to be nice, you won't tell me, either, I—I'd much rather hear that new song of yours."

"I'm glad somebody likes it," Lefty grumbled, rising to replace the candy box on the piano. "I don't."

"You don't! Why not?" Picks demanded, making room for him on the bench.

"It needs something—I don't know." Critically he played the refrain of the song.

"It sounds good to me," Picks declared softly, waggling one shoulder in time to the beat. "Do it again, please?"

"It has possibilities," Lefty conceded, increasing the tempo to dance time.

"It's so pretty—and at the same time snappy!" Picks hummed along with the music. "Any words to it yet?"

Playing, Lefty shook his head.

"What's it going to be about? What do you call it?"

"Why, er—" Lefty thoughtfully regarded the lovely, upturned face distractingly near his shoulder.

"Gray Eyes," he suddenly decided.

"That's a cute title," Picks gasped, blinking her long lashes.

A moment later, half-way through a phrase, Lefty's face brightened.

"I know what this tune needs," he cried. "It craves jazzing. It's too serene. It needs spiking up—like this, for instance."

His nimble fingers began complicating the drumming accompaniment, interrupting the too sustained flow of the melody.

"O-oh! Do it again—and more so!" Picks whispered. Eyes half closed, her shoulders moved and her body swayed restlessly to the urge of the rhythm. "Mister, when you play like that," she sighed, "all the stars come out from behind the clouds and the little birds begin to sing!"

"You like it?" Lefty grinned, inspired to insert a breath-catching succession of Debussy fifths.

"I love it!" Picks answered.

"It's awfully jazzy," Lefty's conscience prompted.

"What's awful about that?" Picks belligerently demanded. "Play it again!"

AT THE piano in the orchestra pit of the Lyric, Eddy finished the last of the numbers Lubelski had supplied. D. D. shook his head stubbornly.

"No. I haven't heard anything but tripe, yet. Understand; some of those numbers may be great, see? But they don't hit me. I wouldn't have any confidence in any of them. Did they get you, Harry?"

Gordon shrugged non-committally. "Listen, D. D. It may be nothing like what you've got in mind, but in the College Annual, the show the students put on here a few months ago, there was one number took seven encores."

"Seven? You counted them?"

"At all three performances. Seven."

"What was the title of the number?"

" 'I Want a Sweet Stepping Baby.' "

D. D. grinned. "What pulled the encores?"

"The tune, and the way it was staged. If you'd like to hear the number I can probably get hold of the boy who wrote it at his fraternity house."

"Hm; college show—amateurs—playing to friends and relatives; still—seven encores—get him!" D. D. told Gordon.

There was a silly looking smile on Lefty's face when he rejoined Picks in the music-room after being called to the telephone.

"What do you think?" he asked. "Mr. Gordon just told me there's a bare chance of placing 'Sweet Stepping Baby' in Showberg's new musical comedy. He wants me to high-ball down there and play it for him." He leaned thoughtfully on the piano.

"You're going, aren't you?"

"Sure, but—you see, Gordon tipped me off to bring along some one to explain how the number was staged; you know—the dance steps. I'm trying to think who I can reach that was in it."

"Do you want any one in particular?"

"No, anybody'll do."

"How about me?"

"What?"

"We used the number in the Junior Follies exactly as it was staged in the Annual. I was in the chorus, as I told you, and led the number. If you can't think of anybody else in a hurry, I'd—"

"Would you?"

"Would I!"

"Let's go!" Lefty cried joyously.

D. D. shook hands hopefully with Lefty when Gordon introduced them.

"Miss St. John," Lefty presented Picks.

"How are you?" D. D. smiled approvingly. His eyes twinkled. "Are you the sweet stepping baby he wrote about?"

PICKS colored. "Be that as it may," she gazed at the grinning group around her, "I can show you how it ought to be done."

D. D. laughed. "All right, young lady. There's the stage. It's yours. Suppose you start right in showing me—how it ought to be done."

"Y-yes, sir," Picks stammered, shedding hat and coat.

With every eye in the company upon her, while Lefty valiantly pounded his nervousness into the piano keys, Picks began to sing. Gradually, as though reluctantly abandoning herself to the resistless rhythm of the music, she started swaying, turning her lithe body, ever more jerkily. Her head went back, and her feet scraped the floor in a dragging glide. Her shoulders raised. Like a puff-breasted pigeon she strutted across the stage and back again. And then, suddenly, with a toss of her head and a twinkling of bare knees, she flung her shapely legs into the Charleston intricacies of the dance.

D. D. cut off the spontaneous hand-clapping that rose when Picks pranced off the stage.

"That's it!" he shouted. "That's what I want. Everybody—stand by!"

Assured of their attention, D. D. began dropping orders like hail-stones on a shingle roof.

"Loomis, I'm buying the rights to that number. We'll arrange royalties later. Miss St. John, you're engaged to teach Mr. Welder, the dance director, the routine of the number and encores. Miss Carlson"—the star of the company—"you'll sing the number. Get a copy of the lyrics from Mr. Loomis. Axton," —the author—"go out in the office where it's quiet and write a scene for Miss Carlson and Mr. Hunt to lead into the number. And listen, ladies and gentlemen," he paused both for breath and emphasis, "*this number goes in tomorrow night!*"

The prospect of an all-night rehearsal raised a chorus of groans and protesting mutters to which D. D. paid absolutely no heed.

"I'll have coffee and sandwiches sent in to you later. Now get busy," he ordered, walking up the aisle to the exit doors.

At two-thirty A.M. Lefty was still banging out the measures of "Sweet Stepping Baby," with battered, swelling finger-ends. On the stage, working as end girl, Picks was doggedly leading the chorus through the number the while Welder barked encouragement and emitted anguished curses between interminable interruptions and corrections.

A turbulent hour had brought the company to that condition of weary grogginess known as "walking around dead on their feet." Among other more or less distressing incidents, Miss Carlson had staged a star exhibition of plain and assorted hysterics. One chorus girl had slid into the footlights in a peaceful swoon. Another practical minded miss had been prevented from doing likewise—and being excused from further labor—only by Welder's threat to fire her if she dared lay down on the job. To climax the hour, a Madonna-faced damsel decided to ease an aching foot and her resentment against Welder's painfully personal criticism by removing her slipper and heaving it at Welder's head.

As Welder picked up the slipper and hurled it far out among the empty seats, D. D. appeared on the scene.

"Very good," he approved complacently, if vaguely. "Now all of you go home and get a good sleep. We'll put the finishing touches on this number tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock."

Picks dropped into a convenient chair, leg and arm weary, hot and moist and sticky. Tenderly she picked up one aching foot and took off her pump.

"And they get thirty-five dollars a week for this," she gritted, watching the chorines limp away to change from practice to street clothes. "They've got stronger backs and weaker minds than I have."

D. D.'s voice penetrated her stupor. She glanced up to find him and Welder regarding her.

"Hard work, staging a dance number," D. D. sympathized.

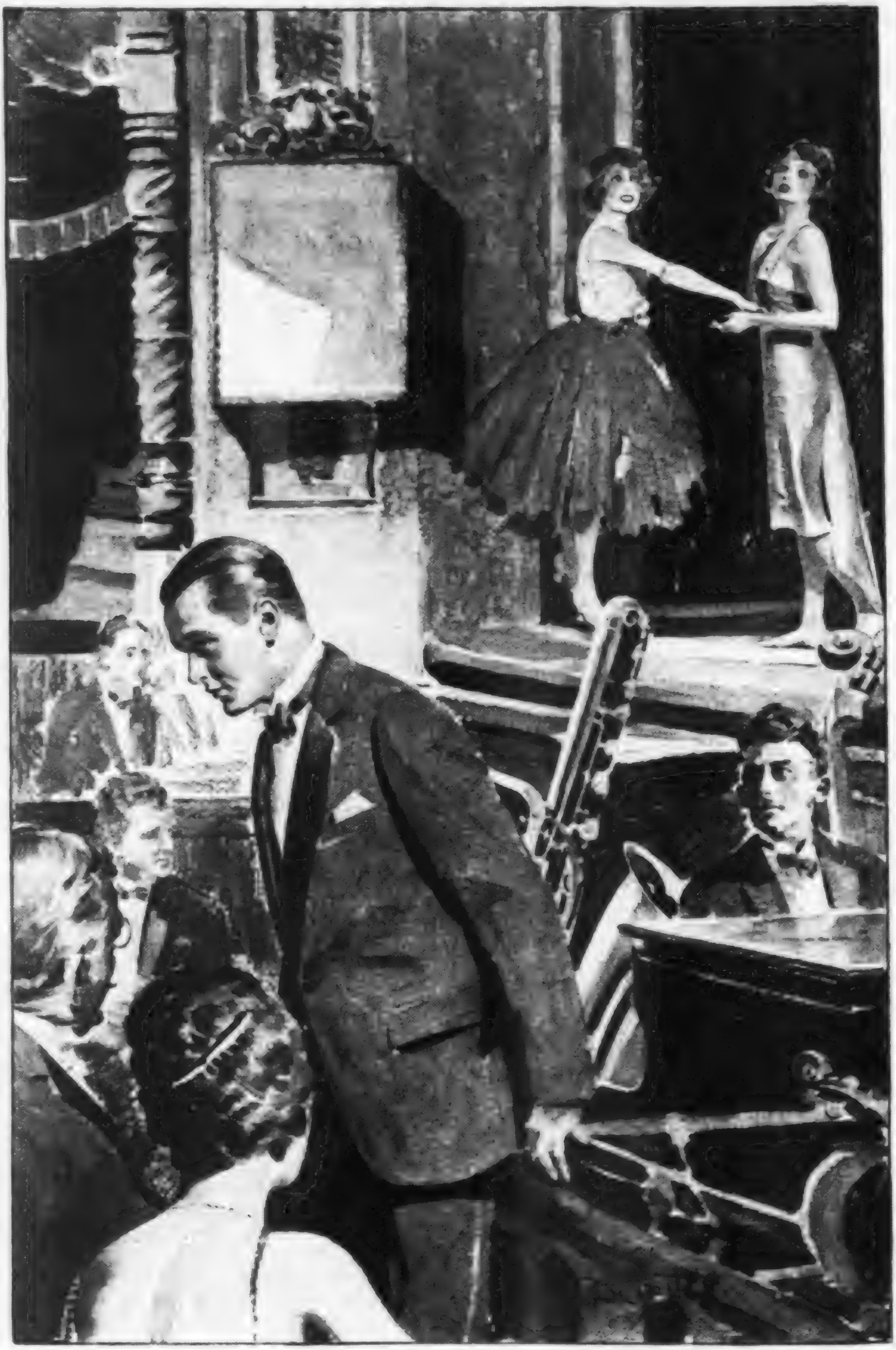
"It's not the feet—it's the stupidity that kills you," Welder volunteered, lighting a cigaret with shaking hand.

Picks managed a wan smile. "I'm indebted to you for a couple of ducky new cuss words, Mr. Welder."

"There's a way you can show your appreciation," he returned.

"Nix; be fair," D. D. admonished. "You see, Miss St. John, we would feel a lot easier if you'd consent to lead the number in the show tomorrow night. It would steady the girls; give 'em confidence. Now I'm not asking you to do it as a favor—understand. To preserve your amateur standing, if you'd rather have a new wrist-watch or a nice brooch, that's all the same to me. What do you want for helping us out?"

While D. D. had been talking, Lefty came up on the stage. As he stood leaning gracefully against the proscenium arch, waiting for her, Picks saw that he was plainly fagged. His dark



Blushing, confused, Lefty rose and bowed awkwardly in acknowledgment of the applause that crackled from the lower floor, and the raucous shouts of fellow-students in the balcony.

hair was ruffled and disordered. His lean, rather sensitive face, though showing the strain of the night's work, yet was alight with a joyful exhilaration burning in his brown eyes.

"What price Valentino!" Picks sighed.

"What's that?" D. D. inquired.

"I say—I know what I want," Picks said quickly. "If you don't mind, I'll tell you tomorrow afternoon, at quarter to four; here."

"Suit yourself. Can I call a taxi for you?"

"No, thanks." Stiffly Picks rose on unsteady legs. "Lefty has his rusty steed hobbled outside." With Lefty's hand firmly under her elbow she walked out.

"Home, sweet home," she yawned when they were seated in the car.

"Wait a minute," Lefty said solemnly. He throttled down the noise of the engine to a pulsating throb. Quietly he took both her hands in his.

"BEFORE anything else, I want to declare that you are the grandest and most glorious institution the good Lord ever put on earth. Now wait, please," as Picks, with widening eyes, drew back, "I'm not going to get stuffy. I just want to say that you, nobody but you, put that song into the show. You don't know what that means to a fellow—to get a song into a big Broadway show. Hundreds of better song writers than I'll ever be, live and die without getting the chance you put across for me tonight. It's something—" Lefty's voice wabbled and a salty moisture smarted his eyes—"honestly, Picks, there's just simply no possible way of repaying. You're—" swiftly his lips touched the palm of her hand—"you're an angel from heaven!"

Wildly the car leaped forward, wrenching Picks's stiffening back, painfully jerking her head. Her rolling eyes glimpsed a giddy moon cavorting high above her.

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting?" she asked ecstatically.

In silence, barring the flivver's chatter, they rode through the deserted streets. It was two miles from the Lyric to the St. John home. Had there been a speedometer on Lefty's car, it would have shown a progress of 1.4 miles when they came to a stop in a wooded lane, a short cut through a grove of trees on some privately owned property. Picks slowly came out of the doze she was in.

"Wha's trouble?" she asked sleepily.

"Out of gas," Lefty said thinly.

"Where are we?" Picks glanced about her. "Clark's grove. Cars have run out of gas here before."

"Listen," said Lefty. "I'll walk back to Mike's garage. It's only about half a mile. Maybe he's still open."

"What time is it?"

"Five minutes past three."

"Half a mile to Mike's—and then if it's closed, which it will be— Oh, dear." Slowly Picks climbed out of the car.

"Come on, Lefty. There's only one sensible thing to do. The lighthouse keeper's daughter is waiting for me. Maybe we can totter into port by half-past three."

"Lord, I'm sorry!" Lefty groaned when he saw the effort the walk was costing Picks. "If it'll relieve you any to call me some of the dumb, barren-beaned busts I am—"

"I'm as dumb as you," Picks interrupted. "Listen, old dear; get around on the other side of me, please. Now put your gifted left hand firmly about my numb waist. With or without your permission I shall reach up with my right and secure a deathlike grip on your manly shoulder. Hanging on like this, relying upon your loyal support, maybe I can coax my right foot through the motions of walking."

The second time Picks halted to rest, said Lefty:

"I don't suppose you'd let me carry you for a ways."

"What a horrible thought!" Picks replied. "Why just carrying that thought in my mind is apt to sprain an ankle any minute."

When they reached the shadowed veranda of her home, "What time is it?" Picks asked.

"Twenty-six past three. Maybe I'd better go in with you and—and explain."

"And maybe you'd better not," Picks objected firmly. "This is no time to tell the truth. This calls for a fancy alibi."

"Why?"

Picks hesitated. "Do you consider that our friendship has progressed to the point where frankness is not only permissible but advisable?"

Lefty smiled, nodding.

"Well, then. Al is probably dozing restlessly with an uneasy feeling that she should not have left me alone. The folks are week-ending out of town, you know. For a good hour she has been seething with unasked questions. Any discreet answers on my part, such as 'None of your business, dearie,'—any little slip like that will be relayed virtuously and verbatim to Dad and Mother when they come home tomorrow.

"Now, if I tell Al that I've wiled away the evening rehearsing with Mr. Showberg's new muscial comedy, that will lead to the clamps being firmly applied, and I won't be found leading the number tomorrow night. You can see that, can't you?"

"Yes."

"On the other hand, if I simply announce that I've been out motoring all night, Al will grow morbidly curious to know with whom."

"Tell her," Lefty bluntly urged.

"You're tired." Thus Picks made generous allowance for his denseness. "Why would I be riding with you? And where? And why until three-thirty? I'm too exhausted to invent a yarn to satisfy all the angles Al would think of if I told her that."

"Then what are you going to tell her?" Lefty asked, uncomfortable between a feeling of guilt and a fierce yearning to protect her.

"Let's do it this way," Picks replied after a moment of concentration. "I'll tell you tomorrow at rehearsal what I've already told Al by then. In the meantime, all you have to know is nothing. Just zero. If anybody asks you anything—"

"There won't be a chance," Lefty interrupted. "I'm going to sleep till rehearsal time tomorrow."

Picks nodded, satisfied. She fished a doorkey from her bag.

"Good night, Lefty," she said softly. "Thanks for a w-wonderful party."

"Good night, Picks." He held her hand, studying the reflection of the moon in her eyes. "Sorry about the walk."

"You'll have a longer one now."

"Don't worry about me. Good night—Gray Eyes." He turned to leave.

"Oh, Lefty," dreamily, "when are you going to finish the words of your new song?"

"Oh, that. Why, er—fact is, sitting at the piano tonight, watching you up on the stage, the words sort of naturally wrote themselves. I—I'm hoping you like them."

"Do you like them, Lefty?"

"I'll say I do. Well, 'night." Resolutely he turned his back on her.

"OH, LEFTY." A quick right-about-face. "I've an appointment with Mr. Showberg at quarter to four tomorrow. Think you could be there?"

"I know it. That all you want?"

"Uh-hum." Softly, "'Night, Lefty."

"'Night, Picks."

When Lefty's gray-suited figure melted into the moonlight, Picks cautiously let herself into the house. Shoes in hand, she crept up the silent staircase. The door of her room was open. Knowing it would creak at the lightest touch, Picks left it open and began disrobing by the light of the moon streaming through her window. She was shaking herself into a silk pajama outfit when Alice, night-robed and negligéed, appeared in the doorway.

"Would you consider me impertinent if I inquired where you have been spending the night?"

"Calm your fears, darling." Picks crawled under the covers. "Just one of those accidents."

"What sort of an accident?"

"The sort of an accident in which a young gent takes a maiden out in his automobile and—and makes her walk home."

"Picks! You're not telling the truth!"

"Oh, of course, he really didn't *make* me walk. I decided on that myself."

"Who was he?" The threat of murder rang in Alice's voice.

Picks yawned elaborately. "If you had stayed home tonight, as you were supposed to, you'd know."

"Who was he?" Alice repeated stubbornly.

"I'll never tell you, darling." Picks fluffed her pillow. "Oh, by the way; Lefty Loomis called after you left. I gave him your message."

"Did he—say anything?"

"Yes. He said 'thanks.' Then he ate a lot of candy and played the piano. Can I go to sleep now?"

Alice stood in thought for a moment. "Listen, Picks, it wasn't Lefty who took you out tonight, was it?"

"Time may tell. I won't," Picks declared, closing her eyes and the inquisition with the same gesture.

The following evening just before the curtain rose on the second act at the Lyric, Lefty sat fidgeting in a front row seat directly behind the musical director. In fourth row aisle seats, Alice and young Doctor Mehlin discussed the absurdities of the Platonic theory of friendship Several rows to the rear, Mr. and Mrs. St. John decided that Picks must have met friends during the intermission and had joined them to witness the second act from a loge, or mezzanine box.

The curtain rose on a mildly diverting opening chorus, followed by a short comedy scene. Then, while Lefty's heart thudded sickeningly, the orchestra trumpeted the introduction of "I Want a Sweet Stepping Baby." A section of the audience, recognizing the song, interestedly gave Miss Carlson their attention as she stepped to the footlights to sing the verse. But soon the pulse of the entire audience quickened when out from the wings, leading the chorus, Charlestoned an adorable, distracting imp of a girl in briefest and filmiest of costumes; a dynamic young hoyden, brimming over with vitality, who began tossing her head, swinging her white arms and kicking her perfect little legs in an abandon of sheer joy of movement.

"Picks!" gasped Mrs. St. John.

"Picks!" gulped her father.

"Picks!" Alice whispered.

Lefty sat wordless. She was definitely, unequivocally, the most beautiful, divinely mysterious, desirable, unattainable treasure that ever tantalised a man's dreams. His eyes followed her hungrily, through one encore—two—three.

The audience remained unsated. Miss Carlson came out alone to bow her thanks.

"You know," Mr. St. John remarked argumentatively to his wife, "she's a devilishly attractive girl."

"Miss Carlson?"

"No. Picks."

"Yes," quietly, "but wait until I get her home!"

IT WAS a line of dizzy choristers Picks led into the wings after the next encore, a line that speedily disintegrated into gasping, panting individuals who leaned with racing hearts against the nearest available support—while the din of the audience's demand for more crashed undiminished about them.

"How did she get the nickname of Picks?" young Doctor Mehlin asked Alice, vigorously smiting one palm with another.

"Oh, when she was a child, her legs—they started calling her Toothpicks."

"Rather laughable—er, amusing," flubbed the doctor, increasing the pandemonium in the theater.

Sagging against a curtain rope in the first entrance, Picks closed her eyes to ease the trip-hammer pounding in her head. She heard the stage-director tell the second comedian and character woman to go on for the scene that was routined to follow the song. Deliriously refusing to listen to them, the audience chased the pair off the stage just as D. D. himself came tearing back from the front of the house.

"Carlson," he shouted, "go out and make 'em a speech. Try to kill this panic if you can, but a speech'll give the girls a chance to get their wind in case we got to give 'em another encore Go on!"

"What'll I say?" Carlson asked above the roar of hand-clapping and stamping.

"How the hell do I know; I never made a speech," D. D. yelled, excitedly shoving her onto the stage. "Give Loomis a boost."

"Ladies and gentlemen." Carlson's poise returned in the glare of the footlights. "We—the girls and I—want to thank you for your incredibly generous applause. You have made us all very happy.

"As some of you know, the composer of 'Sweet Stepping Baby' is one of your University students, Mr. Lefty Loomis. He's sitting doubled up in his seat right there in the front row."

An obliging spotlight operator turned his lamp on Lefty. Blushing, confused, Lefty rose and bowed awkwardly in acknowledgment of the applause that crackled from the lower floor, and the raucous shouts of fellow students in the balcony.

"We are all of us greatly indebted to Mr. Loomis. And also"—Carlson glanced into the first entrance. While the audience wondered, she ran lightly toward Picks, took her hand and pulled her out into the view of all. While savage howls of approval resounded throughout the theater, Carlson held a trembling Picks tightly to prevent her running off the stage.

"It may interest you to know," Carlson continued when it was possible, "that last night Mr. Loomis and his little friend here, Miss St. John, came to the rescue in our hour of need. With Mr. Loomis at the piano and Miss St. John showing us the dance routine, we worked until nearly three o'clock this morning. You've seen and appreciated the result of their work."

"That ought to turn 'em away tomorrow night," D. D. gloated. "Carlson knows her book."

"One thing more," the star smiled. "I'm sure you'll be glad to know that Mr. Showberg this afternoon bought Mr. Loomis's very newest song, which I am to have the privilege of singing in this play It is called"—with a knowing wink to the audience, she looked down at Picks. "What is the title?"

" 'The Something That Goes with Gray Eyes,' " Picks quavered.

"You ought to know, dear," Carlson laughed with the audience. "I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that Mr. Loomis's heart was entirely in his work when he wrote it. It's even a better song that the one we've just sung—and which we'll do once more if you promise to let the show go on."

"Poor Al!" Picks thought. "When it comes to getting any more pleasure out of this opery, she can go home now."

Three months later, as the magic dusk of a fragrant summer eve descended upon a Sabbath calm, Mr. St. John seated himself in his favorite arm-chair, his favorite magazine in one hand, and in the other a favored cigar drawing to his complete satisfaction. It appeared eminently fitting, in his luxuriant mood, that his favorite daughter should steal into the room, perch herself upon his chair arm, tenderly rumple his graying locks and impress a perfumed kiss upon the tip of his near ear.

"How much do you want, Picks?"

Picks achieved an expression of aggrievement.

"My error. Apologies," Mr. St. John said nicely.

"Um. Listen, Dad." With a slim finger Picks followed the crease of a plaited skirt to its conclusion. "I think you should know, officially, that Lefty Loomis wants to marry your daughter."

"I'm afraid Lefty is out of luck. The latest advices I've received indicate that Alice and Doctor Mehlin will announce their betrothal the first of the month. I'm sorry for Lefty—"

"Conserve your tears, Father. It's your other daughter."

"My other—you!"

"Um-hum."

Mr. St. John puffed energetically at his cigar. It was his practice to reconnoiter a redoubt before attacking.

"Where is Lefty now?"

[*Continued on page 164*]

Fifty Years Among Wild Beasts

Leopards, tigers, giraffes, hyenas and exotic creatures like white peacocks are bred in captivity by Sol Stephan, boss of Cincinnati's Zoo. His strange stories are the result of his experience as America's oldest animal man

by Harry V. Martin

SOL STEPHAN remains faithful to his first love in the animal world—the elephant, but he numbers some quaint specimens among his other four-footed friends. There is Daisy, for instance, the lady giraffe that thought her keeper was an ape; Tarzan, the chimpanzee that repaired a floor with hammer and nails; and Nero, the vain lion that struts his stuff only when a crowd is present. Help him explain, if you can, why his wolves howl when church bells ring and peafowl get excited at the sound of soprano or tenor voices.

"SOL" Stephan doesn't pretend to know anything about "this evolution stuff." It doesn't concern him much, says he, whether man is descended from monkey or monkey from man. Yet he is sure of one thing, and that is that most of the animals and birds at the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, of which he is general manager, possess something perilously like the faculty of reasoning.

The bipeds and quadrupeds at the zoo resemble mankind in at least one other respect, Stephan observes—if they are good-looking they are generally "dumb," while the homely creatures are nearly always blessed with intelligence.

"There's the giraffe, for example," he will tell you. "Daisy is her name and she reminds me of a movie queen. Stands around and poses from morning until night as if the whole world were watching her. Some people may think she's ugly, but I think she's pretty in an awkward sort of way. Dumber, though, than a screen vampire!

"A new keeper was assigned to the building where the giraffes were quartered. This fellow, a Hungarian, had long, bristly hair and whiskers. When Daisy saw him, she refused to eat or sleep for days and was as hysterical as a lady who sees a mouse.

"We couldn't figure it out at first, but finally learned what was the trouble. Daisy thought the keeper was an ape. In their native Africa the giraffes are deathly afraid of apes and baboons. But Daisy couldn't reason it out with that undersized brain of hers, or else she might have known that an ape wouldn't be bringing food to her cage. To the best of my knowledge she has never seen a monkey of any kind, for she was born in captivity, at our own zoo, and has never been outside the building where she lives."

Grown giraffes are mute, Stephan declares. During his half-century among animals (he is the oldest animal man in the world in point of service) he has heard only one giraffe utter a sound. That was Daisy, the sole remaining specimen at the Cincinnati Zoo. When Daisy was eight months old, Queen, her mother, died of fright during a thunder-storm. Daisy started to pine, after they carried her mother's body away. "One morning I heard a low moaning," Stephan relates. "It was poor little Daisy. She stuck out her lower lip like a child weeping for its mamma. For three or four days she kept sobbing in her strange sort of way, then was silent again. From that day, fifteen years ago, to this, she has been voiceless.

"We have had a number of chimpanzees at the zoo. The brightest was Tarzan. After we had had him a few years, Tarzan began to get vicious; so we placed a little cage inside his large cage, that the keeper might be able to enter the smaller inclosure for protection in case the chimp became nasty. In the little cage we had put a chair. Tarzan took a notion he wanted that chair. Finding he couldn't reach far enough to grasp it, he took three straws and making a loop of them, he lassoed

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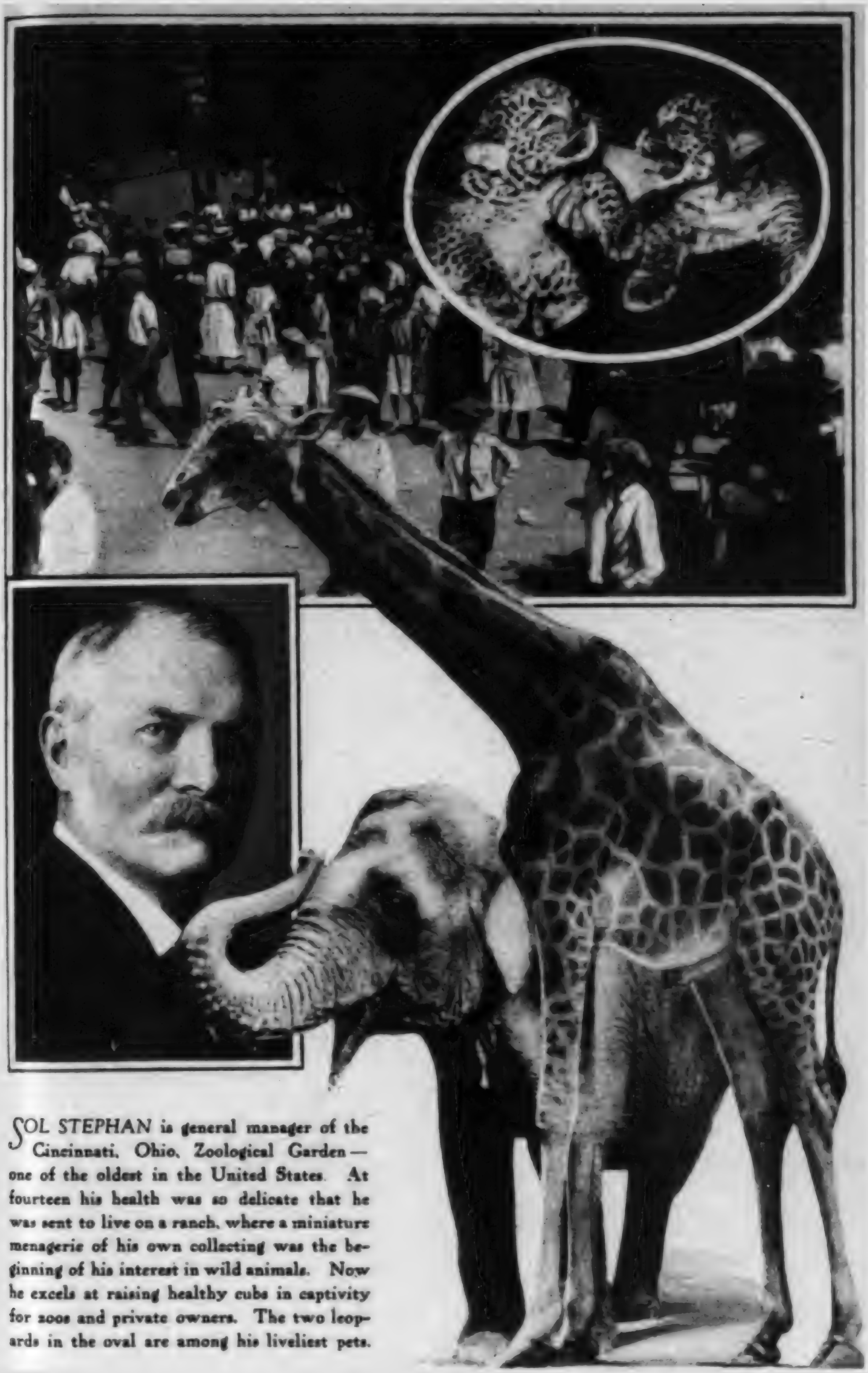


SOL STEPHAN is general manager of the Cincinnati, Ohio, Zoological Garden—one of the oldest in the United States. At fourteen his health was so delicate that he was sent to live on a ranch, where a miniature menagerie of his own collecting was the beginning of his interest in wild animals. Now he excels at raising healthy cubs in captivity for zoos and private owners. The two leopards in the oval are among his liveliest pets.

ALAN FEE is one of the young executives whose progress has gone hand in hand with the rapid popularity of the cafeteria system. Since self-service eating places leave the choice of dishes to the free preferences of the patron, much of their success depends on knowing what people like. Mr. Fee is manager of one of the largest of the Bunn Brothers chain of cafeterias.

He Knows What You Like to Eat

The cafeteria manager has an exceptional opportunity to learn peoples' likes and dislikes in choosing foods. Alan Fee's business career has been a careful study of your eating habits and what they mean in dollars and cents

by Harriet Works Corley

CAFETERIAS have become a typical American institution in the comparatively few years since a manufacturer opened the first one to provide his employees with a hot lunch at minimum cost. All kinds of people rub elbows at the counter, but the manager knows that their favorite meat is roast beef and their favorite dessert apple pie. He knows that the bargain instinct and the lure of colors have more to do with your choice of food than nutrition or flavor, that lunch money is scarce on pay day, and that his sales of frankfurters are a reliable barometer of the seasons.

A MAN walked into a certain cafeteria and approached the steam table. He was tired and hungry and after a long hard day looked forward to a meal of his favorite dish—chicken pie as served by this establishment.

To his great disappointment, however, he found there was none left.

"Here I have come all the way from Elizabeth, New Jersey," he exclaimed angrily, "it does seem to me that I ought to be sure of getting one so early in the dinner hour."

It was early, but the number of chicken pies handed across that counter had reached two hundred fifty, and no more material remained for others.

A fair-haired, blue-eyed youngster with an Earle Sande smile, standing near-by, stepped up to the man and said quietly,

"If you'll tell me the next day you expect to come in from Elizabeth and the hour you wish to dine with us, I'll personally see that a chicken pie is removed from the oven the minute you come in."

Immediately the patron began to apologize. He had been hasty and disgruntled. Chicken pies, of course, were popular with others as with himself. And now this boy with twinkling eyes was making fun of him!

But it proved otherwise. The lad with the earnest drawl in which responsibility had set its mark, had meant what he said. He fully intended to make good on his promise. And he did make good. Who indeed had a better right to offer this unusual service than the restaurant's manager—the twenty-four-year-old head of the largest of the famous Bunn Brothers' California cafeterias.

This youngster, who at an age when many boys are casting about for a first job, has leaped into the front ranks of this very difficult business of catering to several thousand persons daily, does not feel that by attaining a managership and a salary of which older men might well be proud, he has done anything remarkable.

He began at the bottom of the business, when he was about twenty. For the bottom is the place to start, he is sure, no matter how much circumstances or influence may favor a more dignified beginning. Many men believe this, and have started there like Alan Fee. But few probably start with such an active resentment as he had against the things that could hold him there—his lack of skill and his lack of years.

"I knew that Time could be relied upon to help me outgrow the second handicap," he says. "But the first was entirely up to me. I always kept my eye on the job ahead. When I felt that I was worthy of promotion I went to Mr. William A. Bunn and told him so. He didn't always agree with me, in fact he rarely did! 'No, Alan,' he would tell me, 'When I think you are ready for a more responsible job I will tell you so. Don't worry. I am keeping my eye on you. I won't forget.'

"Then, when I was about twenty-two years old, one of the cafeteria managers suddenly left. I asked for the position— When I left Mr. Bunn's presence I felt that teething rings and rattles were in order. He was going to hire an older, more experienced man. Two such managers came and went in quick succession. And although undeniably they both knew their jobs in general, they didn't happen to know the cafeteria business. They could hardly be expected to. I finally persuaded Mr. Bunn to see this and I was given a trial.

"I made mistakes, of course. However, I stuck. And now if I haven't reached a certain ease in my job I never will."

The boys about the place call him Al. Many of them have worked with him from the beginning. The girls, with a trifle more concession to convention, call him Alan. Somewhere in the lower regions gray-haired veterans in the service call him, with a chuckle, Sonny. And although I've never heard him, I suspect Mr. Bunn of a fond "my boy."

Mr. Fee lives at an expensive hotel, that is, he sleeps there. Unlike the restaurant manager of fame, who had lunch across the street, he dines in his own establishment. Thus far he has foregone marriage. For while his income is such that he might well assume added responsibilities, he believes that few women would understand how a man who spends eighteen hours a day on a job could still love them.

"I would have to neglect either my work or my wife," he feels, "and I don't want to start in by doing either."

How the Cafeteria Started

SELF-SERVICE eating-places, erroneously called cafeterias, differ from the original California cafeterias after which the Bunn establishments are modeled in nearly every detail. The true cafeteria, whose name the others have borrowed without leave, is a place of atmosphere, even luxury, as well as excellent food at prices consistently high enough to assure quality. The atmosphere is created by palms, pile carpets, three-piece orchestras, tasteful interior decorations in blue, gray or buff, exquisite silver and napery, superior attendants. You carry your own tray here, to be sure, but you dole your own, not to save money in the check, but to do away with guesswork in ordering, the distasteful practice of tipping, and delays in service. One knows instantly on sight whether or not one wishes a certain dish, one may gather together a suitable lunch or dinner as rapidly as may be necessary and eat it immediately, which is never the case when depending even on the perfect waiter.

Yet in spite of the obvious advantage in this eating plan, and in spite of the popularity of the cafeteria in the West, New York did not at first take kindly to it. Women in particular were loud in their protests against serving themselves. "When we have lunch we wish to be waited on," they said.

The men, however, decided to try such cafeterias out. They found quiet surroundings, boys to carry trays if desired, and the finest food they had tasted. New York, Mr. and Miss, flocked to the doors. And now the cafeteria is firmly established.

"Who originated the cafeteria idea in the first place," I asked Mr. Fee.

"It is a development rather than an invention," he told me. "Years ago, in 1890 to be exact, Mr. John Patterson of the National Cash Register Company, passing through his plant on a stormy day, saw at noon-hour a girl who was trying to heat her luncheon over the radiator.

"She explained confusedly that it was 'easier to work after eating something warm.' This gave birth to the plan of providing lunches for employees to promote efficiency. Self-service was desirable because it was quicker and, in that case, less expensive.

"Then—so the story runs—a wealthy factory owner became exasperated one day in an exclusive and expensive restaurant because, after waiting what seemed an interminable time, his guinea hen *en casserole* or whatever he had ordered was not as represented on the menu.

"He growled that his own factory hands had a far better chance in the plant cafeteria to get a dinner of their own choice in a reasonable time than he had.

"Someone conceived the idea of providing an eating-place with the advantages of these industrial eating-places, for people of fastidious inclinations. This meant atmosphere, surroundings. It is the aim of the California cafeterias to provide all that.

"Are there differences of taste between men and women patrons?" I asked Mr. Fee.

"Yes, decidedly. Women are primarily the housekeepers, the guardians of the home and its members. Yet it is a fact that men invariably select a far more nourishing, better balanced, more healthful meal than women do.

"I don't mean of course that any of our foods could possibly harm, but certain foods are more strength-giving, more nourishing than others. And women are not prone to choose these.

"Look about you at any cafeteria. It is breakfast time perhaps. Nine out of ten men will begin with fruit—perhaps orange juice in addition. They will eat cereals, eggs, possibly, and drink milk oftener than coffee. Women are growing more and more content with the popular breakfast, coffee and rolls.

"At noon men select plain, hearty food. A meat, vegetables, sometimes a salad and dessert. Again milk is favored over tea or coffee. The number of men, by the way, who drink tea is so small as to be negligible. But when a woman orders milk she is obviously caring for

The array of attractive dishes spread before you on a cafeteria counter is skillfully arranged to attract your eye and whet your appetite. You find desserts first, instead of last, because you might think them superfluous after filling your tray. Prominent display positions and gay colors help attract attention to other dishes that might be overlooked in a hurried selection.

her health, in much the same state of self-satisfaction that a man displays when he takes a cold bath in the morning."

"Possibly many women are trying to reduce," I hazarded.

"That may be. But our sales on the whole show no marked tendency that way. Women forego potatoes and breads perhaps, but men make up the deficit. Then, too, it's funny what women will let themselves eat while still under the impression that they are on a diet. They have an idea that lemons tend to slenderize. And they will drink glass after glass of lemonade in which sugar has been heaped by the spoonful. I have heard it argued that because it dissolved it could not possibly matter!

"WOMEN eat salads, mainly for lunch. Excellent in themselves, of course, but not as nourishing as other foods. Yet this is rarely done for economy, since their checks, as a whole, average as high as men's.

"Men eat more slowly than women. This may be explained by the fact that men very often have more time at their disposal. Their positions are such that they need not always return according to the clock. They rarely indulge in noon-hour shopping, save under duress. But they like to linger over a cigar.

"It is an undeniable fact, too, that men talk and laugh more than women. They are more apt to come to dinner or lunch in groups exceeding three, and chat and laugh. Four men round a luncheon table will give any six women in the land a hard race for conversational laurels, when it comes to quantity. They may not say anything any more worth while, either."

The arrangement of the various dishes on the counters past which the customers walk with their trays is a result of long and careful study of both dietetics and psychology on Mr. Bunn's part.

Desserts come first in line because, if one's tray is empty, one does not feel that dessert is superfluous. Salads follow, after which come fresh fruits. These three items are reckoned as accessories that are not strictly essential and therefore they must have a little extra stress laid upon them if they are to be sold. Breads follow fruit, then rolls, muffins, doughnuts, and so on in every conceivable variety.

"Soups, meats, potatoes, and omelettes are ranged in order, with beverages bringing up the rear. These are the mainstays of most meals and will not be set aside, anyhow, no matter how many desserts and salad dishes the tray accommodates. Of course a patron may take salad and dessert instead of meat and potatoes, but if his original plan has been for meat and potatoes, the lure of the previous dainties will cause him to add them and not to substitute with them. At any rate that is our theory. Another excellent reason, too, for hot dishes finding a place at the end is so that they will not grow cold while the rest of the meal is being chosen."

Jazzing Up the Chow Line

THE arrangement of food in its own section of the counter is likewise carefully thought out. Color scheme is considered over variety. For example, red and yellow jellies are set together and arranged so that they work out an attractive design. Reds will sell first, though yellows are of the same flavor. And oftentimes a cherry must be placed upon the less attractive dish to help it hold its own among those of gayer color.

Salads come in for attention in decoration. Strips of red pimento, green pepper, slices of lemon, are used to enhance the appearance as they enhance the taste. Lemon and parsley are used on meats, fish and omelettes.

"Hot dishes must look hot, as well as be hot," he points out again. "The cold look will do more harm than actual coldness, for the dish will not even be given a trial, nor will we be given an opportunity to make good an error. We serve our foods hot when they are intended to be so, and insist that they look it as well.

"The effect of frilled paper dishes for tomato catsup, pickles or other relish and for jams and marmalades is greatly to the advantage of the cafeteria which uses them. Freshness of paper container shouts freshness of content as nothing else will."

Cafeteria patronage and menus have their seasons. They must be strictly taken into account, otherwise summer receipts would drop almost fifty per cent. Summer is the time for vacations. Regular patrons may be away and summer influx does not readily find a basement restaurant.

Those people remaining in town during hot weather do not eat heartily; unless their appetite is catered to they eat little. Spring, therefore, brings about a marked change in the menus. This is the season of spring fever and general laziness. People have spent a winter indoors at the radio or movies or the theater, away from out-of-door tennis or golf. They need toning up.

"We can't very well stand at our door and offer a spoonful of tonic to every patron who comes in," laughed Mr. Fee, "but we can make a tonic of our food. As spring comes, we gradually reduce starchy dishes and heavier foods and increase the number of salads, vegetables and fresh fruits. And we use lemon whenever possible. Lemon sauces, lemon garnishes, lemon instead of vinegar in our salad dressings. Lemon contains invaluable salts and vitamines and is an excellent tonic.

"During the summer, though, oranges are featured rather than lemons. Oranges are a well-known thirst quencher; paradoxically, the sight of one creates a thirst or appetite. And a bit of orange laid on a layer cake will more significantly get across the flavor of the dish than any half dozen printed signs.

"One of the amusing signs of a change of season as evinced by our patrons is the humble frankfurter. The week in which the beaches are opening about New York is the one in which our sale of frankfurters declines to nothing. The week which closes the beaches in the fall is our opening for the frankfurter season. And women as a rule like this plebeian dish better than do men."

The patronage during the week varies according to days, it has been found. The biggest days are Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. This may be because these days include the mid-week matinées of every theater.

"Yet, on the other hand," declares Mr. Fee," the biggest matinée day, Saturday, is one of our least busy days since many people take a half holiday and go home for lunch."

Monday is reckoned as a less busy day, possibly because of the devastating influence of the week-end on one's appetite. Friday is an acknowledged pay day. The ghost walks usually in the afternoon, lunch, possibly, has therefore to be curtailed.

"On Saturdays many children come to us," Mr. Fee went on. "Their parents like to bring them here when in town for shopping or theater, because they can inspect the food before ordering it for their children. Fathers are a bit apt to make it a festive occasion and when unhampered are likely to order delicacies which are not usually allowed. Mothers adhere strictly to custom. And the children, especially the boys, like to carry their trays and otherwise aid in their own serving."

"Do occupations make a difference in the selection of foods?" I asked.

"Not much difference. To be sure, we have no patrons who exert themselves physically by daily manual labor. Brain workers, sedentary and closely confined, eat about the same as a rule when it comes to the main items. Actresses, that is, chorus girls, are our hardest working class in the sense of physical activity. Yet their chief delight is heart of lettuce salad and Russian dressing—not designed to restore the enormous amount of energy expended at every rehearsal and performance! The Follies girls and Hippodrome girls come to us constantly. They are always quietly dressed, serene in manner, and rarely take advantage of the permission we grant women to smoke. As one of them said, 'We have to be more careful than women in a less generally criticized profession.'

"Favorite dishes run about the same I suppose the country over. Of course every section has its own peculiar dishes, but on the whole and aside from these, favorites are the same. Roast beef medium is the favorite meat. Apple pie and cheese the favorite dessert. Spinach, the favorite vegetable; tomato salad; raisin bread. Of course we have made a reputation on certain dishes which are always desired. Halibut, chicken pie, bran muffins, oyster stew. And our hash, 'manufactured but not accumulated' is a very popular dish. Ice cream is a favorite dessert in every season. Summer does not to any marked degree increase its sales.

"Though it rarely happens, occasionally a patron will make a bad selection and choose a combination well-known to cause gastronomic disturbance. It is then the checker's business to suggest this tactfully and even more tactfully to mention a substitute. The reason for this is twofold: we don't, of course, wish our patrons to become ill anywhere, but we particularly wish to avoid it in our own cafeteria. No one becoming ill on our food will trouble to reflect that it was his own selection which was disastrous."

"What are bad combinations?"

"Our checkers know these better than I do. However, a common one is oysters and milk at the same meal. This mistake results from the fact that oyster stew contains milk, and therefore the two things seem to be a harmless combination. They don't stop to realize that cooked combinations differ vastly from raw.

"Then, too, our checkers invariably save people money. For instance, our coffee served in a pot, already has its cream. A stranger will oftentimes not know this and buy a pitcher of cream when he doesn't really need it. I have heard our checker point this out with the air of a hostess in a home doing an act of hospitality toward a guest. I have been proud of her tact and courtesy. I have never known of a case where any criticism on her part ever gave offense."

"Are checks ever protested?"

Mr. Fee smiled broadly at this. "They often are—momentarily. About three out of ten patrons ask for a recounting and always get it cheerfully, since that average is a daily one. Although there are printed signs in plain view, many people never stop to add up what is on their trays, and consequently often run over the amount they wish to pay. Men always stand by their first decision, but women occasionally will set aside an article which

Men, as a rule, select more nourishing and better balanced meals than women do, although the average amount of their checks is about the same. Men seldom drink tea, and prefer milk to either coffee or tea, whereas a woman who drinks milk is probably doing so for her health. About three out of ten patrons, regardless of sex, will call for a recount when paying their checks.

brings the check higher than they desire. Even though one's eyes are apt to exceed one's appetite, few trays leave any food behind. A cafeteria out West during war time had an interesting custom in this connection. The flat rate for dinner was seventy-five cents, no more, no less. But if one left any food behind, the price was added to the check and had to be paid for. Conservation of food, of course, was the idea, and the patrons in the interests of patriotism and economy selected carefully.

"Who make the most complaints, women or men?" I asked.

"We have but few complaints. When we do, I regret to say, they come mostly from men, or when they come from women, invariably from home women, not those who are making their living in business. As a matter of record our percentage is small, less than one per cent. of the patronage.

"Recently in a restaurant in another city I saw a woman's gown ruined by a cup of coffee spilled by a bus boy. She did not report it, fearing I suppose that she would thus have the boy lose his job. This is the last thing we would have liked to have happen in one of our places. The woman could have reported it with a clear conscience. As a matter of fact, it would not have made undue trouble for the boy. Instead it would have assured the patron of either a satisfactory cleansing or of a new gown. In our places the boy himself would have reported it. For he knows that we understand how, as human beings, our boys and girls are occasionally open to error, and would have been as anxious as we to do his share toward redress."

One phase of his job which Mr. Fee has found interesting is the erroneous impressions which many otherwise well-informed people hold as to the sources of certain foods.

Oysters Dug From Mines

A YOUNG girl, well-dressed and apparently holding a responsible position, was heard to insist that oysters were dug from mines. She arrived at this conclusion apparently by the following method of deduction. She knew that pearls came from oysters. Pearls are jewels, as are diamonds, which are mined. Therefore, it followed, oysters must be mined, too. "Dug from the ground like potatoes!" related Mr. Fee. "Another fact surprised her. She had thought potatoes grew on vines, like cucumbers!"

Another person understood that tripe was a sort of moss grown on rocks along the coast of Ireland. Still a third, an employee, who had found a bit of parsley which had dropped into a pitcher of milk, explained that this was grass unchanged during the process of lactation.

"We regulate the prices of our dishes by the 'three-for-one' plan," Mr. Fee explained. "That is, we try to charge a price which will triple the cost of the raw material. Of course this cannot be done article for article. Meats which cost us fifty-four cents a pound have cost, when trimmed and cooked ready for serving, $1.17. Naturally we cannot hope to get three times that amount back from our customers. So we must make it up on other things.

"Market prices constantly fluctuate, but if we are to stay in business, our prices must remain uniform, or if they must change, change to a lower price. We are never asked to explain a drop, but a corps of diplomats would be required to explain a rise, even though the patron may be aware through his own experience at the market of a change in the prices.

"One question we frequently answer is why we charge for bread and butter. This is because if we get back its cost, we need not conserve so systematically. When you pay for bread you are not offered rolls which may have appeared at other tables and have been handled."

The different habits of people in various parts of the country are interesting. In the matter of food, New York, in spite of its night clubs and expensive restaurants, is rated as a frugal city. New York rides in taxicabs, dresses well, entertains lavishly. But when it comes to eating for the sake of necessity and not in the course of entertainment, it does not spend. It purchases the finest oil and gas for its car, but oftentimes does not think to provide carefully for its own fueling.

San Francisco and Seattle are considered extravagant as to foods. They eat well and heartily, possibly because each city has its own sporting classes who are always lavish. Denver perhaps, is the epicure of cities. Through the South, people know what they like and lay great stress on the culinary art, yet they never throw money around for the love of flinging.

However, they will pay well for a dish exactly in accordance with their desires.

A Southern woman in a Northern hotel once asked for a dish which was not a familiar one to any of the chefs in the kitchen. It was to contain ham, chicken, celery, and so many other things that it was almost as if a market basket of goodies were to be poured into a mill and emerge *en casserole*.

Finally one of the undercooks, a Southerner, recalled such a dish and prepared it. The price necessarily had to be set at six dollars, in order to cover the material and time its preparation had consumed. The woman paid without complaint, yet had the price been sixty cents and the dish not to her liking, there would have been trouble.

"But no matter where a person lives," adds Mr. Fee, "nearly everyone of us likes to get something for nothing. This fact has been at the bottom of many successful ventures, catering to this aspect of human nature.

"At one time we installed girls who served coffee, all that a person could drink for ten cents. This was when the price of coffee was jumping to a dime from a nickel and was being met with protest everywhere. Now the public could get a cup for a nickel once more—that is, two, or even three or four for a dime!

"The number of people who actually ordered even the second cup was so small as to be almost negligible. But everyone could do so, could get something for nothing!

"Have you ever dined in hotels where daintily-garbed girls looking as if they had stepped out of a musical comedy wafted about serving the guests with tiny individual hot biscuits which did not appear on the check?

"Though the check was large enough to buy the entire day's supply of biscuit many times over, the fact that they were not listed invariably pleased beyond words. It isn't always the principle of the thing either, it's sometimes the money!"

Would You Marry On Nothing a Year?

Prize Contest Announcement

ON THE day he was married, Judge Henry Neil tells us in this issue, he threw up his seventy-five-dollar-a-month job. His theory was that he and his bride couldn't live on his salary, anyhow, so the incentive to making a fortune would be all the greater if he started with nothing!

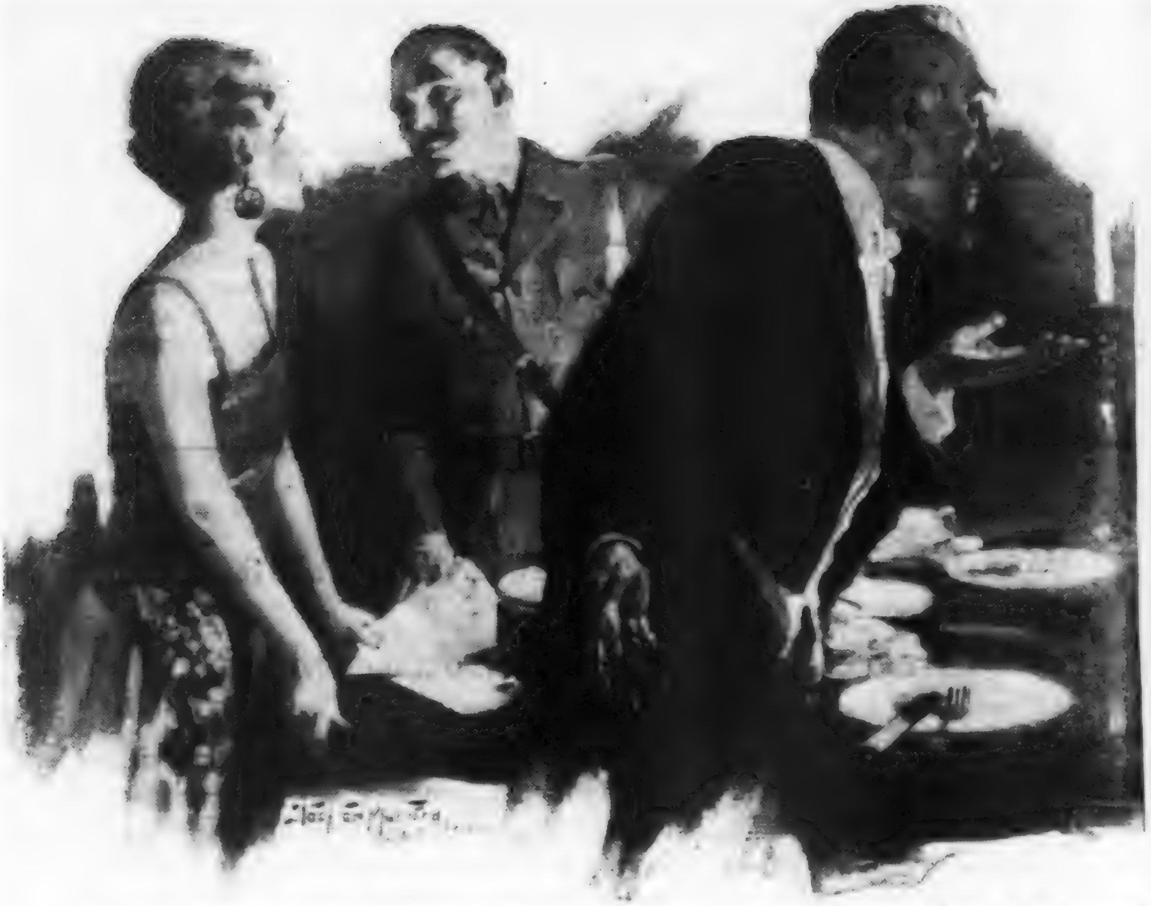
Captain Robert Dollar and his bride took an even deeper plunge, for he was $2,500 in debt on his wedding day, with nothing to depend on but his unpromising job as a camp foreman at one hundred dollars a month.

Of course both men surmounted their difficulties. How they did it accounts for much of the interest in the stories of their careers.

In contrast to these examples, many prudent counselors of youth quote the old adage "love flies out of the window when poverty comes in at the door," and point out the obvious disadvantages of embarking on the uncertain seas of matrimony without a nest egg.

Experience supporting both points of view must be common among EVERYBODY'S readers. You may have married on little or nothing to either your regret or satisfaction. You may be sorry you postponed marriage or mighty glad you did. EVERYBODY'S wants letters presenting conclusions from personal experiences.

For the best letter of opinion based on such a personal experience we offer three prizes: First Prize, $25.00; Second Prize, $15.00; Third Prize, $10.00. Preference will be given to letters of not more than five hundred words. The competition closes May 1st. Contributions cannot be returned unless accompanied by a two-cent stamp. The Editors will be the judges. Address: Contest Editor, EVERYBODY'S Magazine, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.



They all began to explain, to wave their hands and shout. It was plain that before she had arrived

Illustrated by
Stockton Mulford

A Princess

A young exiled Russian beauty

PART ONE

IN THE lounge of a hotel noted for its size, its respectability and its gloom, Count Remy Sazonoff sat drinking afternoon tea. He loathed English tea, but at the Russell Square prosperous ladies, generally a trifle past middle-age, took tea in the lounge. Sometimes among them would be one or two he knew. Bored and depressed—as who would not be under that vast glass dome through which a wan gray light filtered?—these ladies as a rule welcomed him gladly and invited him, perhaps, to dine, or to week-ends in the country.

Once in a while there would be an American, and for Americans Remy Sazonoff had an eye as quick as an eagle's. In the back of his agile mind was always the hope of an American friend. Americans, he knew, had all the money there was going in the whole world, and they were notoriously innocent. Unlike many of his compatriots in the Russian colony, he had no burning desire to go to America to make for himself a career. He had no hunger for the—what was the word?—ah, yes, the strenuous life. The cozy existence of a barnacle was all his ambition ran to.

Now as he drank his bitter tea and cleaned up the last crumb of bread and butter and the last gritty morsel of sponge cake, he appraised the possibilities of the scene. The room was so long that three stout matrons at the other end of it diminished almost to nothing. Somewhat nearer were two knobby-kneed little girls

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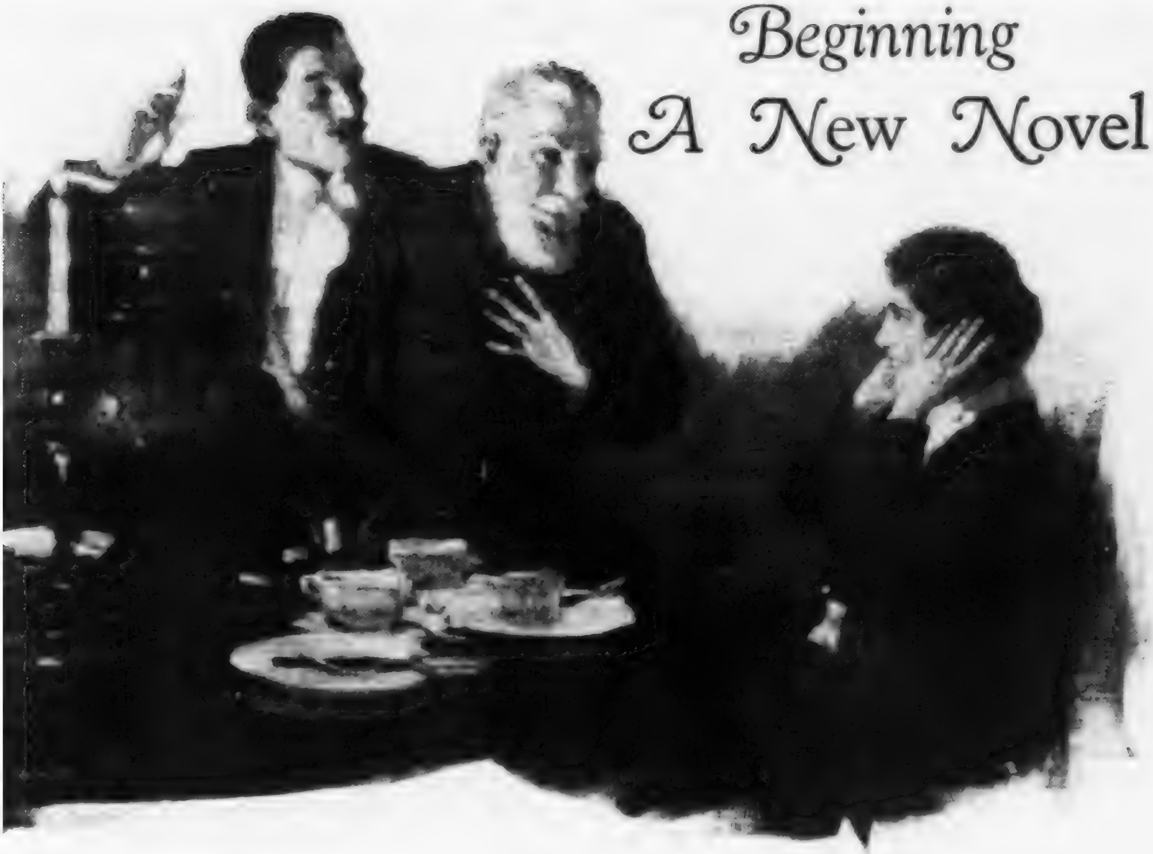
Beginning A New Novel



they had decided that she was to go. Kyra put her hands over her ears to shut out the clamor.

in Distress

becomes a magnet for romance

By
Grace Sartwell Mason

Author of "The Golden Hope," "His Wife's Job," etc.

with their governess. He averted his eyes. Governesses never had more than ten-and-six and a lean bond tucked away, and they were positively dangerous, always falling in love with handsome refugees.

But directly across the lounge was a figure upon which his adroit gaze came to rest. It was a man of possibly thirty or thirty-five, who drank something without zest out of a tall glass. Then he crumpled back into the deep wicker chair and opened a copy of the *Sketch*, which gave Count Remy Sazonoff an excellent opportunity to study him at leisure.

American, that was plain. Just why it was plain Remy could not have said, but he was keen about such matters. Prosperous, without doubt, for the young man's dark tweeds were of the best material and of a London cut, though not worn as the Count wore his, with a fastidious thought for detail. No, the American was careless with his expensive clothes. He slouched inside them, he wrinkled his coat in the back as he sat in his chair, his cravat was a nonentity. And his hair was deplorably roughened where he had ploughed a hand through it, apparently in despair over the contents of the tall glass. His hat, cast down in the neighboring chair, may once have been a smart hat, but now its spirit was broken. Of gloves or stick there was no sign.

Not a figure of fashion. What then? A young man of big business? That seemed unlikely, considering his air of having more time than he knew what to do with. A tourist? No, no, decidedly not the type. A millionaire? But why then this middle-class hotel?

Remy Sazonoff's interest was beginning to wane somewhat when it was turned into definite curiosity by the action of the man across the room. He had taken up the *Sketch* at first with a dreary air of having to do something to keep from bursting into profanity; he had turned a page or two listlessly. Then at a certain page he came to a stop, his eyes became fixed, he sank at once into an absorbed attention which deepened moment by moment. He read from the top of the page to the bottom, he went back and read it over again, he studied the page intently for a very long time, and then he laid the journal gently down upon his knee. He leaned back in his chair and fixed his eyes with a frown upon the glass dome of the lounge.

For a long time he remained motionless, lost in thought. Gradually his frown gave way to a dreamy expression, that was slightly tinged with melancholy. Moments passed. Remy Sazonoff draining cup after cup of tepid tea watched with amusement the young man, lost in his day dream.

That this mood had its beginning on one page of the *Sketch* Sazonoff made sure when presently the young man went back to a contemplation of the magazine. He pored over this page so long that one knew that if he but closed his eyes the whole page would spring to view behind his eyelids. He gazed thirstily, as if he drank it; his lips moved once as if he repeated a name.

Remy Sazonoff could scarcely restrain his smile. He felt triumphant. He could now pigeonhole the American. Sentimentalist! To be sure all Americans were sentimental, when not—what was that amusing word—hard-boiled! Sometimes even then.

But this one, it was clear, was something quite choice in the way of romantics. And with romantics a clever man could go far. Count Remy's quick eyes, his handsome face, even his small dark mustache sharpened and became the features of one whose thoughts run here and there down many by-paths of possibilities.

Of course, the first thing to be done was to see that page of the *Sketch*. He began to make a little plan to this end when the American looked up, and beckoned the waiter. He took from his pocket a penknife and very carefully he cut a strip out of the page, carefully he folded it and placed it in his pocketbook, which he then tucked into a pocket over his heart. He paid the waiter and went, with his long, loose-jointed, light tread, up the three steps into the lobby and out of sight.

THE mutilated *Sketch* remained where the young man had cast it upon a chair, having served its mysterious purpose. Remy Sazonoff not too hastily crossed the room and possessed himself of it as the waiter went off with the American's empty glass.

Remy looked about. No one observed him. He quickly found the page from which the heart had been cut and noted its number. Then he beckoned the waiter and told him, with some severity, to fetch a fresh copy of the *Sketch*, for this one was torn.

He glanced casually at pages five and six, turned slowly to page twelve. He started a bit, and in the waning light of the lounge he bent closer.

In the middle of the page was a photograph—evidently an enlarged snapshot—of a young girl. Underneath it was the caption:

> The Princess Julie Kamnieff, Most Beautiful of the Exiled Russians. Now a Cigaret Girl in a Constantinople Cabaret.

Remy Sazonoff stared with the liveliest astonishment. "Julie! My dear Julie, how you have changed!"

For the photograph was not that of the Princess Julie but of a girl younger, slimmer, more appealing than the Julie Kamnieff he had known. The photographer had caught the girl in a pose and a mood that was wistfully lovely. She stood against a rough whitewashed wall, her dark eyes very large with the shadows under them and the long lashes half veiling them. There was a half smile on her lips, but the whole effect of the thin oval of her face was of youth that had seen too much and too many sorts of suffering.

"A beauty, really quite a beauty," whispered Remy Sazonoff. "And vaguely familiar. But not our Julie, not by any means."

He read rapidly the accompanying text and light began to dawn upon his bewilderment. It was evident that the story was written by some correspondent of the *Sketch* whose nose for a picturesque story was keener than was his mind for facts. The story concerned itself with the tragedies and the drama of the titled Russians who had escaped from the Terror and its aftermath to a dubious protection across the frontiers.

But especially the writer concentrated on the story of the two most beautiful women of the Russian colony in Constantinople, the Princess Julie Kamnieff and her young kinswoman, Kyra Kamnieff, in their endeavors to keep body and soul together in a lurid cabaret called the *Red Sarafan*.

The tale was full of impassioned inaccuracies and it quickly became clear to Sazonoff that the writer, probably in more or less of muddled haste, had taken pictures of the two unfortunate young aristocrats, and then had forgotten which was which.

Once his mind had seized upon this explanation Remy began to examine the article and the picture that went with it to get at the cause of the American's interest in it.

It did not take his quick mind and imagination long to understand the effect of the story and the picture upon that young man. In the first place there was the young man's obvious loneliness and melancholy. Figure to yourself, thought Remy, how there had looked out upon him that lovely and appealing young girl. Starved and wishful, she looked—young, beautiful, doomed. Ah, yes, that was what had done it, that expression of hopelessness in her dark eyes, that and the little smile on her lips, a smile that said: I go down with colors flying.

Remy Sazonoff felt his imagination working vigorously. So much for the photograph. In the text there was much that might move a susceptible young man. The writer had piled up details of privations and terrors. He had got his contrasts admirably by sketching in the past of ease, of dainty living and security which this young girl in the picture had known. Then he had written in his best style, terse and grim, of her escape from the dreaded Cheka, of days in Soviet prisons, of perils in flight, and of her present humiliating occupation in that notorious cabaret, the *Red Sarafan*.

Remy Sazonoff nodded approvingly. He deplored the purple style of the writer, but he knew that in general his statements were true. Indeed, one could scarcely overstate the case, for the Russian aristocrats who had, unlike himself, not had the foresight and good luck to get out of their doomed country before the Terror began.

He knew well what had happened to many of his friends who had lingered too long, and he never allowed himself to think of these things if he could help it. He had not even allowed himself to think too often of that beautiful woman, the Princess Julie. For he suspected that not even Julie's brilliant beauty could withstand the refugee camps and the exile in such cities as Constantinople.

And besides, she must be— He frowned in painful computation. "She must be now, thirty-five. Impossible! That would make me—forty? No, no, no, I will not contemplate it. Let us on to more enlivening thoughts."

He bent over the magazine again, he became thoughtful. His eyes under half-closed lids became bright and unwinking, like those of a bird of prey that sees a ripple in the grass. Presently he stood up with an air of alert decision, smoothing his well fitting coat, taking up his stick and gloves. He beckoned to the waiter, "That American gentleman who sat here just now. I seem to have met him before—"

"Indeed, sir? He dines here often."

Sazonoff took a coin from his pocket. "But," he said thoughtfully, "I do not recall his name. Perhaps you—"

"His name, I believe, sir, is Corcoran, or some such name. I know his room is Number 212, because I served breakfast to him there once. Thank you, sir."

Count Remy Sazonoff then strolled into the lobby, his magazine under his arm. At the bureau he asked if his friend Mr. Corcoran, in Number 212, had left a message for him?

"Mr. Michael Corcoran, Sir?"

So that was that. Michael Corcoran, of the United States.

After brief thought, he telephoned a Russian acquaintance who was in the employ of a well-known bank patronized largely by Americans. An hour later this good friend appeared with certain data which appeared to give Count Remy Sazonoff much comfort and satisfaction.

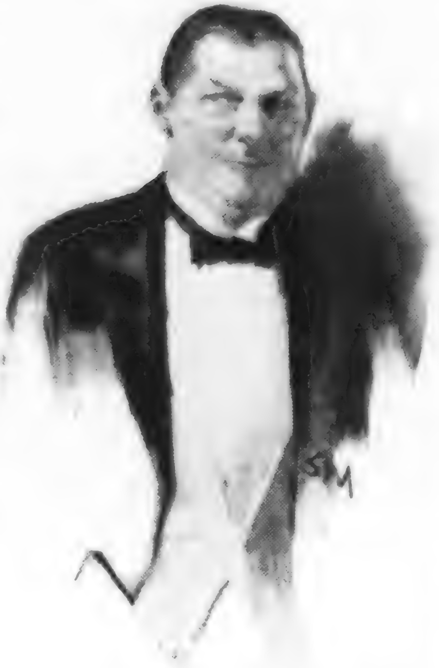
"It is not just, it is scarcely moral," he murmured to himself as he dressed for dinner, "that one man should be so grossly rich. And there is my poor Julie, a cigaret girl in a Constantinople cabaret. At least, so the article states—I think that my Julie is far too clever to have allowed herself to sink to so insignificant a position. At any rate, down there is a princess in distress, and the thought of her has touched the heart of a young man with so many dollars that the weight of them has made him melancholy.

"Now, my clever Remy," his thoughts continued, "what can you make out of this situation, what is the very best you can do with it? I wish I knew who is the young girl in the picture. Um-m—Julie will tell me. Clever Julie. That girl in the *Sketch* would have been in braids and starched petticoats when I left Russia. Time passes, my poor Remy— But the *Red Sarafan* probably remains the same, a dirty little hole, full of sailors and thugs. *Eh, bien!* We shall see, what we shall see!"

BUT the *Red Sarafan* of Remy Sazonoff's early memories had not remained the same. It had been a dubious and obscure café until one day there arrived in Constantinople a man reputed to have made money overcharging hungry American doughboys in a French port. This person had at once seen the possibilities of this dingy café, located as it was just off the grand Boulevard de Pera. All of Constantinople from the bazaars on the Stamboul side to the heights of Pera was alive with the feverish and chaotic tides of refugees, of new-rich Turks, of foreign officers bent on forgetting their troubles, of hectored embassies desiring relaxation. The aftermath of war had brought money into Constantinople and it brought also this restaurateur named Saidan.

He was called by his one name as if he were a celebrity, as indeed he was, of sorts. He had taken a rowdy café where sailors and traders could drink themselves cheaply to oblivion and he had made of it a glittering rendezvous where the revels were expensive—and quite Parisian, if one's memory was not too good.

He had leased a shop on the Boulevard and extended the old *Red Sarafan* through from the side street. His patrons entered through a gateway, over which swung a great lamp with



Saidan had two smiles, each loathsome; one for the patrons and one for Kyra.

"Saidan's Red Sarafan" painted upon it, into a courtyard. This courtyard of an evening was full of deep shadows barred by the orange lights from the café windows, and it was always lined with beggars, as the dinner hour approached.

The nightly presence of these beggars was believed to be due not to Saidan's generosity, but to his theatrical instinct. As if he knew, through some ironic intuition, that a hungry wretch pleading at the elbow of a man hastening to dine sharpened his inclination to reassure himself of his own security by eating well and drinking deeply.

And though he allowed these beggars to come into his courtyard, Saidan forbade them to make a single sound. Perhaps he knew that this silence heightened the theatrical effect. Out of shapeless, voiceless bundles of rags arms would be thrust into the light, their fingers would curve and plead. And against the opposite wall would quiver pointed shadows like the broken pikes of a spent army. Ah! No patron of the *Red Sarafan* could pass through that courtyard at night without an uneasy thrill. A thrill that meant more money in Saidan's pockets.

AS SHE approached this courtyard, Kyra Kamnieff each night had to harden her spirit. She would come stepping along the Boulevard, rather quickly, with her chin held high, for Armenians, Greeks, Turkish younger sons, even foreign officers sometimes, are not too chivalrous to a beautiful girl walking along the street alone. She would dart through the thick shadow of the archway into the courtyard, and then her nerves would quiver as dark shapes advanced toward her hopefully.

Waving them back she would hasten to open the door of the restaurant, turning her face away from the curving fingers and the arms wrapped in rags. She also turned her mind resolutely away from the thought that some day she might find herself in that shadowy line. She would say to herself: "Mustn't get morbid, Kyra, my child. Head up, you poor silly! This sort of thing can't go on forever. Anyhow, I've got a job now—ugh! what a job. If those poor beggars there should rise up some night and kill Saidan, I would laugh aloud. Stop it, you fool, that's morbid, again! If anything should happen to Saidan you might lose your job, and then where would you be?"

She knew the chances were she would not "be" at all. For so far as she could see, there was not another job to be had in Pera. The place was crammed with refugees of good family, all fighting for work. A great many of them sought it at the *Red Sarafan*, for Saidan liked two things in his waitresses and cigaret-and-program sellers—freshness and titles. Of the two, titles were the easier to get—starving titles harried before the winds of ruin.

No one knew exactly the nationality of Saidan, but it was whispered that back in his family history were serfdom and the knout, which would account for the satisfaction it gave him to see the thin wrists of a princess strained to pull a champagne cork, or a rheumatic countess bending over the dishes in his greasy kitchens. At any rate he often boasted of the high birth and the beauty of his employees, and to a favorite patron he would recount family histories that sounded like fairy tales with a sinister ending.

Tonight as Kyra Kamnieff hastened toward her night's work, she found it hard to keep her chin up. She had left her adored cousin Julie quarreling more bitterly than ever with her husband. Ivan, a former officer in a crack Imperial regiment, was now chauffeur to a Turk, and to overcome the depression of this occupation he had undoubtedly begun taking cocaine again. Poor Ivan!

And poor Julie, too. She had been for a week in one of her feverish and cynical moods that always baffled Kyra. Kyra, much as she loved them both, could see no sense in their making their misery worse by hating each other.

"They're such children," she thought, feeling very old herself, "bad-mannered children that ought to be spanked and put to bed. Poor dears! I wish they had the least gleam of common sense."

She was aware also as she crossed the courtyard that there was something else that weighed upon her spirits tonight. It had to do with her employer; something was taking place behind the flat yellow mask that was Saidan's face, it had been going on for weeks, but of late it had become bolder and more assured—a look, a certain gleam that Kyra Kamnieff had learned to edge away from when it appeared in a man's eye.

"Only this time," she thought, "I can't get away. Unless I get work somewhere else, and that's about as likely as flying. And even then—"

She caught herself up sharply, for she had shivered. She realized that for the first time she was afraid of another human being. There was something about the man Saidan—perhaps a sense of power, cold-blooded and single-minded—that rang a warning bell within her.

She had almost reached the doorway of the restaurant, when a small shadow detached itself from the other shadows of the courtyard. Instinctively she started to one side, when a voice whispered in French: "Do not be afraid. I am Madame Loisel. I waited—I hoped—"

Kyra made a sound of pity. To what straits the old gentlewoman must have come! A week before they had met by accident in the street, and for a moment they had stood with clasped hands while the stream made up of a dozen nationalities divided and flowed around them. Each had pretended not to notice the plight of the other. But there was an expression in the old Frenchwoman's eyes that had wrung Kyra's heart. She was starving, there was no mistaking that look.

Madame Loisel had been the first to recover her well-bred poise that day. "Ah, then I was right," she had cried with the ghost of an accustomed animation. "You *are* a beauty! I always said to myself, in those days when I taught you French in the garden, that some day you would have more charm even than your cousin, the Princess. Yes, yes, you are quite lovely."

"You always were a dear, Madame!" Kyra had smiled. "But you, why did you not go to your son, in France?"

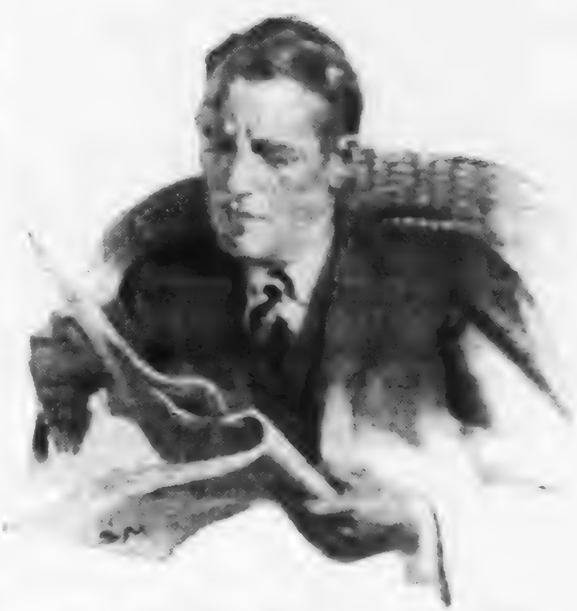
"He was killed at Ypres."

The two derelicts stood gazing at each other, without words. Kyra had taken the old Frenchwoman home that day and shared what she had with her. But tonight, here she was again, driven undoubtedly, by a want fiercer than her pride. Kyra drew her into the shadow of the wall and explained to her gently that she had no money, having had to pay her room rent that day, but that if Madame would wait near the door there, she would try to slip out to her with food.

"Please, do not trouble yourself," the faint voice came out of the shadows, a dying voice, but a polite one.

Kyra reassured her and went quickly on into the restaurant.

The cold smell of stale food, of unclean carpets, of oriental flesh, revolted her nostrils. The waiters in various sorts of disarray were spreading cloths upon the dozens of small tables in the large room where the dancing took place and at the end of which was a tiny stage. The tables here were placed in the French manner in front of the long red velvet settees, but behind the stage Saidan had allowed his truly oriental taste to run riot in clandestine little booths, in muffling draperies, in reds and yellows and a general unclean and stuffy sensuousness. At this hour a single light turned a merciless eye upon the tawdry confusion of the room. Three waiters, harried by the major-domo, Allessandro, scurried in and began to lay the cloths and to put fresh incense in the burners.



Michael Corcoran was a clean-cut American of about thirty-five—and sentimental.

Kyra went on down a damp stone corridor toward the room where she and the other girls changed into the black satin uniforms Saidan furnished. As she felt her way along in the darkness suddenly the flesh at the back of her neck crept. Some one was following close behind her. Even before she looked back over her shoulder along the corridor she knew it was Saidan. No one else could walk with that absolute soundlessness. She turned quickly to go on, but his voice called to her—a voice that she compared to the confection made of honey and sugar and glue called Turkish paste. He could speak half a dozen languages, glibly and badly. Tonight he chose to exercise his thick and mongrel French.

"Mam'selle Kyra?"

"Yes?" Her loathing and distrust of him were in the inflection of the word. She pressed herself back against the wall as he came up to her.

"Come into my *bureau*, will you, please? I have something there for your cousin, the Princess."

"Can't you give it to her when she comes?"

"I shall be occupied, then. Permit me." He opened the door behind him and unwillingly she preceded him into a small cell of a room, in which a divan, overflung with beautiful and dirty Persian rugs, crowded a cheap American roll-top desk, scarred like the veteran traveler it was. The air of the room was thick and drowsy with a burning pastile newly lighted in the corner.

Saidan closed the door behind himself.

She heard the sound with a quick tightening of her nerves. She had never been alone with him before and it seemed to her that all her senses became more alert, as if they warned her of danger. He crossed to the desk, but when he had reached it, he turned his back to it and smiled at her. Standing near the door she reflected that Saidan had two smiles, each of them loathsome, the polite one for patrons, and the one he had more and more frequently of late given to her.

It was a smile that seemed to take her into the very secret places of his being, that forced her to share with him an intimate understanding which every atom of her repudiated. In the broad flat expanse of his yellow face it curved upward, a cruel half moon of a smile.

"Seat yourself, mam'selle," he invited her, amiably waving a hand toward the dirty divan.

"Thanks, no." she said, shortly. "You have something for the Princess Julie?"

"Ah, yes, in looking at you I forgot." He turned, unlocked a drawer and drew out a letter, which he continued to hold in his hand. She remained near the door looking at him warily and curiously. She was aware of a change in his manner, a sort of sly triumph. "Mam'selle, you are very devoted to your cousin, the Princess, are you not?"

"Perhaps. What of it?"

"Nothing. Except that you are a little fool to make of yourself a watchdog for the Princess. She will go her own way, she will take what offers without thought of you."

"Let my cousin's name alone!" she cried. "If that letter is for her, give it to me and let me go."

He smiled calmly. "She will survive, that lady. But you—you will not survive, because you are not like her. She—"

"Be quiet!" Her eyes blazed. She knew that this mongrel put into words dim and painful thoughts that had sometimes stirred in her own brain. But she could not let a man like Saidan touch the romantic figure that had possessed her own imagination and heart so long. It occurred to her that he hated the Princess Julie Kamnieff. Julie had probably at some time lashed him with her careless insolence.

Unheeding her tone and her disdainful eyes he stood looking down at the letter, and she had a sudden intuition that what he was saying to her had some connection with this letter, which he had probably opened and read.

"Let me out of this room!" she cried. "I do not care to listen to you any longer. Nothing that you have to say has any interest for me." She held her head high and looked at him scornfully.

"Ah, but that is where you are stupid, or pretending to be stupid. It has the greatest interest for you, if not now, later when the Princess begins to play her own game. And that is where old Saidan comes in. The poor old fellow who warned you and who stands ready now to see that no harm comes to you when you—find yourself alone."

When she should find herself alone! She could only stare, her face even whiter than usual. "What do you mean?" she whispered finally.

Saidan rose with surprising buoyancy from his chair. "Ah, me," he sighed, "one must explain so much to them! I mean this, *ma cherie*. When you find that the Princess Julie has gone on to richer fields, deserting you, I shall be here to protect you. I am a great man. I shall be a greater. You will be fortunate, *petite*, when that time comes. Or—" he moved nearer to her, smiling his half moon smile— "or even before, if you like."

She understood him perfectly, now. It was as if all the terrors and abasements she had witnessed seeped in through the very pores of her soul and sharpened her imagination unbearably.

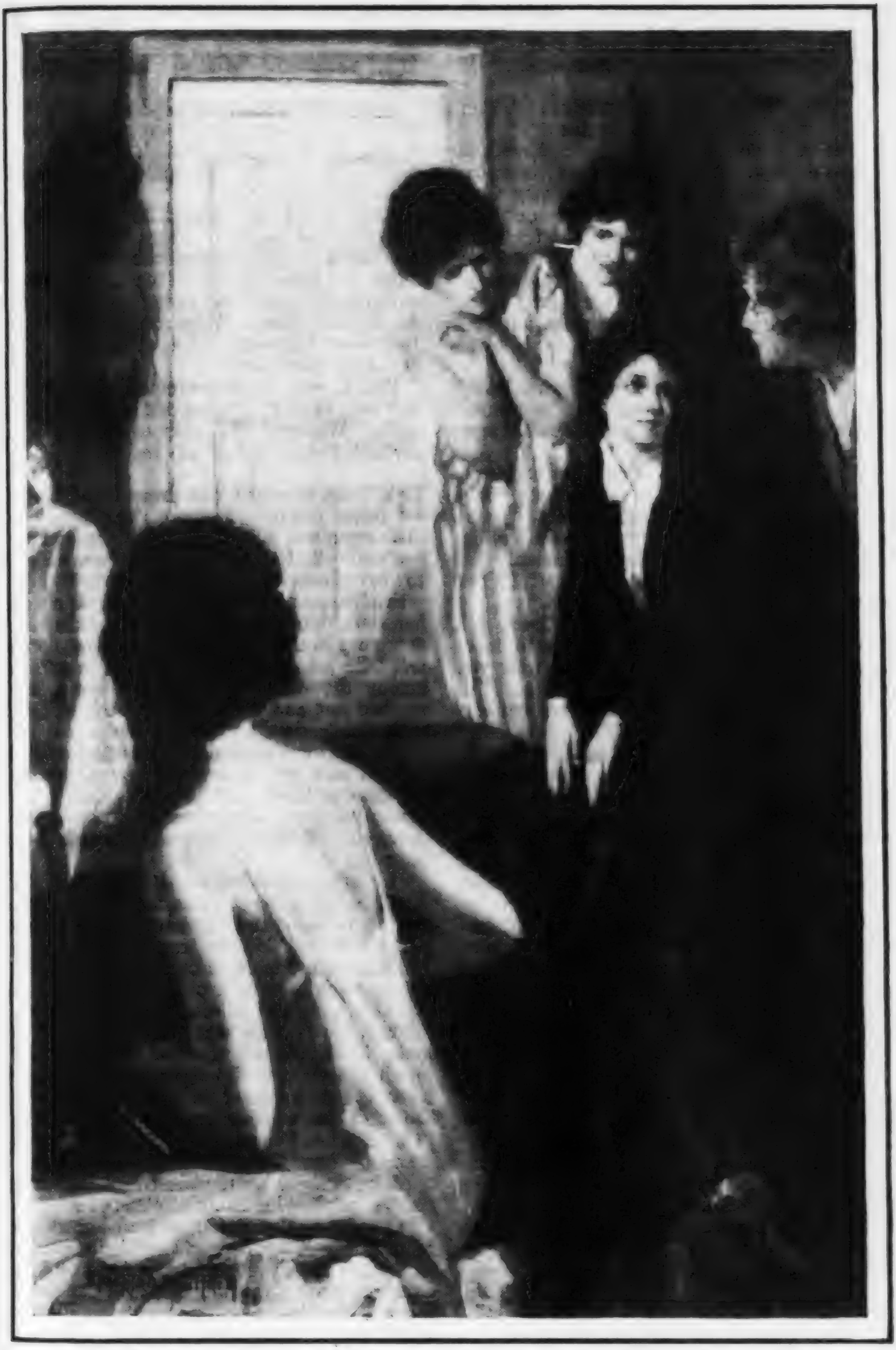
FOR a moment she stared at him, then as he took a tentative step toward her, she seemed to hear a whisper: "This cannot happen to you. You are American. Things like this do not happen to an American girl—"

She moved aside from the door. "Open that," she said in the voice Julie used with a servant who had displeased her.

The involuntary beginning of a cringe showed in a slight movement of his head, and his hand fumbled in his pocket for the key. But after all he was Saidan, the man who had lifted himself up from obscurity, past, no one knew, what obstacles. He opened the door, but his smile was bland and his eyes sought hers.

"You will remember what I have said," he muttered, allowing his hand to rest for an instant upon her arm. "Ah, the letter! We forgot that, did we not, *petite?*"

She took the letter and passed him, her mouth scornful, but her knees shaking. In the small room where half a dozen girls, Russian and Greek, were dressing, she hung upon a peg her worn furs and the small black satin hat she had made for herself from the remains of



"Whee! My knees!" Kyra breathed as she sat down. The other girls crowded around her with frightened sympathy. "If it is Saidan," one whispered, "don't anger him."

one of Julie's frocks, and then suddenly sat down.

"Whee! My knees!" she breathed. "I don't know what is the matter with them."

The other girls crowded around her, with the frightened sympathy of those who live in constant peril. One of them, a very pretty Greek who had seen her entire family wiped out in the flames of Smyrna, looked at her with frightened pity in her enormous eyes. "If it is Saidan," she whispered, "don't anger him. You remember Anita Nadja? She lost her place here because she angered him. I hear she has been seen in the Stamboul bazaars and she is dreadful to look at."

"Better for her if she had thrown herself off Galata bridge," another girl murmured. "There isn't any work to be had, if he discharges you."

A sickening shiver passed over her body, and then Kyra Kamnieff sprang to her feet. "Stop it!" she cried with an effort at gaiety, "you're like a lot of gloomy little crows. Who's afraid of a yellow-faced mongrel dog like Saidan!"

"S-s-sh! Be careful, for God's sake!" two or three of them murmured, panic-stricken.

Kyra threw an arm around the Greek girl. "Come on, sister, you've got to learn to dance American fashion. A good fox-trot is what you need for all that gloom. Come on, Tita. This is the way the American lieutenants dance—Dum—dee—dum—"

They were all pathetically ready to be diverted from their fears, and as Kyra dragged the resisting Tita up and down the small room they laughed hysterically. In Kyra's arms the Greek girl's body felt as light and thin as a starved bird's. She gave her a little shake. Don't let everything scare you, Tita. Saidan can't hurt you if you don't let him."

"But he can drive me into the streets, and then I should die. I don't want to die, I want to live. I want to have enough to eat and pretty clothes. I don't want to lose my beauty working all night in places like this. But neither can I go the way Anita Nadja went. What hope is there for me, Kyra, I ask you?"

Kyra's face hardened. "You've got to take what you can get and forget what you wanted. But for heaven's sake, don't get soppy over it. Take what the day offers and keep those tears out of your eyes. One of the young officers that come in here may fall in love with you—they're awfully sentimental, some of them. But they'll never do it if you spoil those lovely eyes."

The Greek girl smiled, but the shadow did not lift from her eyes. "You are of a hopeful race, because you're on top of the world. But I—I think I was doomed when I was born."

Kyra made a gesture of exasperation, and then stooping quickly she kissed the other girl on the cheek. "I'm going to make my own fate," she cried. "And so could you, you silly Tita!"

But as she turned away she thought: "I'm whistling to keep up my courage. What if I, too, am doomed? What if there's no way out? What if that old spider Saidan knows it and bides his time?"

Then sharply she roused herself from these thoughts and began to dress, for Allessandro had begun to shriek down the corridor. The letter for Julie fell out of her bodice as she unfastened it, and she looked at it absently. An English stamp. Who could be writing to Julie from London? Then she examined the flap of the envelope.

Yes, it was as she expected, the envelope had been skilfully opened and pasted together again. Whatever the letter contained, it was probable Saidan had already read it.

BY THE time she was dressed and had received her tray of cigarets and sweets, the main room was filling rapidly and the orchestra—a wild collection of instruments from balilikas to a saxophone was pounding away shrilly.

Straight and slender in her black satin frock, her dark blue eyes with their black lashes enormous in the gardenia-like whiteness of her face, she passed down the room, in and out among the tables. Here and there a hand reached out and caught at her and skilfully, with a smile, she edged away out of reach.

She was more shaken than she had realized, so that now and then the scurrying waiters, the glaring lights and the gross beat of the music jumbled together and all her nerves quivered. "Head up before these swine," she thought.

The important thing was to look as if all this was a sort of good joke, an amusing masquerade, not to be too timid or too shrill, as many of the girls were. To know just how to evade impertinences and more sinister implications, and at the same time to avoid angering a patron lest he complain to Allessandro or Saidan.

From the time she was given this chance to make her livelihood she had thrown herself into it like a game, with a gaiety and hardihood few of the other girls could imitate. Soon after she came here an American lieutenant had said to her: "When I've got to do a dirty job, I make it snappy," and the phrase had delighted her.

He had taught her the latest American slang and had advised her to come to America.

"Of course, I've got a perfectly good wife of my own—" he had added hastily. "Say, kiddo, how come you're stuck here with all these greasy geezers? You talk and look like one of the girls back home—only just a mite different, somehow."

Ah! that mite of difference! Perhaps it lay in the few drops of a more subtle blood that flowed in her veins, for her mother had been

American and her father Anglo-Russian, her grandfather being a Russian aristocrat of the old régime. Her grandmother had been an English girl, the daughter of a British diplomat connected with the embassy at St. Petersburg. Thus it was that the lively lieutenant was right when he said she looked like the girls back home,—with a difference.

She had the white-rose skin of her English grandmother and the dark blue eyes of her American mother. But her Russian great-grandmother had been a great lady and a famous beauty. From her Kyra Kamnieff had inherited a line from her delicate high cheekbones to the point of her chin that was ravishing—and Russian. Her blue-black hair that made her skin as white as a gardenia and her blue eyes bluer, had come to her from this great-grandmother also. And it is possible that from close association with the beautiful and futile lady she so adored—her cousin, the Princess Julie—she had absorbed something of that elusive mystery which is charm.

At any rate, when Kyra Kamnieff stepped with her indifference and her gaiety, in and out among the tables, eyes followed her and voices hailed her. Tonight she was whiter than usual and a trifle absent-minded. She was looking for the three English officers and the young American who had dined here frequently of late. When she finally found them in the end of the room somewhat beyond the din of the orchestra, she came to a stop beside their table.

"'Ello!" she cried softly, smiling down at them. Her eyes went to their plates.

"Hello, sister!" from the American. The English officers, very young and very much aware of her beauty, possibly jogged by a dim sense of caste, involuntarily half rose.

She looked over her shoulder. Allessandro was not in sight. "Which one of you has a poor appetite tonight?" she whispered.

The American lieutenant understood at once; he pushed his plate lightly toward her. "I'm sure sick of mutton, sister. Help yourself. What's the game?"

"An old Frenchwoman out there, starved. Put it in your napkin, will you Lieutenant? Ah, you're quite the nicest person I know!"

"What price us?" the English officers groaned. One of them, new to his surroundings, caught at her hand. "Come back and have some champagne, will you, beauty?"

And the others kicked his shins. He sat down looking extremely bewildered. Kyra, with a mocking smile at him, went skimming in and out among the tables until she could slip to the corridors leading to the entrance. Making sure that no one saw her, she put down her tray of cigarets and stole to the door.

She opened it cautiously and looked out. "Madame Loisel! Madame Loisel, are you there?"

There was no movement in the darkness and she stepped quickly out and along the wall with the napkin in her hand. She could make out a small huddled heap close to the wall.

"Madame, it is Kyra. You should not sleep here—Madame!"

Her terror-stricken whisper echoed through the stony place and her hands groped over a prone figure that did not stir.

She had seen death too many times in the past years not to recognize it now. With stoical stiffening of her body and her soul she laid the body of the old French lady down again upon the pavement. Helplessly, stunned, she stood staring down at it. What an ending to a brave life, to die in the dark alone, on the stones of an alien city. Thus might she herself come to an end. Thus might come to an end the beauty even of a princess.

SHUDDERING and cold to the marrow of her bones, she stumbled back into the corridor. Mechanically picking up her tray, she went through the rear rooms where the heavily shaded lights gave an illusion of intimate quiet to the little booths.

Saidan was conducting a party to one of these booths with much ceremony. She hesitated an instant, and then stood near-by, waiting for his attention. As he turned away from his customers she stopped him.

"Monsieur Saidan—" she knew he liked being called Monsieur—"an old lady, some one I've known all my life, is lying dead out there in the courtyard—" Saidan started back from her, the whites of his eyes momentarily visible.

"It was starvation merely," she hastened to say, her lips curling. "She is out of sight in the shadow of the wall."

He laid a warning finger on his lips and drew her into one of the empty alcoves. "Speak lower!"

"Will you let two of your men carry the body to shelter until arrangements can be made?" she begged.

He gesticulated impatiently. In the very busiest hour of the night, what a request to make! And why trouble him about it since the body was not visible to his guests?

Slowly she lifted her hand and laid it upon his arm. "Please, for my sake," she murmured.

His expression changed. With one hand he dropped the drapery over the doorway and with the other he caught her wrist. "If you will kiss me, *petite*," he whispered, "I'll see to it that your friend is given shelter."

She stood still for a moment; her right hand curled and uncurled itself as if it longed for the good feel of a weapon. Then rigidly her body swayed forward, her lips brushed his flat cheek with their fragrance. And her flesh crept.

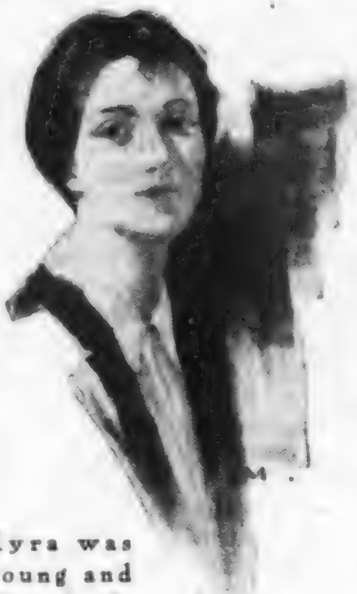
Saidan's half-moon smile curved upward

sardonically. "We will finish that kiss at another time," he murmured. He swept aside the curtain and clapped his hand sharply at a passing waiter. "There is a woman dead out there in the courtyard. Drag the body into the cellar until morning. And be quick about it."

Kyra fled to the lights and noise of the outer room. The place was crowded now. The mongrel band played an oriental interpretation of American jazz tunes, curiously vicious in effect, as if the music leered and staggered drunkenly. The dancing floor was crowded with that amazing mixture of nationalities which the pandemonium of the surrounding world had let loose into Constantinople. In the last few months even the Chinese had taken to jazz, and Kyra was continually obliged to dodge their invitations and their meaning glances.

Every one drank champagne, an inferior brand which was cheap and plentiful. Very few, in those days, were ever quite clear in the head, whether from sudden wealth, from slow starvation, from drugs, or from the utter impossibility of even guessing what the next day would bring forth.

Presently a stir and a turning of heads told Kyra that her cousin Julie had arrived and she looked eagerly toward the entrance door. She never tired of watching Julie Kamnieff enter a room. It was as if the close air became magnetized, lights flared, life itself moved with something added to it that had been missing—charm and mystery.



Kyra was young and slim and really quite a little beauty.

Kyra Kamnieff adored this older woman with whom she had shared hardships, the loss of everything they possessed, the almost complete wiping out of what had once been a great and powerful family. Together they had seen the country estate of the Kamnieffs with its terraces and stables, its farmhouses and old treasures, go up in flames; they had known together a Soviet prison and finally the half starvation, the disease and weariness of refugee camps and troop trains.

And through it all the Princess Julie had refused to believe that this dingy and precarious obscurity could be final, could be her fate.

"What a joke!" she would laugh. "Somewhere, some one has made a droll mistake. Kyra, my child, mark my words—one morning we shall wake up to find ourselves in Paris, in my old apartment—you should see that apartment, darling, where I spent five thousand francs for brocades for my bedroom wall. Oh, la! it is all too ridiculous, like a very bad dream."

Kyra Kamnieff would always smile, loyally, although at the back of her head was sometimes an idea that what had happened to Julie and her class was not a droll mistake. Suppose this was the end, that Julie and Ivan and their friends had reached the twilight of their little day, that like insects that had danced in the sun they died with the night?

"In that case," she would continue the thought, "what price me?"

For she was a girl without a country. She might pretend to herself that she was American because she had happened to be born there; she was without a doubt much more Anglo-Saxon than Russian. But her American mother and her half-Russian father had chosen to make their home in St. Petersburg, where Hugo Kamnieff had been connected with the embassy. They had always meant to return to England or America to give their little daughter a chance at her Anglo-Saxon heritage. But at last it was too late; Hugo Kamnieff was killed fighting under Wrangel, Kyra's mother contracted tuberculosis in a Soviet prison and died.

And Julie Kamnieff rescued the desolate, grief-stricken girl of fifteen and took her to the Kamnieff country place outside of Petrograd. Sometimes it seemed to Kyra that in this chaotic whirl of worlds she had been spun off into space and wandered, forgotten, overlooked in the bleak procession of lost planets. She clung all the tighter to the somewhat capricious tenderness of her cousin Julie.

It was not long before their relations were reversed and she felt herself to be Julie's protector. Julie's past had not fitted her for the stern conditions in which she found herself. She had been an international beauty, extravagant, and spoiled. She became, under stress, erratic, feverish, and recklessly rebellious. She alternately derided Kyra and wept on her shoulder.

KYRA had tried her best to keep Julie away from the *Red Sarafan*. Since both she and Ivan had work it was not necessary for Julie to earn money, for which rôle she was as well fitted, it seemed to Kyra, as a Manchu princess. But Saidan with a shrewd eye for her decorative qualities, had proposed that for a sum Julie become a sort of unofficial hostess at the *Red Sarafan*. She was to dine there frequently, induce her most distinguished acquaintances to accompany her, and give to the place that Parisian air it might otherwise lack.

This proposal had infuriated Ivan, which settled the matter for Julie. She began to appear at the *Red Sarafan* quite regularly and there she held a sort of salon at a conspicuous table with generals, admirals, diplomats, correspondents of famous journals, or even with mere officers and the impertinent young sons of new-rich Turks.

It made Kyra Kamnieff sigh and often troubled her thoughts at night, to see Julie with her brilliance and beauty stooping thus. Of late the Princess had been more reckless and indiscriminating. Her proud blonde head was often seen surrounded by men whom she would not have tolerated a year before.

Tonight as Kyra made her way to Julie's table, she saw that the Englishman, Captain Austen, was leaning an arm across her cousin's chair with an air of infatuated recklessness. She suspected this was one of the matters that Julie and Ivan had quarreled about that evening. But there was no use expecting Ivan to protect his wife. He was completely absorbed in his own miseries and his own grudge against life.

As Kyra reached her cousin's chair, the Princess looked up with her careless smile. "Is it you, mouse? We are all going on to Count Boursky's for supper later. Will you come? Stepan will wait for you."

A fat little man who was a distant relative of Julie's rose and bowed punctiliously. "With pleasure, Julie Anna."

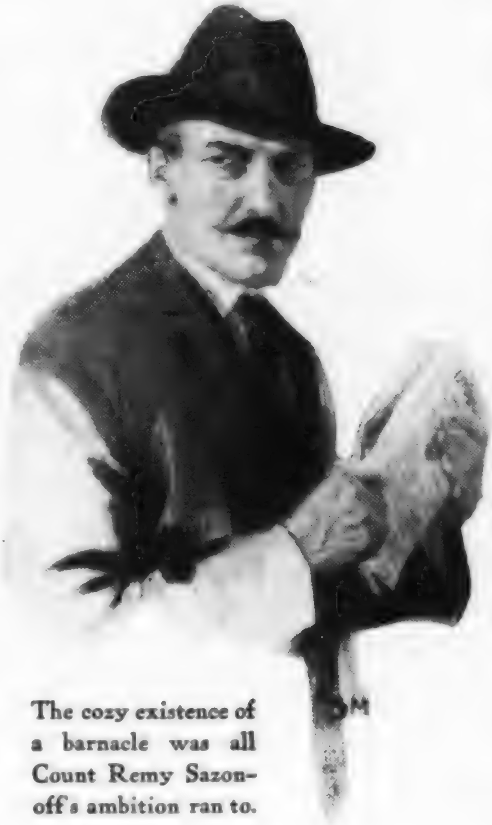
Kyra strangled a sigh. She was tired and overwrought and she knew she would be bored by the endless night of talking about the same things, their misfortunes, the possibilities of the old order being restored, politics, and gossip. But the chances were Ivan would not be there. After one of their quarrels he generally spent what remained of his salary in gambling. And she did not want to leave Julie to the haphazard protection of cousin Stepan.

"Very well, I'll come," she said. "Oh, I forgot, Julie. There is a letter for you. Odd, its being sent here."

Julie's long, slender fingers with their nails like pink diamonds took the letter. She looked at the writing on the envelope and at once her face flared into excitement and gratification. She did not, however, open the letter, but thrust it into her handbag.

"Darling mouse," she murmured absently. And Kyra went on about her duties.

It was two in the morning when she wrapped the ragged furs about herself and adjusted the little hat that in spite of its origin had an air of the mode. It was absurd, but it occurred to her that as long as she could appreciate a becoming hat she was not quite finished.



The cozy existence of a barnacle was all Count Remy Sazonoff's ambition ran to.

Outside in the room where the haggard waiters were turning out the lights, she took the arm of Stepan Alexei quite gaily and hurried him through the courtyard without looking too closely into its shadows. Live for the moment, she thought, and if it is happy, drink it up before the bubbles have gone out of it.

They hastened through a maze of narrow streets toward the Turkish villa where Count Boursky lived in a series of bare rooms with tiny balconies outside the windows. By some miracle of forethought he had managed to save a remnant of his fortune, and he was now the only one with a fairly secure position in the Russian colony. The others twitted him with his thrift, but they crowded to his rooms at all hours of the day and night to eat his food and relate their troubles.

A round table was spread at one end of the long salon. Two or three candles in tall holders lighted it, but the remainder of the room was in shadow. Of what had been a larger party there remained only Julie, Captain Austen, old Colonel Sanikin, who had lost an arm in the first counter-revolution, and their host.

As Kyra came down the room, Julie rose and put her arms about her. "We thought you would never come. Are you starved? Count Nicholas, some tea. See, darling, I've saved you a paté. Sit near me."

Kyra suspected that something pleasant had happened to her cousin Julie. Then glancing about at the others, she saw that they all gazed at her with the liveliest interest. The Count himself heaped her plate, the Colonel filled her glass.

THE Princess drew from under her plate an open letter and a magazine clipping, which she waved. "My child, your fortune is made," she cried. Everyone began to talk at once.

Kyra set down the glass and looked around the table. "They mean that theirs is made," she thought skeptically. Then her gaze went to the clipping which Julie handed her. "Why, this is I. However in the world— But, Julie, your name is under the picture. How—when—"

"Don't you remember the very young journalist who wept over my hands at Saidan's one night, and afterward had to be taken home and put to bed by Stepan and Nicholas?" Julie cried. "He had mouse-colored hair and he felt very bad about us. He took our pictures in the Count's garden one day—don't you remember?"

Julie was brilliant with animation.

"Yes, I remember now. But what has it to do with my fortune?"

"Exactly this," cried Julie with much drama. "Your picture has been seen by a millionaire, an American millionaire—which is even better—and he has fallen madly in love—"

"Don't be silly, Julie! Do you mind if I go on with my supper? I'm most awfully hungry. Who sent you the clipping?"

"Remy Sazonoff."

"Remy Sazonoff? Do I know him, Julie?"

At that moment Count Boursky's monocle fell out of his eye and Julie glanced at him quickly. "Careless, careless," he murmured, and Julie laughed aloud, as if recovering from a momentary confusion.

"No, I don't think you could have known him. He left Moscow before you came to live with us. But he was an old friend of mine. Now he has put himself to the trouble of interesting this rich American—"

"What does he say in his letter, Julie?"

Julie fluttered the many pages of the letter rapidly. Parts of it were evidently not meant to be read aloud, for Julie skipped over them with a mysterious smile.

"Ah, yes—here is the description— 'Fancy a man,' " she read, " 'who has so much money that if it were heaped upon the island of Marmora it would sink into the sea. But no proper idea, apparently, of how to spend it. That is where I, who have nothing, as you know, but the most exquisite skill in spending money, am of the greatest value to this colossal innocent. . . .' Um-um—let me see— Yes, he goes on here to tell more about this fabulous creature—

" 'Believe me if you can, when the American showed me the clipping, he blushed. He wished to know if it could be true that a princess could actually be in such straits! When I had assured him that matters might be even worse, he was visibly affected, extraordinary young man!' "

Here Julie stopped to utter a peal of laughter. "Isn't it too delicious, Kyra?"

"I've heard more delicious things," Kyra's voice was dry. "It sounds to me as if that man is extremely silly."

"Ah, but wait— 'After several days of conversation,' " Julie read on, " '(for the young man is not unwary, and wished to assure himself of my authenticity) it was agreed that I should approach the Princess Julie Kamnieff, with the suggestion that she come to London and discuss with him certain plans for bettering her condition.' "

She looked across the table triumphantly. "Now, little mouse, what have you to say for that?"

"Julie! How perfectly miraculous. If only you could go."

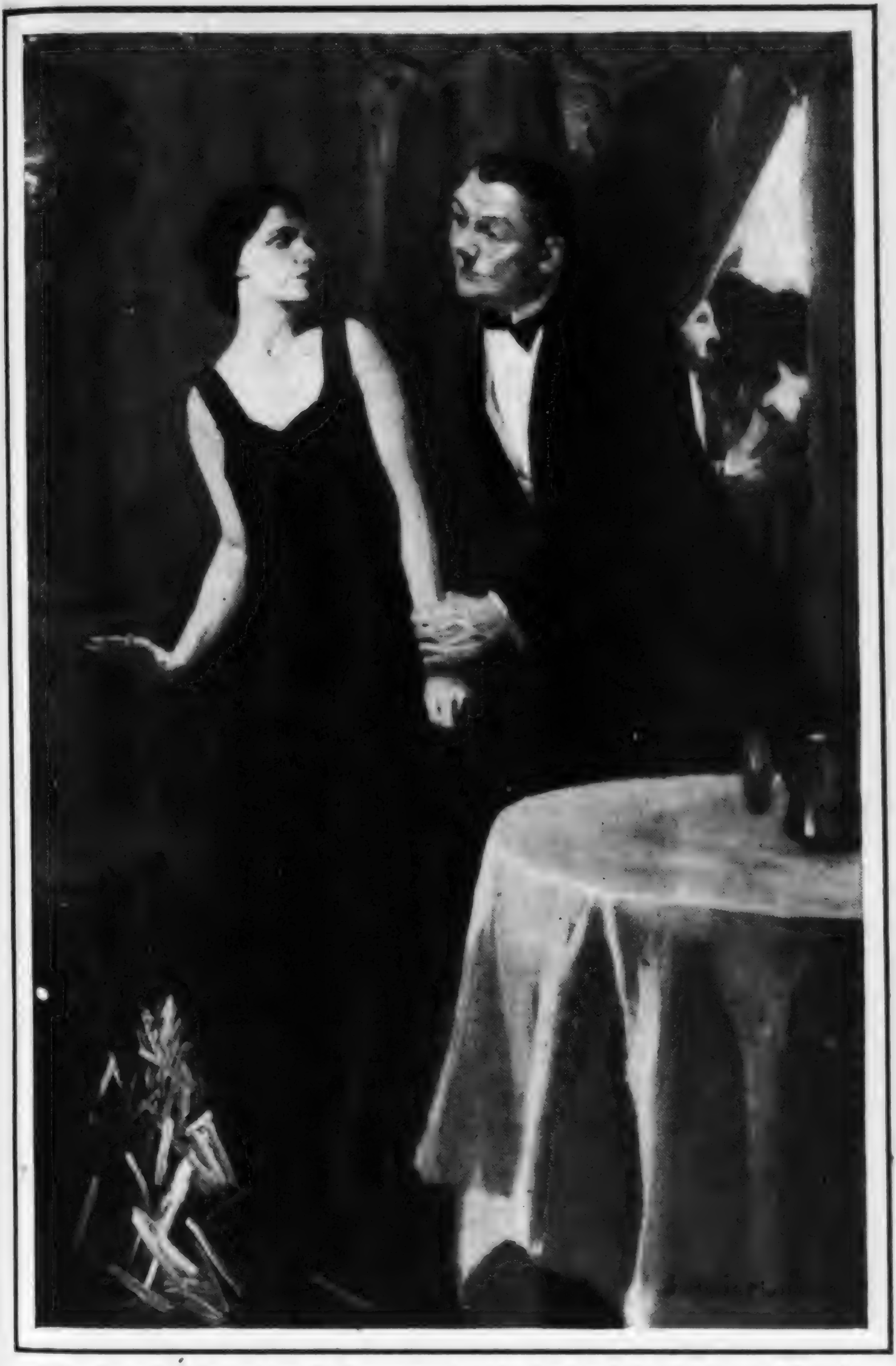
"I?" Julie stared. "It is not I who am going, but you, stupid child."

"But I am not the Princess Kamnieff. Don't you see, it is a princess this American is interested in—"

"No, no, you don't understand, Kyra. It is your picture, the incredible man has fallen in love with. Remy Sazonoff says that you must come. He asks all about you— My darling Kyra, it is a miracle from heaven."

At that they all began to explain, to wave their arms and shout. It was plain that before she had arrived they had discussed the plan in all its details and had decided that she was to go. She put her hands over her ears to shut out their clamor. She felt completely dazed, unable to decide whether this was really a stroke of good fortune, or a new danger. She looked across the table at Julie Kamnieff with troubled eyes. "Do you mean that I am to go to London to ask a strange man, whom none of us know anything about, for money? That is what you mean, is it not, Julie?"

With a gesture that swept aside this bald statement of the situation, Julie flew around the table and putting her arm about Kyra, drew her to the other end of the room away from the lighted table. "My dear child, you sometimes have an unpleasant way of putting things. Let us talk this over frankly. See, here we are. Down there—" they stood in front of one of the tall windows, from which Julie swept aside the draperies— "is a city that is like a monster, ready to devour us at the first disaster. We are shipwrecked, forgotten. There is no way to safety except from outside. That rich man's offer is like a sail on the horizon. Are we going to let it go past, because you are a coward?"



Saidan dropped the drapery over the doorway with one hand and with the other he caught Kyra by the wrist. "If you will kiss me, *petite*," he whispered, "I'll see that your friend is given shelter."

"But, Julie, it is to the Princess Kamnieff he offers help. Why will you not go? You are older than I am, you will know how to manage—"

There was a long mirror between the windows, dimly reflecting the lights of the candles. Julie Kamnieff drew her young cousin in front of it. "My mouse—" she said softly, "look at the difference between us."

Kyra with her arm about the woman she had so long adored, gazed without understanding at their reflections. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, Julie," she whispered.

The other gazed with an enigmatic smile at her own face in the mirror. "Perhaps, but you are young. And you have something besides, something that stirs the heart. It is in that picture; it is your soul, I suppose. That is what made that man want to help you. I know men, my Kyra. For you they will always lay down their cloaks. But on me they will prey—always. Come, look at me well in the mirror there. You know in the bottom of your heart that what I say is true."

IN THE mirror the two figures were still, each with her own thought. Kyra gazed at the reflection of the other woman, and as she gazed a sense of fatality, new and yet old, seized upon her heart. Julie Kamnieff had just put into words something she, Kyra, must for long have known and denied, her beautiful cousin preyed and was preyed upon, she was huntress and hunter—she was doomed and to an end that nothing but a miracle could save her from.

With a cry of protest, Kyra turned and held Julie closely in her slender arms. "I will not let them, Julie, I will not let them prey upon you. I will save you; I will work—"

Julie Kamnieff held her off with her hands on Kyra's shoulders. She stopped and looked into her eyes. "My darling, there is only one way you can save your Julie. Get me money. I am destroyed by this life. It makes a saint out of you. But it turns me into a devil. Get me the money, Kyra, I tell you, or presently there will be no more Julie."

At the other end of the long room the round table with its two tall candles was like a tiny island in the gloom. The four men sat about, looking reflectively at the smoke from their cigarets or staring down at their plates, making a pretense of not being aware of the little drama of the mirror.

Kyra began to tremble with a sense of a threatened tragedy. "Darling Julie, I would give my life for you, I would—I would. But I must know what I am getting into. You say you know men—well, I know them, too. I hate them. I've learned that at Saidan's. And I don't believe there's one of them will help me out of goodness of his heart. Julie, I can't—I can't—"

The Princess Julie laughed softly. Possibly there was a shadow of wonder in her eyes, but she did not allow it to divert her from her purpose. She embraced her young cousin indulgently. "My dear infant, there is no doubt the American is eccentric, but Remy makes it clear he is chivalrous—"

"There is no such thing, Julie, as you know," said Kyra, in a hard voice.

"Let us say then, that he can be managed. All men can be if one knows how."

"But I don't know how—"

Julie laughed impatiently. "My dear Kyra, you are a woman, after all, and therefore you are clever if you wish to be. I should be the last to ask you to go to London to meet this man who has offered to help us, if I thought you would be in any danger from him. I believe, from what Remy tells me, he is a gentleman—if one can say that of an American. At any rate, Remy Sazonoff will let no harm come to you—"

"But the money for the fare to London, Julie. Where will that come from?"

Julie explained that the American millionaire would forward the necessary funds upon receipt of word from them that she would come. It was all most simple. But still Kyra's face did not light up. In fact, the tears had gathered in her eyes. The older woman put her arms about her and drew her into the embrasure of the window.

"I know what you are thinking, Kyra," whispered she. "But there is no use in your waiting any longer for Cyril Caryatoski. If he is still alive he would have found you by this time—if he had searched for you. My dear child, I know how it has been with you. But think—aren't you feeding your heart on something that does not exist?"

Kyra looked at her wistfully. "I have always felt sure he would find me. He told me, that last morning, that if he lived—"

"I know, I know. Men say what comes into their heads at such a moment. But, surely, Kyra, you won't throw away this miraculous opportunity because when you were sixteen you fell in love with a handsome young man who is either dead or has forgotten you? I thought you cared more for me than that, my dear."

They were silent, for a moment, and then Kyra said, "I want to think it over for a moment, Julie, please."

She stood at the window looking out at a row of lights that laced the darkness between the Pera side and Stamboul. That might be one of the bridges—what was it the girls had said about Anita Nadja? That she might better have jumped off Galata bridge? She shuddered at the thought of that dark water and the darker evil that could drive a girl to such a step. She thought of Madame Loisel lying dead from starvation. And by a natural sequence she saw again the yellow face of Saidan, his flattened nose, his eyes with that menacing gleam in them.

If she did what Julie wanted her to do she would leave behind her all that, the fear and the hopelessness, all the years when she had walked through filth, terror, and lurking death. She would be in a clean land, perhaps she might even make her way to America, to her mother's country.

And for Julie she would perhaps be able to secure a safe future, at least a reprieve from destitution. Julie could go to Paris, where were many of her old friends; she could get away from the evil surroundings that brought out the worst in her nature.

SUDDENLY in the midst of these thoughts, she remembered her suspicion when Saidan had handed her the letter. "Julie," she called.

Julie left the table. "You've decided to go, *cherie?* I know you've decided—"

"Julie, I'm not asking you what was in that letter besides what you read me, but I think you ought to know that the chances are Saidan has already read it."

She expected an outburst of anger, but she was not prepared for what she saw in Julie's white face, and she was as shaken as if the foundations of the house had rocked. In spite of her selfishness and her vagaries Julie had always been unafraid, but now what Kyra saw in her cousin's eyes was stark fear. Then at once the Princess wiped this out with anger and disdain.

"The beast!" she cried. "I'll teach him to open my letters."

"No, no, Julie, please let it go. You don't know what he might do. And if I should go to London, he must not know that I am going, for he would certainly try to stop me—"

"Then you are going?" Julie cried, both her fear and her anger forgotten. "You darling. Stepan Alexei shall send the wire at once—Stepan. Count Nicholas! she will go. She has promised. Some one go out and wire at once. Captain Austen, you will help us get a passport, will you not?"

"Ah—er—in the name of the Princess Julie Kamnieff, I suppose?" the captain drawled. He had been highly amused by the whole thing.

"Oh, no," Kyra exclaimed. "I can't do that. Why not explain to the American that a mistake in names was made?"

But they began to argue with her, all of them were talking at once. The American was plainly, like all Americans, title mad. He desired the privilege of giving aid and succor to a princess, and a princess she must be.

Kyra, a little pale, with her eyes large and bewildered, looked from one to the other of them. It seemed to her there was something not quite right with the ethics of what they proposed, but perhaps the deception might be justified when there was so much at stake.

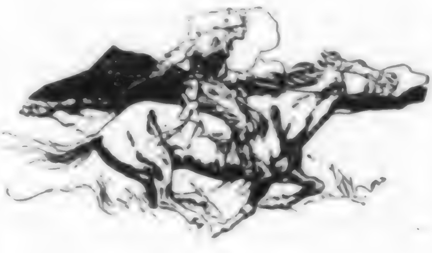
"My dear, don't let a silly thing like a title keep you back," Julie laughed gaily. "It has never brought any good to me and I hereby endow you with it—rise Princess Kyra and go forth on your golden mission."

They all sprang to their feet—how they loved drama!—and raised their glasses with great vivacity. Kyra's heart began to beat faster with a queer mingling of excitement, happiness and foreboding. Looking from one to the other of them with a tremulous smile, she heard them drink their toast:

"To the Princess Kyra and her golden American."

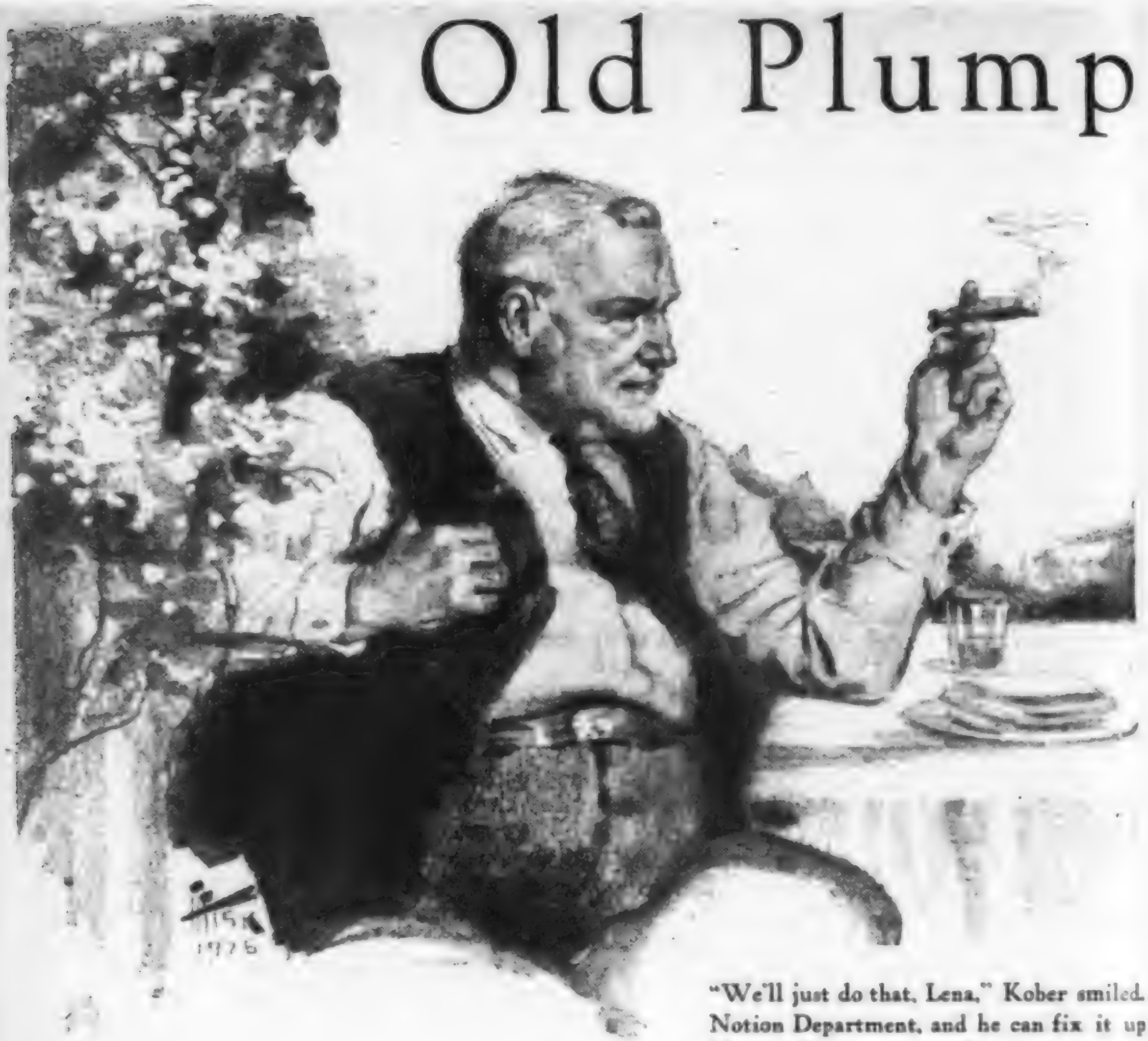
TO BE CONTINUED.

For You Who Like "Westerns"



OUT of all the fiction that has been written about pioneer days in the plains—cowboys, Indians, dude wranglers, and all the rest of the picturesque company that helped make the West, there have been singularly few stories worth a second reading after a lapse of years. Two notable exceptions have been selected for reprinting in EVERYBODY'S next month. One is "Specimen Jones," by Owen Wister, author of that classic among novels about the cattle country—"The Virginian." The other is "The Last Choice of Crusty Dick," by William D. Williams. You will enjoy comparing these unforgettable stories of another day with the more recent ones in magazines and motion pictures.

Old Plump



"We'll just do that, Lena," Kober smiled.
Notion Department, and he can fix it up
Notion Department makes more money

A veteran of the selling force teaches the

AND now Old Plump was to go. There had been many changes in the sales force throughout the years, but Old Plump was a fixture. He had done his work quietly, effectively, oftentimes sensationally, these many years. His territory had been the model by which younger men planned their efforts and to which the management had over and over again pointed as an example of what conscientious effort and consistent work could accomplish.

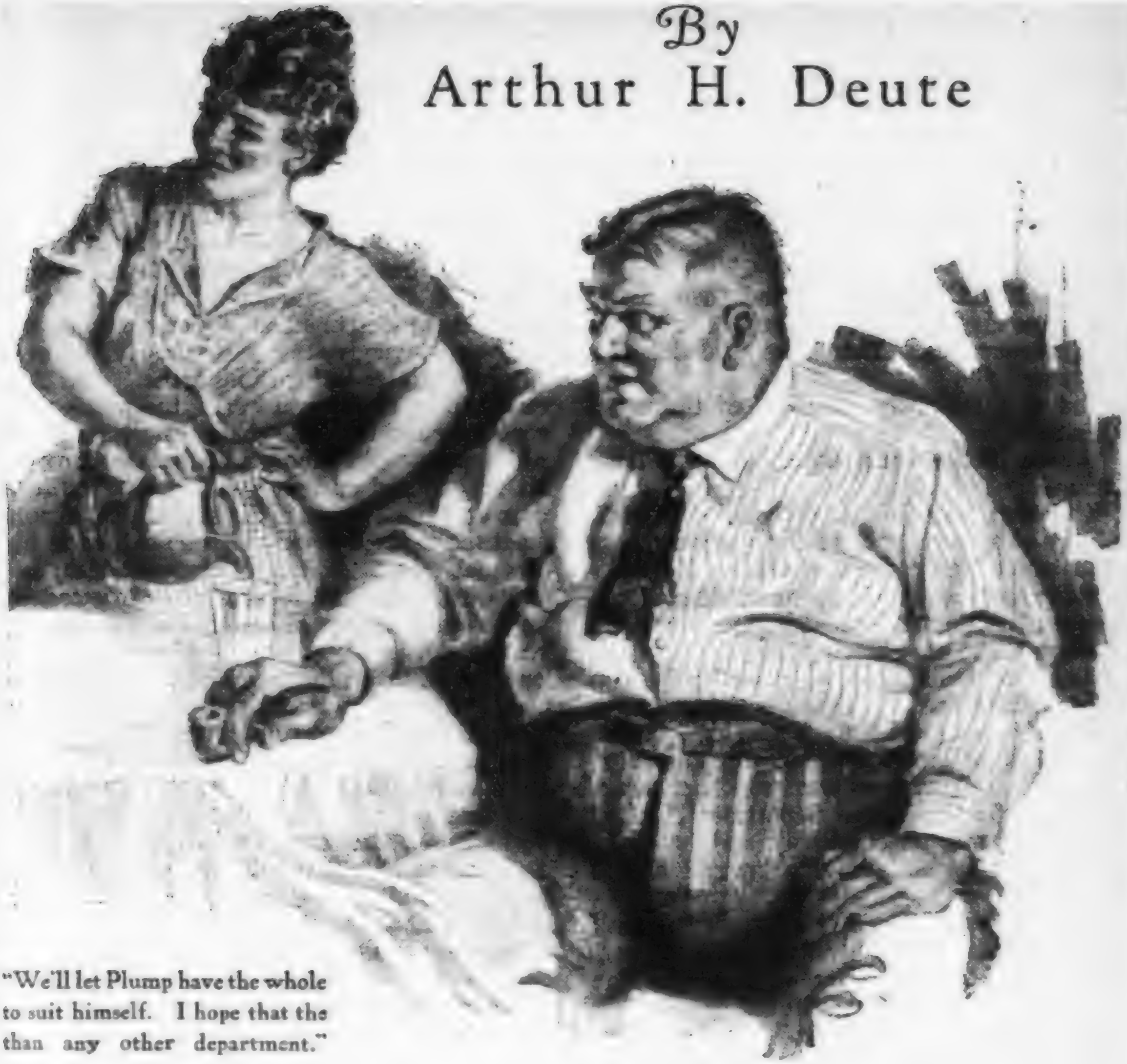
Years ago, when the company was small, William Plum had joined the force as a salesman. Because his name was Plum and because he was, even in those early days, given to rotundity of figure, he naturally acquired the nickname of Plump. And then, as he became the dean of the salesmen he gradually became to be known as "Old Plump." And Old Plump he had now been these many years.

He called on the merchants in the valley territory, up one side of the river, down the other side. To the old timers he was invariably the connecting link between their present day businesses and the early days when many of them had been struggling beginners. Even those merchants whose business life in the valley covered more years than did Old Plump's regarded him with affection as a friend of their younger days.

It was only a month ago, up in Woodburn, that Kober, who kept the largest general store, left word that Old Plump was to be sure to telephone him as soon as he came into the store. Kober had started that store in 1875. In October the Golden Anniversary Sale was to be held. As a young man, in 1875, he had taken his few hundred dollars' savings and rented a little place on the side street and started his little business with a feeling of fear and trembling.

The week after he had opened his doors a young man of about the same age had come to see him. It was Plump—young Plump in those days—calling for the first time on Kober.

By
Arthur H. Deute



"We'll let Plump have the whole to suit himself. I hope that the than any other department."

younger boys some business tricks

Year after year—the visits continued. And gradually there developed more than a business relationship between Kober and Plump. Plump came to Woodburn for Kober's wedding. He came again at the christenings of the long line of young Kobers. And he had come again to Kober weddings.

And now Kober was home with rheumatism. But he was planning the Golden Anniversary Sales and he must talk it over with Old Plump. So the sample case was left in the store. Old Plump telephoned to Kober.

"Ah, ha! That you Plump? How's the young fellar today."

"Fine, fine, Kober. How's the rheumatism?"

"Not so good, not so good. But maybe it could be worse. Say, Plump, come *einmal* up. I want to talk maybe a leedle business. Und I got some new dill bickles I made. Und some near-beer. Not so much but we get used to it. Und Lena says she has a fine head-cheese in the ice box."

"Thanks, that's nice. Be up in a minute."

"All right, Plump, I wait, Kober answered."

Fifteen minutes later Old Plump had walked up the neat gravel path, under the grape-arbor and around to the side porch. There old Kober, propped up on two chairs, and the faithful Lena was arranging a porch table close to his right hand. The head-cheese was there, already sliced, and there was a great pile of rye bread and the new dill pickles, crisp and slim and cold.

"Well, folks, here I am;" was Old Plump's cheerful greeting.

"Oh, Mr. Plump, we're so glad to see you again. But look at Father all crippled up and can't get around. What a shame." And Lena was a mixture of pleasant welcome and pity for Kober.

"Yes," from old Kober. "As you say, here I am."

"Well, well, it might be a lot worse." And Old Plump slid into a chair. Then he got up again and took off his coat. "Might as well make myself comfortable."

"Sure, sure, that's right. You're one of the family. Right away Lena has here the near-beer. Do you know, Plump, I never thought I could make myself drink that stuff. It's not what we used to get by Schwartz. But maybe I forget how the old stuff tastes or maybe they make a good imitation these days, but it ain't so bad."

OLD PLUMP agreed. "And then, too, I guess the alcohol wouldn't be so good for your rheumatism. This does the business pretty well."

And so the homely meal drifted through a pleasant hour.

"How's Emil doing these days?" Plump asked.

"Oh, that boy is doing good by himself. And by this town, too. They want to make him District Attorney next election. I'm sorry he didn't want to go in the store with me and the other boys, but he's making money now and making a name for himself."

"Gus was telling me while you're laid up you're making the plans for the Golden Anniversary Sales. Ought to be a big success. I'm glad I got here just when you started on your plans. Maybe we can work out something nice for the Notion Department." And Old Plump was unconsciously and naturally drifting into the business that brought him to Woodburn.

"Yes, Plump," and Kober hitched himself into a little more comfortable position and accompanied the hitch to the comfortable position with an agonized groan. "Yes, I figured that way. It ought to be possible."

"Sure," Plump replied enthusiastically. "You know, Kober, it's fifty years for you and it's fifty years for me, too, right here in your store. So it struck me that maybe you would like to turn the notion counter over to me for that sale. And just say in your advertising that the specials at the notion counter are from Benson & Company from whom you have been buying notions for fifty years."

"Aw, Mr. Plump, won't that be nice." And Lena, passing back and forth, removing what was left of the dill pickles and the head-cheese, added her sympathetic approval.

"We'll just do that, Lena," Kober smiled happily." We'll let Plump have the whole Notion Department and he can fix it up to suit himself. I hope the Notion Department makes us more money in the sale than any other department."

So Old Plump had come in with the great news and the great order. He had devoted an entire Saturday afternoon to planning the details and talking it over with the Advertising Manager and with the other salesmen. A great order it was, running into several thousand dollars. Made up it was of the finest arrangement of specially good sellers. Made up with the loving care of a master salesman looking out for the interests of an old customer but always with the long developed training of the natural born salesman, the order was to show profit for Kober, as it was undoubtedly showing the house.

And now Old Plump was to go.

Only on his last week-end in the house he had placed his order for Christmas Cards. Every year Old Plump ordered Christmas Cards. Planned out long in advance, designed thoughtfully and lovingly, the order was talked over with the printer and with his artist. And then each trip in, for several weeks, the proofs were gone over and the little changes here and there were made. Old Plump's Christmas Cards to his friends and customers along the territory were an annual event. His mailing list almost filled the indexed book which he carried in his personal case. And months and months before Christmas, before the cards themselves were ready, Plump began to address the envelopes. Every week he took a bundle of envelopes with him on the road and evenings in the hotels he would address them. Then, at home on Sundays, there was the stamping to be done and the envelopes put away in a neat, orderly arrangement, waiting for the cards to come. And then on a great Sunday ten days or two weeks before Christmas would come the joyful undertaking of putting all the cards in their envelopes and sealing them and getting them into the mail box on the corner.

For years and years, more years than anybody recalled, more years than even Old Plump could tell, this annual practice had been going on. And now the order had been placed, with the cards to contain the verse which Plump himself had taken four months to write and perfect. But this year it was to be different. Old Plump would have to send the cards to friends that he no longer saw. And Old Plump didn't know it yet.

It was an uncomfortable week in the office. Charles Benson, the president of the company for the last ten years, felt it was his duty to personally talk the matter over with Old Plump. This was no ordinary dismissal. The territory that Old Plump worked was three times as large as that assigned in these present days to any salesman. But nobody had had the inclination to ever cut down the size of the territory that had been Plump's these many years.

Still, as the years went by, it was more and more evident that there should be three men on that territory instead of one. And they should be younger men who could cover the newer and fast growing small towns. The house could not ask Old Plump, way up in the seventies, to make the four corner towns and get up at all hours of the night and get in at all hours of the night and conform to the hard small town railroad schedules that a younger man could handle. Neither could it expect him to cover his territory by automobile.

Gradually it seemed that competition was creeping in and getting a larger and larger share of the total business in those counties. This was never apparent to Old Plump because year after year his record book showed just a little more volume of business than the year before. It meant nothing to him that the growth of his territory in population was many times greater than the growth of his volume of business.

AND so the company was worried. Sooner or later something would have to be done. And especially this summer business did not appear favorable. The company was making a hard and gallant fight under the circumstances, but it would take the best efforts of able-bodied men.

Old Plump was to be told as gently as possible and in the most friendly manner that three younger men would have to undertake to bring more volume, yes, a great deal more volume out of his territory. But Plump was not to be left out in the cold. Oh, no, on the contrary, the company would always take care of Old Plump because it would always look upon him as one of the real builders of the business. But he had earned a well-deserved rest and a suitable pension would be fixed up for him which he could draw every month.

This had been talked over and over and over. On Saturday morning when Old Plump came into the office everybody was overly friendly.

"Hello, Plump. Have a good trip?"

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Plum. I've got the proofs here for your Christmas Cards." And the secretary of the Purchasing Agents bubbled effusively and hurried out with the envelope of printer's proofs. And it was Plump here and Plump there and everybody felt nervous and unhappy and uncomfortable and everybody either pitied Benson for the job he had to do or felt that he was a selfish, cold-blooded ingrate to do a thing like that to Old Plump.

And then the office door to Benson's office opened and Benson looked out. "Oh, Plump, glad to see you, won't you come in a minute?"

Later on the door opened quietly and Old Plump came out. He walked over to the little desk where he made out his weekly reports. No one looked up from his pretended job. Old Plump said nothing. He just put on his hat and left the office. It seemed that his footsteps wavered but no one lifted his or her eyes full up and no one saw his face.

So Plump was gone.

Quarter of an hour later Benson rang and Latimer, the head bookkeeper, went into his office. It was to arrange for the discontinuance of Old Plump on the payroll and the arrangement of sending out the monthly check which was to be Plump's pension for life.

Then there was another ring and we saw Taylor, the sales manager, go in. We knew it was to complete the details for sending out an announcement to the trade and for arranging to send out three new salesmen to cover the three new territories into which Old Plump's markets had been divided.

The first week passed without Old Plump and without his daily envelope of orders. Personal mail came to the office for him and it was forwarded to his home address.

"Why don't any of you boys call him up?" asked Mary Grady—big kind-hearted Mary Grady who for years had made out the pay checks and been the assistant bookkeeper. "You know he'd like to hear from you. And you ought to go around and see him. I bet he's lonesome out there all by himself after all these busy years."

"I know we should, Mary. But, honest, we feel kind of uncomfortable about it. You know how we all think a lot of Old Plump and I just can't quite get around the feeling of embarrassment. And Old Plump would feel embarrassed."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Mary. "You boys around here make me tired. I'm going out tonight after work and take his mail out to him and maybe I can break the ice."

So Mary went out that evening and next morning Mary had something on her mind. Along about eleven o'clock it came out. "Do you know?" she said, "I am afraid maybe the boss was right when he said that Old Plump had to retire. Maybe he saw it coming when we didn't. You remember how cheerful and strong he looked when he came in here that last Saturday morning, and what a shame we all thought it was that he had to drop out.

"Well, that's all gone. Old Plump is *old*. I never realized it before. He seems to have slipped twenty years or more. He's just a tired old man. He doesn't seem to be ill, but he's just old and run down. He looks wrinkled and worn out. Yes, I am afraid he was given his rest too late. The work must have been telling on him inside and nobody noticed it from the outside."

With that the ice was broken. Benson was told and he ran out to see Plump. And so gradually, Plump again came to be as nearly as possible one of the organization, but it was in the position of a retired, rather than as an active member.

There was a something which pulled him to the office of a Saturday morning when the boys were coming in from their trips. There was a fascination to him in watching them write out their orders, using the same well known blanks that he had used for so many, many years.

I met him one Sunday evening at the railroad station, watching the boys come down and leave on the 7:05 going South and on the 7:30

going West and on the 8:45 going East. Except for a casual one here and there, he seemed to recognize none of them.

"Good evening, Plump, you're looking well," I said.

"Oh, yes, well enough, thank you." Old Plump reminded me ever so much of an old race horse of which I had read, a race horse retired from competition because of his age but plainly pining away because he was removed from the action of the track and paddock and the activity of competition.

IN THE heart of the thoroughbred there is said to be a real love for racing, a love of competition. And Old Plump was that kind of a salesman. He had carried on years and years after his group had drifted out of the business, carried on through sheer love of the game. Traveling and selling goods were not work to Old Plump. They were life to him.

And now he was living in the past, coming to the office on Saturday morning to watch the men come in off the road. Going to the trains on Sunday evening and watching them leave again. Pining away because he had been removed from the game and there seemed no way to get back again. Then, for months, we almost forgot Old Plump. Surely, he came and went as of old, drifting in on Saturdays and commenting here and there, but we had our own worries and troubles.

The business was not going as it had once gone. Competition of one kind and another seemed to cut in on us. The old snap and dash and fire which had characterized the organization seemed gone. Benson seemed to have lost his grip on things. The active group of men which, not so many years ago, had made up the organization, had dropped out or grown old and there was a stagnation which worried those of us who could realize the trend.

Benson realized but seemed unable to cope with it. There seemed to be a softening of the line and a general let-down of effort. There was no great pacemaker. The feeling seemed to be general. The work was being done mechanically.

Then, gradually there came to be ugly rumors about the delay in paying our bills. The house was not discounting as it had discounted. A certain good line which we had controlled for many years changed to a competitor.

There came about long, earnest conferences with the two banks with whom the house did business. Then there was an issue of preferred stock to which Benson subscribed almost everything he had outside the business. We learned that a heavy mortgage had gone onto his home and the money had been put into the stock. It was his own fight to save his own company.

Without warning a change was made in the Sales Department. A new sales manager came in during the summer. He had been selected by one of the bankers on a trip to New York. He was a man with a record for actual accomplishment. He came with a job to do and apparent determination to see it through.

Changes followed thick and fast. Old salesmen left and new ones were put on. Each salesman was put onto a definite quota for each month and it was understood that each man would make that quota or move out of the job. It was known that a certain volume of business had to be done and certain gross profits made in order to keep the house solvent.

Week after week, month after month, the terrific grind, effort went on. Benson worked early and late. He made trips to principal customers. His new sales manager went out likewise. The volume picked up tremendously, but always it seemed to be less than it should be. The business was not coming in at a rate heavy enough to bring the house into the financial condition in which it had to be to suit creditors. Those of us in minor positions knew but little of the details but it was plain to every one that things were not coming on as they should come on.

It was a sad Christmas season. The old time Christmas feeling was not with us. The Christmas tree in the office, the Christmas party on the afternoon before Christmas and the Christmas present for everybody and the Christmas bonus distribution—all were absent.

Then it became known that while the volume of business had shown a great increase, an even hundred thousand dollars stood between the business and satisfaction by the banks and creditors. That hundred thousand dollars not being forthcoming, the business was to be taken over on January 1st by a committee of bankers and creditors. There was nothing more to be done. The men had put forth their best efforts. The sales had been heavy and the men had come in off the road because between Christmas and New Year there was no use working the trade. Dealers were resting after the big preholiday rush. Stores were cleaning up their stocks and getting ready for inventories and January sales. A period of dullness was ahead of us.

Christmas came on Sunday. On Monday morning Old Plump came. We glanced up listlessly as the office door opened. Then every one raised his or her head in surprise. Old Plump didn't just come in, he literally flew in. He dashed into Benson's office. The door was left open. It was an excited Old Plump who stood before Benson, who brought his fist down on the desk and shouted: "What's this talk I hear around town? Group of bankers and creditors coming in here the first of the year and take over the old house.

"Can't be done. Won't stand for it. This is too much. This company was my company before you were born. It was my company because my heart was in it. And my heart is still in it. You took me off my job and I had to get off because you happen to own the most stock in the company, but remember that while I don't own any stock that doesn't make any difference. This is my company just the same. And I am not going to let it go into outside hands.

"THEY tell me it's all because of a hundred thousand dollars that are needed to satisfy accounts. Well, we'll go out and get that hundred thousand. Your inventory is too big, anyway. The stock can spare a hundred thousand dollars and more. Turn a hundred thousand dollars of this stuff into money and turn it into money now, right now, before the year is out, and square yourself and the business."

"There, there, Plump! Don't excite yourself," we heard Benson cooling the old man down. "That's all right. You bet we appreciate your loyalty, but it can't be helped. Everybody did his best. If you had been here, you'd have done your best, too, but just satisfy yourself on that. Nobody shirked. What's coming may be all for the best. Don't get yourself all worked up."

"Worked up, nothing!" Old Plump fairly shouted. We could hear his big massive body pace up and down. "I'm not worked up. I'm underworked. I haven't done a lick of work in a year and a half. I've got thousands of dollars of orders tucked away inside of me. All I've got to do is to go out and write them.

"Now, here's what you do. As it is, you're licked. The house is gone. But there's no need for that. It's ten o'clock on Monday morning and a week to go. You 'phone the men to get down before noon and we'll plan this thing out and by night we'll be on the road and by tomorrow noon you'll see the orders coming in by long distance and by special delivery mail.

"Don't tell me you won't do it. You don't know what can be done. You've never sold goods, Benson, and you don't know what a salesman's heart is. You never did have any sales sympathy, anyway. You've always looked at figures, looked at figures, looked at figures. And that's all. You don't know what the abstract side of the selling game is. You don't know what a group of salesmen really working can accomplish. On paper with your damned figures you can prove to me that it can't be done, but let us out on the territory, out on the trade, and I'll show you that your figures are a pack of lies.

"You took me off my territory. Of course, you thought it was for the good of the company. Of course, with your pencil and paper and figures you proved it, too. Well, maybe you were right in my case. But that same cursed figuring and figuring and figuring and overlooking the human side of the business of selling goods has pulled all the life and hope and driving power out of this company. That is all that's wrong with it. No life, no hope, no driving power. You've knocked it out. You knocked it out when you took me off the road. You knocked it out when you took Jones off and when you began to hunt for nickels in the expense accounts and when you did the hundred and one things which made machines of your men instead of living, breaking, going hounds for business. And because there was nobody in the business who could hold that stuff in check and keep a little enthusiasm and hope in the thing, you've brought it to this.

"Now, it's all the truth. So let's not argue. Give it one more fling as it used to be. Get the boys down here before noon."

There was nothing to be done, nothing to be said. Old Plump was selling again—selling as in the old days when he had been a powerful, dynamic business getter, marching from one end of his territory to the other.

Benson, owner of the business, was nevertheless overpowered, overruled by this old salesman, come again into his own.

In an hour the boys had been telephoned for and were in the office and the entire sales force was grouped in one corner. Fifteen men in the group and some smiling, some worried, all puzzled and anxious. And then Old Plump came out of Benson's office and faced them.

"This business is in a mess, as you boys know. This mess means that on January 1st the old company changes hands. And it's all because there are not one hundred thousand dollars more in the bank with which to satisfy accounts. And that's because you didn't sell enough goods in October and November and December.

"And that being the case, we're going out now and get it in the last week of the year—in the week when business is so rotten that no salesman leaves town. It's a week when the trade will think you are crazy to show yourselves.

"All right, let's be crazy. Sane men can't do what we've *got* to do. We've got to go out and get a hundred thousand dollars' worth of business, and it's got to be in here before the end of the week so that it can be billed this year and go in as perfectly good accounts receivable.

"Let's not talk about why we can't get it—about why it's hopeless to go out and try to sell. That isn't the point. Now, you fifteen go out and bring in sixty thousand dollars' worth of business and I'll go out and bring in forty thousand dollars' worth myself off of my old territory. You scurry around and go anywhere you like, just so you leave my reservation alone. That territory is mine—been mine for over fifty years—none of you ever had any license to it—none of you ever got any business off of it. That's fair enough—the fifteen of you get sixty thousand dollars' worth among you and I'll get forty. Now, we're going out this afternoon and the business starts coming in tomorrow."

There wasn't any more talking. There was nothing to be said. Man after man looked scared for a moment, then determined as Old Plump walked up to Mary Grady's window and say "a hundred dollars' expense money, Mary, and quick, in real cash, bucks, please."

Benson was out of it all. He had drifted back and was merely the owner, merely the son of the old founder. This was something that was beyond him. Beyond his training—beyond his experience—beyond his mentality.

And Old Plump marched out. He strode down the street, a martial old figure going out to do battle.

THE next few hours were hours of suppressed excitement. All the men had gone inside of a few minutes. Every man had gone out silent but it was plain that Old Plump had fired them to a new determination.

A hundred thousand dollars' worth of business to be dug up between Christmas and New Year. It was unheard of. On the face of it it seemed impossible.

And then on Tuesday morning long distance calls began to come in.

"I just wanted to 'phone one in," said Minor, the youngest of the salesmen, "and tell you the ball is rolling. Anybody else 'phoned in any yet? No! Well, I'm glad I got the first one, but you can count on their coming fast."

Before noon Old Plump 'phoned from Woodburn. "Got three thousand dollars' worth of business from Kober," he shouted over the phone so that one might almost have heard him without a 'phone. "Dug the fossil out of bed. He's still stalling around with the rheumatism. We're going to have a January sales that will be a knockout up here and he's going to sell notions for us from New Year's to February 1st.'"

By night every man had been heard from.

The next morning sixteen big fat envelopes were in the office, all with special delivery stamps on them. Every man was working fast and telling his story in his own way and getting business.

Salesmen were selling as they had never sold before to merchants who listened to a strange story of a sales force doing the impossible. Merchants listened and admired those men and then said, "But, man, you can't expect me to load up now at this time of the year."

"Sure, we do. We don't only expect it, we've got to have business right now. You've got to buy right now and help put this over. And you've got to buy a big order and you've got to put on a January sale that will be a knockout to get rid of it."

Benson began to perk up. Maybe it could be done after all. Maybe the facts and figures and statistics wouldn't hold good. Maybe the impossible was going to happen. Orders were going out and being billed. We kept a big paper thermometer in the office and marked up the dollars as fast as they were totaled. Ten thousand, twenty thousand, twenty-five thousand, up and up and as the days moved on the figures crept up. It was within striking distance.

And then the blow fell. The big snow-storm came. The snowfall was beyond all past records. The street car lines couldn't move. Motor buses were stalled in their tracks. Railroad trains were not leaving their stations. Telephone and telegraph wires were down. The Northwest was tied up. Business was at a standstill. Here was fate playing her hand against us. Was this snow-storm, this blizzard going to prove our undoing when sixteen men had gone out and done the impossible?

The evening of the next to the last day every dollar's worth of orders had been packed and billed out. We stood eleven thousand dollars short of the mark. The day was bright and clear but the Northwest was standing still. It would be days before salesmen could travel.

And then telephone connection was reestablished. Old Plump called up.

"How much do we need," he fairly yelled.

"Eleven thousand dollars, Plump. And we can't hear from the men and the mails are not coming in from the country."

"All right, I've got an idea. They've at least got the 'phones going around here. I'll stay up all night and I'll get those old customers of mine out of bed, and I'll sell them that much by 'phone. I'll cover those first that I've not seen and then I'll raise those that I've called on and I'll make them boost their orders.

"And there's a crazy aeroplane here with a crazy war-time pilot and he and I and the orders are coming down tomorrow. Keep the gang in the office and the shipping-room because we'll need them all."

Nine o'clock in the morning came, ten came, eleven came, and then came Old Plump. Sure enough, there was the seventy-eight-year-old giant in the crazy old plane with the rough looking pilot, and Old Plump had the eleven thousand dollars' worth of orders in his pocket.

"How're you feeling, Plump?"

"Gee, you look great!"

"Did things up brown, didn't you Plump? All the boys came through. This eleven thousand puts us over."

"Sure, sure, fine stuff," Old Plump beamed happily. "Great business going out and knocking them over the head for a good bunch of business. They didn't want that much, but they gave their orders to Old Plump. Wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. Told them I'd reverse the long distance tolls if they made me talk any longer. Well, they'll make money with that stuff in January. Next winter it will be easier. We'll have them trained after this and they'll like the idea of an order between Christmas and New Year. Now, let me get something to eat and I'll be back and check the orders as they are packed."

By Wednesday of the following week the men were all in. The big job had been done. Creditors had been satisfied. The banks had expressed their utmost admiration and pleasure and satisfaction.

And so there was to be a dinner. Of course, Old Plump was to sit on Benson's right hand. He had been around the office all day, arranging his sample cases because he was to leave early Thursday morning to cover the Western side of the valley. With his hat on the back of his head, with his pencil stuck behind his ear and his huge cigar of the old brand cocked in the right hand corner of his mouth, Old Plump was literally making the fur fly.

And then the dinner, with some fifty men seated around the big table. And Benson sitting at the head. With Old Plump at his right. And then the speeches, patting Old Plump on the back. Benson telling him that he would be on the old territory for many years to come. Then Old Plump's speech, as amid cheers and clapping he rose to his feet.

"They talk about men who have saved their pile and then retire to the old farm to sit in a heap and rest," Old Plump continued. "That's all right for the man who would rather sit on the side lines or in the grandstand and watch the others play the game.

"We read about the men who have 'learned to enjoy life' and by that we mean that they have come to the point where the business game of their younger days and their middle age has lost its flavor. They have come to that sad stage in life where they go from one mineral spring to another. People say they are enjoying a well earned rest—that they have learned how to play. That is just the talk of the man who wants a little change for a few days or a few hours from his day to day pleasure."

Old Plump wiped his brow. He took a drink of water. He was supremely happy.

"But you get any one of those retired chaps off into a corner where his wife and daughters aren't listening in," Old Plump went on, "and give him his choice between that retirement stuff and a real chance to play his business game all over again, and listen to him say: 'Bring 'em on. I want one more good crack at a hard fighting competitor'.

"And here's my story, boys. The boss here asked me to quit because in years I may be a little older than the rest of you. But it can't be done. I am here on this earth because God is leaving me here. I feel strong and active and competitive and combative and the old fight is in me strong. And so long as I'm here, I'm going to assert my right to my place in the game. I don't want to quit. Never did want to quit. Made me sick to have to sit around. Mighty nearly died from inactivity. My fun isn't to be had in an easy chair. It isn't to be had swapping stories with the boys. It isn't in watching the boys come in on Saturdays and in listening to the trains pull out Sunday nights. God knows I haven't had my fill of selling goods yet. He's leaving me here to work my trade and every Sunday night I'll be starting off onto the territory.

"And I'll be at it up to the time the Big Boss up there reaches down and taps me on the shoulder and says: 'Plump, I've got use for you' and then I can say 'All right, I'm ready. My sample cases are in shape and I've got some order blanks that haven't been filled out yet and I'm ready for the bigger job.' "

Old Plump sat down.

There were tears in the eyes of those men there. No one thought the less of Old Plump because he, too, seemed overcome and while the applause continued he bowed his head.

It was a dramatic moment when the president rose to his feet and in a broken voice said the words, "All right, Plump, you're on." And he reached down to pat him on the back.

Then a look of fear came over his face. He grasped Old Plump firmly by the arm. "Plump, Plump, look up. Say something, Plump."

"Oh, sure, sure," muttered Plump. "Just figuring something, that was all. I've got a deal about thought out that came to me while I was talking. And when it's doped out, I'll go out and put over a whale of a month.".

SUNDAY evening came. The railroad station was gathering in the group of salesmen who took the up country train to be on hand for early Monday business. The newer salesmen were earliest on the scene. And gradually the old timers drifted in. There was a buying of papers and magazines and cigars and tickets and then the gateman called the train. The group filed through. It was two minutes before the train was due to leave.

Then, casually strolling through the waiting-room, heading for the gate, came Old Plump, cigar uptilted in his mouth, sample case and personal case in his hands, newspaper rammed into his pocket.

Several of the men turned and saw him come through the gate. They stood and waited.

Old Plump passed through the gate. With a crash it slammed shut behind him. "What's the matter with you boys! When you've been on the road awhile and know the ropes, you'll learn how to make a train without wasting half the day waiting for it to leave. How about a little pinochle in my section?"

It's Easy to *Make* Money but Hard to *Enjoy* It

Twenty years ago a railroad wreck upset Henry Neil's ideals of success. It made him turn from a prosperous business to an become ardent advocate of a Mothers' Pension plan that keeps one hundred thousand children out of institutions

by Kenneth Wilcox Payne

"IF YOU stop scrambling after money only for its own sake and turn to doing the one thing that you want to do and that the world wants done, the money you need will turn up," says Judge Neil. It has been his own experience ever since he married and threw up his job on the same day. As a result, Judge Neil approves one form of gambling—that of staking your life and fortune on a turn of the wheel of progress.

WHEN they raised Henry Neil's salary to seventy-five dollars a month, the first thing he did was to get married. And when he was married, the first thing he did was to throw up his job.

"Heavens and earth!" gasped his worried little bride. "How are we going to *live?*"

The bridegroom explained.

"We couldn't live anyhow on nine hundred dollars a year, could we? But now that we're married on nothing a year, I'll have to work so hard to keep us from starving that I may earn a small fortune before I'm through."

The fact that young Neil's prediction very rapidly came true is only incidental to this story. His unique claim to your attention is the remarkably successful and almost single-handed campaign that he has waged in his later years for the welfare of destitute mothers and the happiness of fatherless children. Henry Neil's jobless entry into matrimony is significant merely because it revealed early in his career an odd but successful philosophy of taking chances.

The first chapter of this story should really begin on an evening in 1902 when Henry Neil lay crushed and bleeding amid the wreckage of a railway train on a California beach. His terror of the death that stalked him that night—as the Pacific's rising tide flooded up toward the car where he was pinned—upset all his ideals of success. And he resolved then and there that, if he was lucky enough to be saved, he would devote the rest of his years to making others happy instead of to making money for himself.

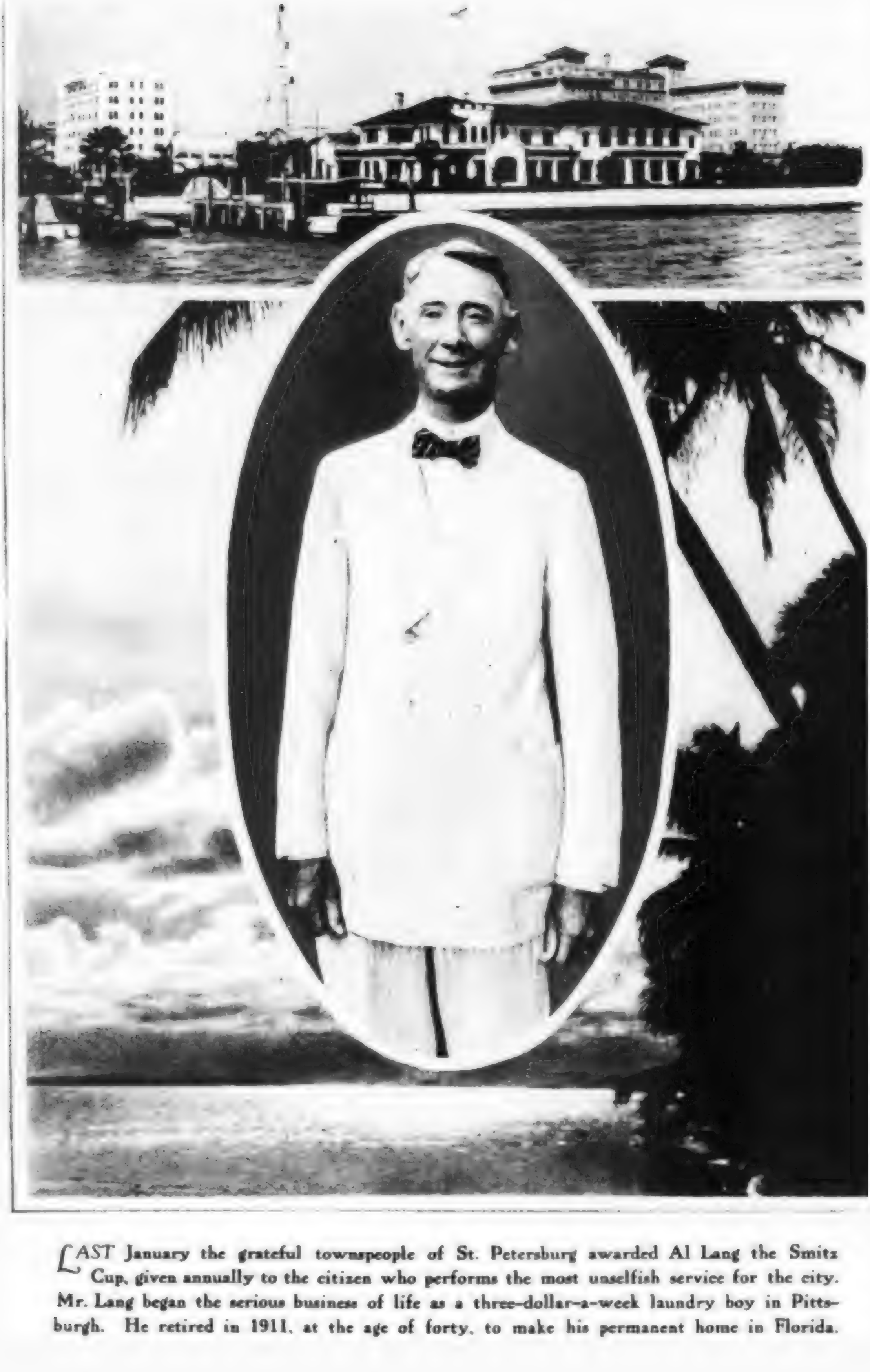
Yes, there's the first chapter. And the latest chapter was written just the other day when Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced in Parliament that the British Government had adopted what is known as the Mothers' Pension system. It is estimated that the bill embodying this idea, which has just been passed by Parliament, will mean to the widowed mothers of Great Britain some $15,000,000 a year. London newspapers acclaimed "Judge Henry Neil of America" as the man to whom credit was due.

Between those two events lies the remarkable drama of Neil's campaign in the United States for the institution of Mother's Pensions. When he seized on that idea for his life work, it was familiar to only a few isolated humanitarians. Today the Mother's Pension system operates by law in forty-two American states, which spend approximately twenty-five million dollars annually in administering it. In his last annual message to Congress, President Coolidge advocated the adoption of the Mothers' Pension system in the District of Columbia. On the invitation of Senator Capper, Judge Neil addressed a special hearing of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia. He had previously addressed a similar committee of the House, which has already reported an amended mothers' pension bill to Congress. The adoption of this plan in Washington will give Judge Neil's idea the full status of federal as well as state recognition.

Already more than a hundred thousand children throughout the United States who

[*Continued on page 155*]

IT WAS Henry Neil's idea that it is better to pay the mother for the upbringing of destitute, fatherless children than to pay an institution. For fifteen years he has devoted himself to the work of having the necessary laws passed in forty-two states and several foreign countries. Judge Neil was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, sixty-three years ago. He has a family of eight children of his own.



LAST January the grateful townspeople of St. Petersburg awarded Al Lang the Smitz Cup, given annually to the citizen who performs the most unselfish service for the city. Mr. Lang began the serious business of life as a three-dollar-a-week laundry boy in Pittsburgh. He retired in 1911, at the age of forty, to make his permanent home in Florida.

He Started *a* Billion Dollar Boom

It was Al Lang who first invited the ball teams to Florida for Spring training. In a few years two-thirds of the major leaguers went regularly, and the newspaper men who accompanied them spread Florida's fame

by J. K. Winkler

BROKEN health was Al Lang's reason for seeking the Florida climate at forty. In twelve years he took St. Petersburg out of its swaddling clothes. The population grew from three thousand to fifty thousand and each winter one hundred thousand tourists came to "St. Pete." Although Mr. Lang's ideas have added hundreds of millions to values in the state, he has never sold a lot, advised a purchaser, nor engaged in a personal money-making venture. Do you wonder the city wanted to make him mayor for the rest of his life?

ONE day five years ago the late James B. Duke, colossus of tobacco, traveling through Florida in state, gave audience to a committee of business men in the thriving West Coast city of St. Petersburg.

"Mr. Duke," explained the spokesman frankly, "we have come to ask something of you. We are going to persuade you, if we can, to make St. Petersburg your winter home. We want a man of national fame associated with our city.

"One instinctively thinks of Edison and Ford when Fort Myers is mentioned. People link John D. Rockefeller with Ormond, Henry M. Flagler with St. Augustine, H. B. Plant with Tampa, the Ringlings and Mrs. Potter Palmer with Sarasota.

"In a similar sense, it would gratify us and we hope would not be distasteful to you to have your name associated permanently with St. Petersburg."

Sitting in a big arm chair in the most palatial suite of the city's newest and most palatial hotel, Mr. Duke listened in silence. Gradually a frown formed upon his brow. When he spoke, there was a bit of chiseled emphasis in his voice.

"Gentlemen," he made answer, "I appreciate the compliment. But St. Petersburg doesn't need me. It already has a man far more valuable to it than I am."

Little gasps of surprise, like bubbles in a percolator, simmered about the circle.

"I mean what I say," added Mr. Duke, with just a suggestion of a chuckle. "Your beautiful city possesses a famous man. I refer to your Mayor, Al Lang."

"Do you mean, Mr. Duke, that Al Lang is known outside of the city of St. Petersburg?" one of the delegation found voice to ask.

"I do," answered the man who revolutionized the tobacco industry. "Al Lang is the greatest asset you have. He is bringing more people to St. Petersburg, by many thousands, than I could ever attract. He is inducing more baseball teams to come to Florida each year. The state is thus tapping new territory all the time. Such advertising as Mr. Lang has secured for St. Petersburg and the state at large cannot be purchased.

"Everywhere I go, I am told that St. Petersburg has a mayor who meets all through trains, even if they arrive at daybreak, protects visitors from land speculators and other pests, escorts confused, feeble, or travel-worn old folks to boarding houses, and quietly performs other acts of helpfulness.

"I happen to have a little first hand knowledge of Al Lang's doctrine of personal service," continued Mr. Duke quietly. "Last year my brother Ben came here for his health. Mayor Lang found time to drop in on him every day. Ben tells me Al Lang did him more good than all his doctors!

"Gentlemen, keep on developing your city along Al Lang lines. Be proud to have people call your town the 'Poor Man's Palm Beach.' Keep your homey atmosphere. Let folks pitch horseshoes and play checkers. Follow Mayor Lang's ideas of rapid and solid but not flashy expansion. Your population and your winter visitors will continue to double every year."

The multi-millionaire from North Carolina concluded his little homily with a characteristic anecdote.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I'd rather sell ten five-cent packages of tobacco to ten customers than one fifty-cent package to a single customer. You're bound to satisfy one of the ten. But you're rather out of luck if you fail to satisfy the one!

"Stick to Al Lang. You need him lots more than you need me." So St. Petersburg has stuck to Al Lang. And it has flourished like the green bay-tree.

Al Fielding Lang is fifty-five. He is a tall, Lincolnesque man with merciful blue eyes and ideas that crackle like pop-corn in a pan.

Al's Drug Store Counsellors

FIFTEEN years ago the doctors ordered him to bid adieu to the dun sky of his native Pittsburgh. Chance directed him to the lovely little village of St. Petersburg on the Pinellas Peninsula, twenty-two miles southwest of Tampa.

He found a community that was a babe amid the bulrushes and, with no other motive than gratitude for regained health, he has reared it into a veritable Moses among cities. Now, throughout Florida, Al Lang has become a symbol, loved alike for his strong, practical intelligence and the true ring of his metal.

In St. Petersburg they call him the "father of the Florida boom." Elsewhere, it is admitted he ploughed the sub-soil for the state's present magic expansion when he persuaded the first major league baseball team to come to Southern Florida in 1913. The pioneers were the St. Louis Browns, American Leaguers. Only two teams had touched the northern tip of Florida previously and their visits were fleeting.

Last year eleven major league and six minor league teams trained in Florida and they brought with them more than two hundred sport and special writers. These writers carried the message of Florida to millions of people in every section of the country.

In 1925 St. Petersburg entertained two major league teams—the New York Yankees with the famous Babe Ruth in its line-up and the Boston Braves of the National League. Both teams are back this year and, before its season ends, St. Petersburg expects to entertain perhaps 150,000 visitors.

Al Lang conceived the idea of bringing the ball teams to Florida in 1912, a year after his arrival in St. Petersburg. It was a soft, tropical evening. Flowers were in bloom. The balmiest of Gulf breezes rustled the pines and the Caribbean palms. In front of Dave Budd's drug-store on Central avenue sat a group of citizens—Lang, Byrd Latham, superintendent of the Pinellas Light and Heat Company; Don Beach, cashier of the American Bank; Bin Ridgley, real-estate man, and others.

They were discussing the future of the town. All agreed St. Petersburg would never wake up unless some one set an alarm clock.

"Fellows," suggested Al Lang finally, "I have been turning an idea over in my head. This is an ideal place for a ball team to train. How about trying to get a major league team to come to St. Petersburg next spring? Sporting writers would come with them and we'd be something more than a pin point on the map."

The others puffed away in cogitative silence for a moment or two. Then Don Beach remarked, as if thinking aloud:

"Branch Rickey and I were college chums. He manages the St. Louis Americans, the Browns."

I wonder how many of the world's great projects have originated in drug store and cracker barrel forums.

Al Lang's face lighted up with a whimsical smile that is thoroughly characteristic, as he told me how he brought his plan to fruition.

"Guess I fastened on the idea of bringing big league ball clubs to Florida because I was such a double-dyed, triple-turned fan myself," he said. "I think I was born with my eye glued to the knothole of a ball park! I have missed only two World's Series in twenty years.

"My health wouldn't permit of a trip north that first year in Florida, so I suppose, underneath, my subconscious self told the other part of me it would be necessary to bring a big league ball club to me. So I seized on Don Beach's friendship with Rickey.

"That very night we wrote to Branch. We offered him the moon and sixpence, and then some, to bring the Browns to St. Petersburg, told him we'd guarantee a fine park, sunshine every day of his stay, reasonable quarters, marvelous food, a royal reception by the townsfolk, everything.

"He wrote back. Wanted to know how about this thing, that thing, and a lot more. We satisfied him, after some more letters and a conference, and finally the Browns promised to come. Then we got really busy. There was a heap of work to be done, but we did it. By volunteer subscription, we raised twenty-five thousand dollars—enough money to build a ball park.

"It was an active, busy winter. But when the Browns showed up in February, they found everything ready. Everybody in town was at the station and the ball players got a royal reception. I tried something that year that I've tried ever since. I tried to give the ball players good clean, social, diversion to relieve the tedium of the spring grind.

"It worked out beautifully. The players were fine fellows on the whole and soon they were at home with the people of the town. There were dances, card parties, and other harmless social events that always broke up early. That year the Browns were here a romance developed between their star second baseman, Derrill Pratt, and a young St. Petersburg girl. They were married and a couple of years later I attended a christening in the Episcopal Church.

"Five or six newspaper men came with the Browns and we made them at home, too. They wrote a lot of stories about the town and we got some wonderful free advertising. Next season we got a thousand more tourists from the section served by the St. Louis press."

This was the beginning of the big boom for Florida generally and Southern Florida particularly. The next year, 1914, Al Lang and his fellow boosters decided to go after an Eastern team. Lang went to Philadelphia and interested William F. Baker, owner of the National League Club there.

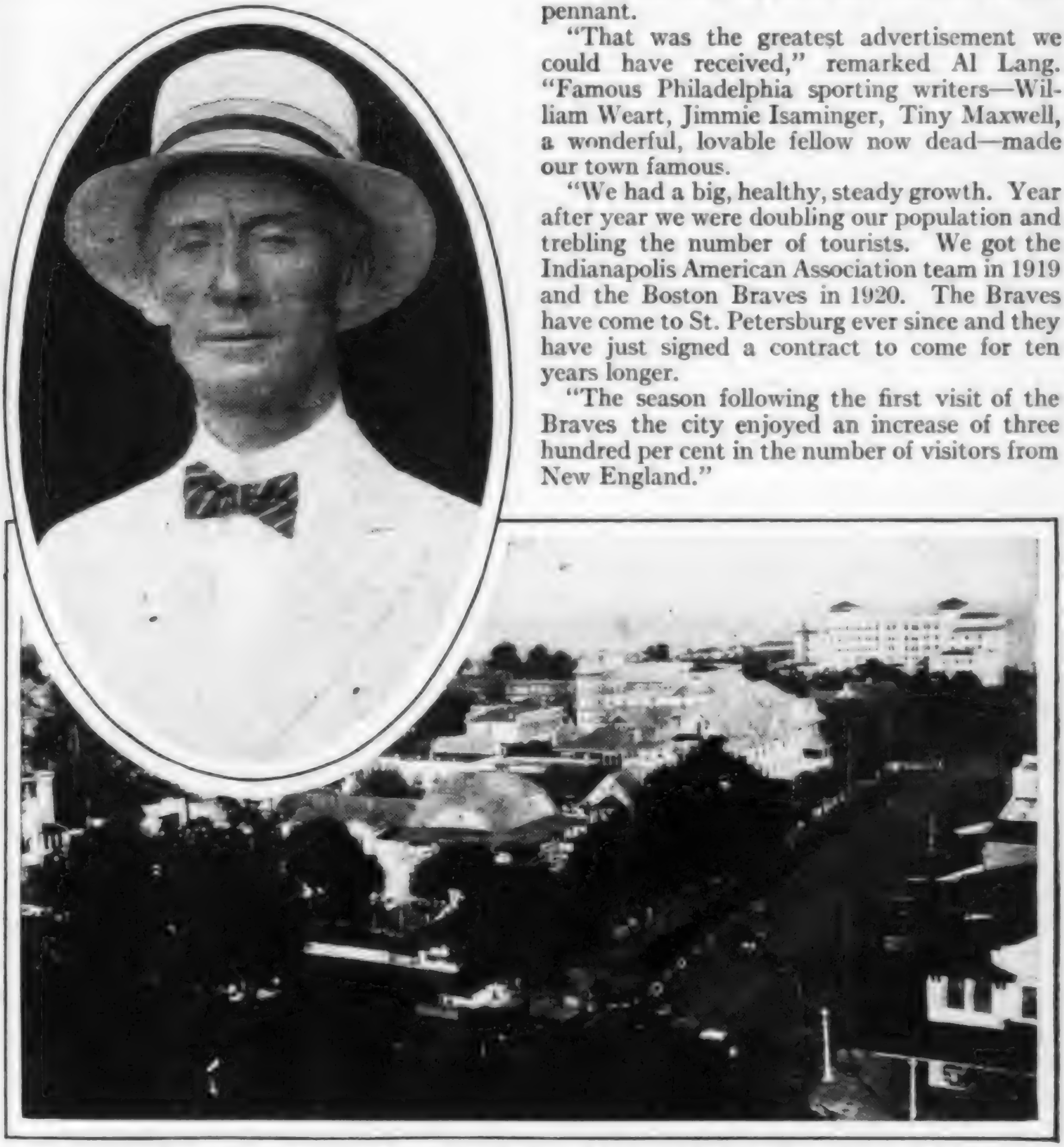
The result was that Baker sent his team to St. Petersburg for four successive years, 1914-17 inclusive.

The first year Pat Moran whipped the Phillies into such splendid shape they won fourteen out of their first fifteen games. The following year they captured the National League pennant.

"That was the greatest advertisement we could have received," remarked Al Lang. "Famous Philadelphia sporting writers—William Weart, Jimmie Isaminger, Tiny Maxwell, a wonderful, lovable fellow now dead—made our town famous.

"We had a big, healthy, steady growth. Year after year we were doubling our population and trebling the number of tourists. We got the Indianapolis American Association team in 1919 and the Boston Braves in 1920. The Braves have come to St. Petersburg ever since and they have just signed a contract to come for ten years longer.

"The season following the first visit of the Braves the city enjoyed an increase of three hundred per cent in the number of visitors from New England."



Scarcely a decade ago residents of St. Petersburg referred to "our village." A most remarkable expansion took place in Mayor Lang's four successive terms of office. Now the city has a permanent population of 50,000 and has prepared to entertain 150,000 visitors who will come to watch the spring baseball practice, listen to the kilted band, and play roque, checkers or quoits in the park.

Other ball clubs followed the Browns and the Phillies, and pitched their camps in Florida.

Meanwhile St. Petersburg rapidly became a metropolis, striding like a young giant toward its present permanent population of fifty thousand with more than a hundred thousand winter visitors. When Chamber of Commerce committees were formed, Al Lang was asked to serve upon many. But for years there has been but one member of the baseball committee. Al is the baseball committee.

But he did not confine his activities to baseball alone. In 1917 St. Petersburg elected him mayor and he would still be the presiding officer of the local government if he had not begged off in 1921 after four terms.

As mayor, Al Lang ran the city on the same lines on which he had conducted his mammoth laundry plant, the Lincoln, on the Hilltops of Pittsburgh, efficiently but humanly. The period of his mayoralty—1917-20, inclusive—marks that of St. Petersburg's most remarkable expansion.

For a proper estimate of Al Lang's service to his town and state, one must go to those who know him best and who watched his work: to Barney Dreyfus, his friend from boyhood; to A. F. Bartlett, Judge Bert Blocker and other old residents of St. Petersburg, whether native "cracker" or transplanted "Yank;" to John McGraw, and Charles Comiskey, who insisted he accompany the Giants and White Sox on their European tour in the fall of 1924; to Jacob Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees; and to the host of writers whose friendship he holds, Ring Lardner, Grantland Rice, Arthur ("Bugs") Baer, Damon Runyon and others. The latter group sponsored his election as honorary member of the National Sport Writers' Association.

$40,000 For a New Ball Park

WHEN Mayor Lang took office, St. Petersburg had matured into a city. The town was attracting persons of moderate means from all over the country. One of its newspapers, the *Evening Independent*, boldly announced: "This paper free on rainy days." In those days this appealed especially to old folks. Some wag calculated that the whiskers on display in St. Petersburg, stretched from tip to chin, would reach from Florida to India.

But there was still much to be done to make the city what Al dreamed it should be.

So His Honor set out to make St. Petersburg a city of beauty as well as of sunshine. He had artistic benches placed in the parks and along Central Avenue. They were painted green. Some one called the color "Lang Green." He "invited" all the tradesmen to remove ugly signs of muslin and tin at a certain hour of a certain morning. All save one die-hard acceded. The rebel was boycotted by his customers and forced to give in.

Real estate harpies sprang up as the boom continued. Mayor Lang formed lanes of chain at the railroad station and established a "no soliciting" rule for lot peddlers. For four years he met every train from the North. He saw to it personally that no annoyance came to old ladies and gentlemen of the type described in Ring Lardner's charming story of St. Petersburg, entitled "The Golden Honeymoon."

Lang persuaded even conservative old native families to throw open their homes to visitors while hotels and boarding houses were being built. He built new horseshoe pitching pits and croquet courts.

In 1916, a fourteen piece band was hired to give concerts in Williams Park. Last season the band had grown to twenty-six instruments. It played sixteen weeks and cost the city $31,000. In the summer the Royal Scotch Highlanders, as the band has been christened, tours the North in a steel Pullman car presented by the city.

In 1924, after he had seen his infant village grow into a metropolis, Al Lang conceived a new plan.

"No town in the country except Hot Springs has ever had two ball clubs training within its limits at one time," he told the Chamber of Commerce. "We have the Braves. Let's go after the New York Yankees."

Mr. Lang came to New York and saw officials of the Yankees. The latter knew he would play no sharp tricks and would live up to his promises.

"We'll build a park for your club in the center of the town," Al told his friend, Col. Ruppert. "I'll get your players half rates at a sixteen dollar a day hotel. We'll make you all home folks while you are with us."

Lang got the Yankees. It cost St. Petersburg forty thousand dollars for the construction of a new park, etc. But this sum was all in the stride of a Chamber of Commerce, Lang tutored, that could and did raise a hundred thousand dollars in forty minutes for publicity purposes!

Already, Lang has interested the business men of St. Petersburg in the idea of building a great stadium at the Yankee ball park to be used for outdoor operas, pageants, athletic meets, etc.

In 1914, Lang and his fellows launched the Jungle Country Club with a magnificent golf course and club house. In Al's third year as president it is now self-sustaining. Every March almost every figure of prominence in baseball—owner, player, writer, wealthy fan—comes here for the annual spring reunion.

Last year, 1925, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, his white mane waving above the crowded tables in the banquet room, exclaimed:

To get the New York Yankees to come to St. Petersburg for Spring training, Mayor Lang induced the townspeople to erect a new baseball park at a cost of $40,000. Babe Ruth was one of the Yankee players in the line-up before the camera men when the team accepted the park and the freedom of the city.

"I take peculiar pleasure in presenting to Al Lang a jeweled gift of appreciation from the players and officers of the Boston National League Baseball Club." Judge Landis added:

"I thought I knew as many men in baseball as any one, but Al Lang's friendships are deeper and wider."

Now Al has just been awarded the big silver cup "St. Pete" bestows annually on the citizen who "performs the most unselfish service for the city."

It is difficult to stencil, even in feeble silhouette, the story of Al Lang's accomplishments in Florida. Although he has launched projects that have added hundreds of millions to values in the state of his transferred allegiance, he has never sold a lot, never advised a purchaser, never engaged in a personal money making venture.

"I suppose I am a millionaire," he explained when I asked him about it, "because my home and the land it stands upon has so vastly increased in value. But I never cared for personal wealth."

Al Lang began the serious business of life as a three-dollar-a-week laundry boy in Pittsburgh. His father, James T. Lang, a broker, died when he was a child. Al went to work at fourteen. For eleven years he was employed by Brace Brothers, who operated a chain of laundries.

As a skinny, eager, youngster Al remembers defending his own particular knothole at the old Pittsburgh ball park as tenaciously as Horatius held the well-known bridge. Still, he found time to master the laundry business and, in 1895, he built his big Lincoln Laundry.

He had executive ability and in addition the extraordinary gift of making and holding friends that is still so evident. His business expanded tremendously. Pittsburgh has always been a good town for laundries!

So when, at forty, close application brought a breakdown, he was able to take his blooming young bride anywhere she wanted to go.

Mrs. Lang's brother suggested Fort Myers, Florida. On the boat to Tampa via Key West, the Langs ran into J. K. Butler, a retired telephone man. He talked St. Petersburg to them.

"At Tampa we bought round trip tickets for St. Petersburg," smiled Al. "We never used the return coupon. And we have not regretted finding that lovely little village with its two paved streets and its wonderful sunshine."

The "little village" has never regretted it, either. Al Lang always comes North summers for the baseball that is the breath of his nostrils. But the rest of the time you will find him right there on the job loyally working for his city and his state. Do you wonder that St. Pete wanted to make him mayor for life?

A Bonus for Every Bride

A quaint old-world custom, transplanted a century ago, still thrives in Louisiana. In one American community every girl is entitled to a cash dowry on her wedding day

by Mildred A. Bauer

JULIEN POYDRAS, wealthy bachelor, planter and slave-owner, died a hundred years ago. A blighted romance in his own youth resulted in the provision in his will for a fund to provide penniless girls with a marriage portion.

THE strange will of a French immigrant, who started as a peddler with a pack on his back, has for over a hundred years provided every girl in the parish of West Baton Rouge, Louisiana, with a wedding dowry. Any girl of the parish who has lived there five years prior to her marriage is eligible to her portion in the fund which was left for this purpose. Back of it is the story of an old unhappy love affair, of a poor sailor who became a wealthy merchant, a distinguished statesman, and a friend of kings, and of an old custom, peculiarly French, which could exist to the present day in only this one locality in all the United States.

In France and many other Latin countries, when a girl marries, custom decrees that she bring to her husband a sum of money which is supposed to go for the maintenance of the family. While the husband has exclusive control of it during marriage, all his goods are considered mortgaged to his wife for the amount of her dowry. She is thus made, throughout their married life, an equal partner with him in all financial transactions. But to penniless girls who cannot bring at least a little capital to their husbands, the lack of a dowry is a real tragedy.

When Julien Poydras, the wealthy planter of Louisiana, was dying, nine years after the Battle of New Orleans, he remembered such a tragedy of his own youth. He had loved a poor girl of West Baton Rouge, but fate was against the young people. Whether the girl refused to be married without a dowry, or whether she died before the young peddler could accumulate enough for two, history has long since forgotten. At any rate the two lovers never married, and Poydras remained a bachelor throughout his career.

To commemorate his love for this fair Creole, Poydras determined that hereafter no girl of her parish or of the parish in which he lived should go penniless to her husband. All that he could do was to express the wish and provide the money in his will, but he called upon the legislature of the state to see that his wishes were carried out. And carried out they have been. Originally the will provided for dowries in two parishes, West Baton Rouge, and Pointe Coupee, where Poydras had his principal plantations. Some time ago, however, Pointe Coupee secured the legislature's permission to divert the fund to the building of schools. But in West Baton Rouge, some hundred miles from New Orleans, the will's original provisions are still being carried out.

Any girl of the parish who is about to be married can make an application. The eligibility of the applicant is investigated by three people, the president of the police jury, the parish treasurer, and the sheriff. Upon their recommendation the application is passed on to the police jury as a whole. Then the applicants are divided into three classes based on the financial circumstances of their respective families. The interest from the fund for that year is then divided among these applicants, according to the class into which they fall.

The total fund was originally thirty thousand dollars, but it has grown through the necessary foreclosure of small mortgages and general enhancement of values. Most of the present sum is earning eight per cent. Since this interest each year is divided by the number of girls applying for a dowry, the amount a bride receives will vary from year to year. In 1924 twenty-one girls applied for the settlement and in 1925 there were eighteen. Applications are usually made late in the year when the girls have some idea how many will share the fund.

If the number is too large, a girl will often postpone her marriage in the hope that there will be fewer the next year to divide it. Once the entire sum, at that time twenty-four hundred dollars, was bestowed on the one girl applying that year. The happy groom was playing in luck. This was his fifth marriage, and each of his four previous wives had received a share of the fund!

By an act of the legislature, which Poydras appointed to enforce his strange will, every bride is safeguarded as by French law. The acceptance of the dowry, however small, binds the husband just as if it were a mortgage. Any act of sale he makes has to be explained to his mortgager, his wife, and agreed to by her. It pertains to every sale anew, and taxes must be paid on the dowry as on a mortgage. There is no way of discharging the debt; only death acts as a release.

One of the first dowries granted is recorded in the court-house file. On June 3, 1829, Judge Favrot, of West Baton Rouge, allotted five hundred dollars to Mariah Hopkins, the bride of James Hutches.

Through the great economic expansion following Louisiana's admission as a state, through the dire misery of Civil War days and carpetbag rule, through the modern era of progress that has made New Orleans the "Second Port of the U. S. A.," the money left for these dowries has remained intact. The shrewd Breton's bequest, so typical of Colonial days before the Louisiana Purchase, is still being administered by the state just as meticulously today as it was when he died.

Julien Poydras was born in Nantes, Brittany, about 1740. He enlisted in the French navy, was captured by the English in 1760, and after three years escaped to Santo Domingo. At this time Louisiana was a province of Spain. With other Frenchmen the young Breton sailor joined an expedition to Louisiana the year of the celebrated revolution against Spain in 1768. The revolution failed, but he saw the possibilities of this fertile empire on the Gulf, and he stayed in the country.

After a year in New Orleans, he got together a little stock of merchandise, put it all in a pack on his back and trudged out through the country selling goods. From the start he was successful and soon he had a little boat of his own. Indigo, salt meat, buffalo skins, bears' grease, and flour he got from the little trading posts in barter for his European wares, and these he marketed farther and farther afield. In time the poor pack-peddler had accumulated enough capital to buy a plantation at Pointe Coupee, where he built cotton gins and a store.

Befriending a Refugee King

THE time came when Julien Poydras could have lived the regal life of the great Creole planters about him, but like a true Breton he remained sober, frugal and unassuming. His wealth increased rapidly as a consequence, and eventually he had five great plantations in Pointe Coupee and West Baton Rouge, one big sugar house, and hundreds of slaves. It was among those very slaves that the famous slave rebellion of 1795 was hatched, flared up one day when Poydras was away, and was crushed.

In spite of the simple life he led, Poydras, like the great sugar planters about him, kept open house for rich and poor. One impoverished French refugee whom he took in, grub-staked, and sent back to Paris, later appeared in history as Louis-Philippe, King of the French.

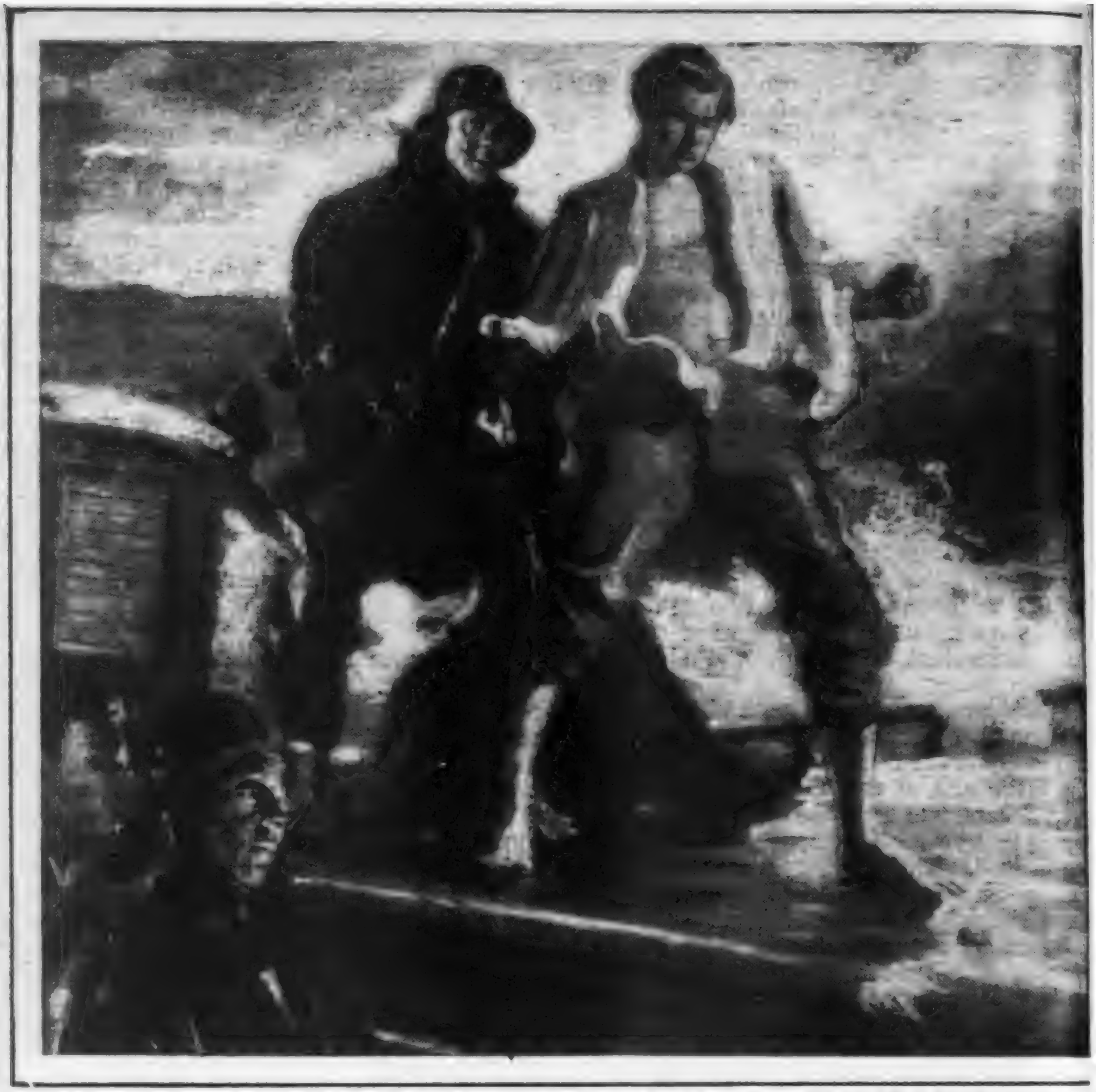
Poydras was president of the first legislative council of his territory, delegate to Congress from 1809 to 1812, president of the State Senate from 1812 to 1813, and from 1820 to 1821.

The city of New Orleans recognized his varied activities by naming one of the principal streets in the business district for him, and in addition a hospital, an academy and an orphan asylum. This was after he had died, in June, 1824.

In his will he left money for hospitals, schools, and various charities, and was especially particular about the care of his slaves. Where the land was to be sold, the slaves were not to be separated from their homes. Twenty-five years after his death all slaves were to be freed.

The sincere, simple-hearted character of the philanthropist who strove to insure forever a dowry for every girl in his parish is reflected in the last message he left:

> The public happiness has always excited my solicitude, and I have some land about which I desire to express my last wishes. I owe all to the ardent love that I bear to my fellow citizens, and to the country which I have adopted for my country.



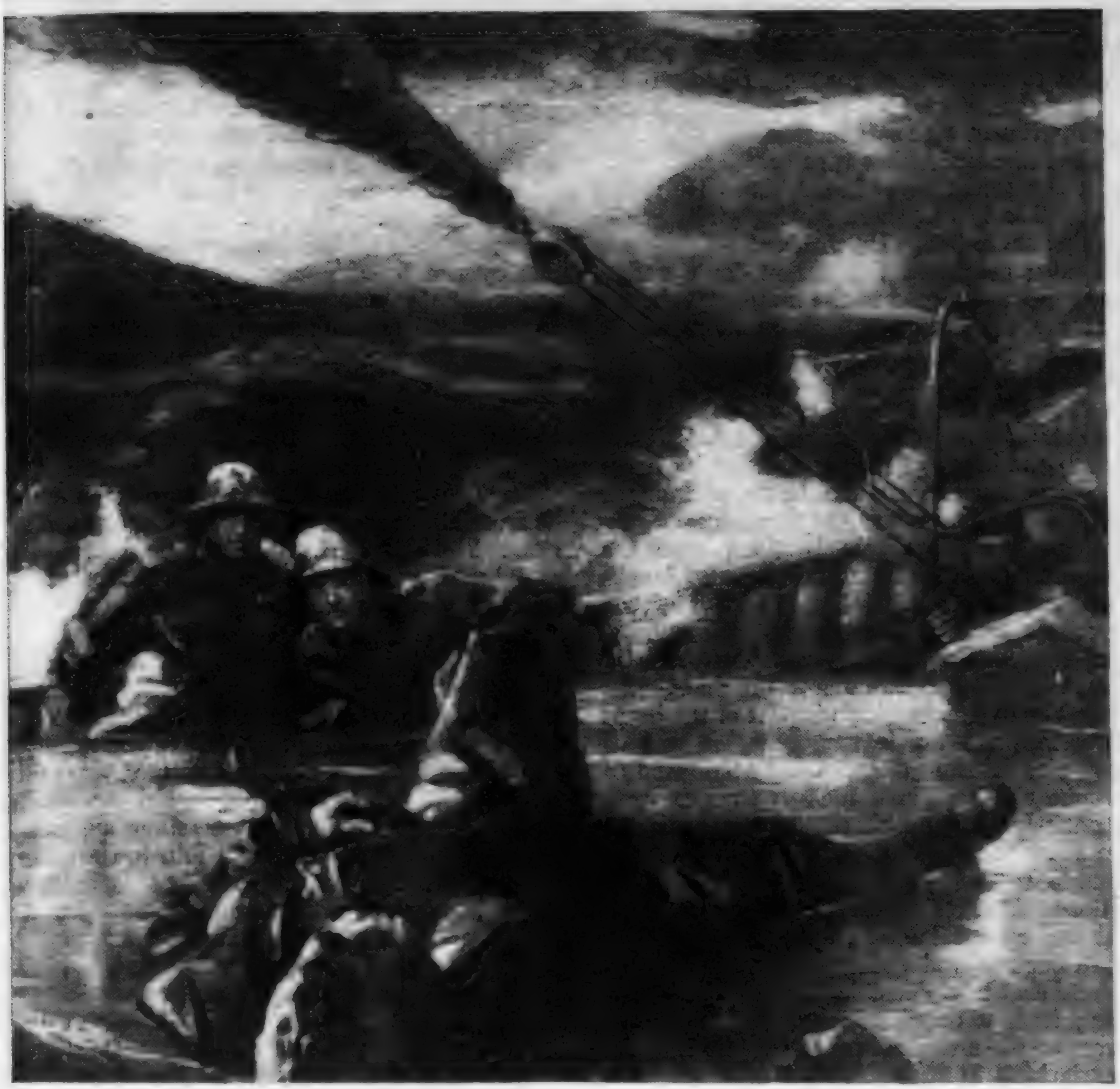
The Jonah had surged too rapidly into action. He wielded that belaying pin

The Jonah

A hard-boiled skipper develops

ON A fine June morning in 1889 the men of the *Kenyon* were awakened to life and aching heads by the usual methods; the mate leaving those too deeply steeped in drugs and bad whisky to a later period of his ministrations the while he worked the old barque through the Golden Gate with those able to stagger to the ropes.

Among the comatose of the shanghaied was a man of about twenty-two who alone among them had never been to sea before—which was unusual in a shanghaied crew—and who had some one ashore who really needed him, which was even more strange. He was the last to awake, and when the mate succeeded in beating him into consciousness with fists and the cold water the *Kenyon* was well outside. The Jonah—for this was the title he soon acquired while his name does not matter—the Jonah looked delicate, he was small and his hands were strangers to physical labor; and he opened frightened eyes to behold the harsh face of the



with dexterity. Then he gazed at the unconscious creature he had felled.

by S. B. H. Hurst

Illustrated by John R. Peirce

an unexpected streak of sentiment

mate much as one might open them in hell and glimpse the devil, while the grinning sailors, who had been given similar treatment, loomed like a colony of attendant imps.

"Oh, my God—where am I?" he gasped, shivering and half drowned.

"It's not where you are, but where you will be, and what I'll do to you if you don't get off that deck and turn to," growled the mate, whose temper had been worn to its last frayed edge. "Get up and turn to, or I'll make you wish you'd never been born!"

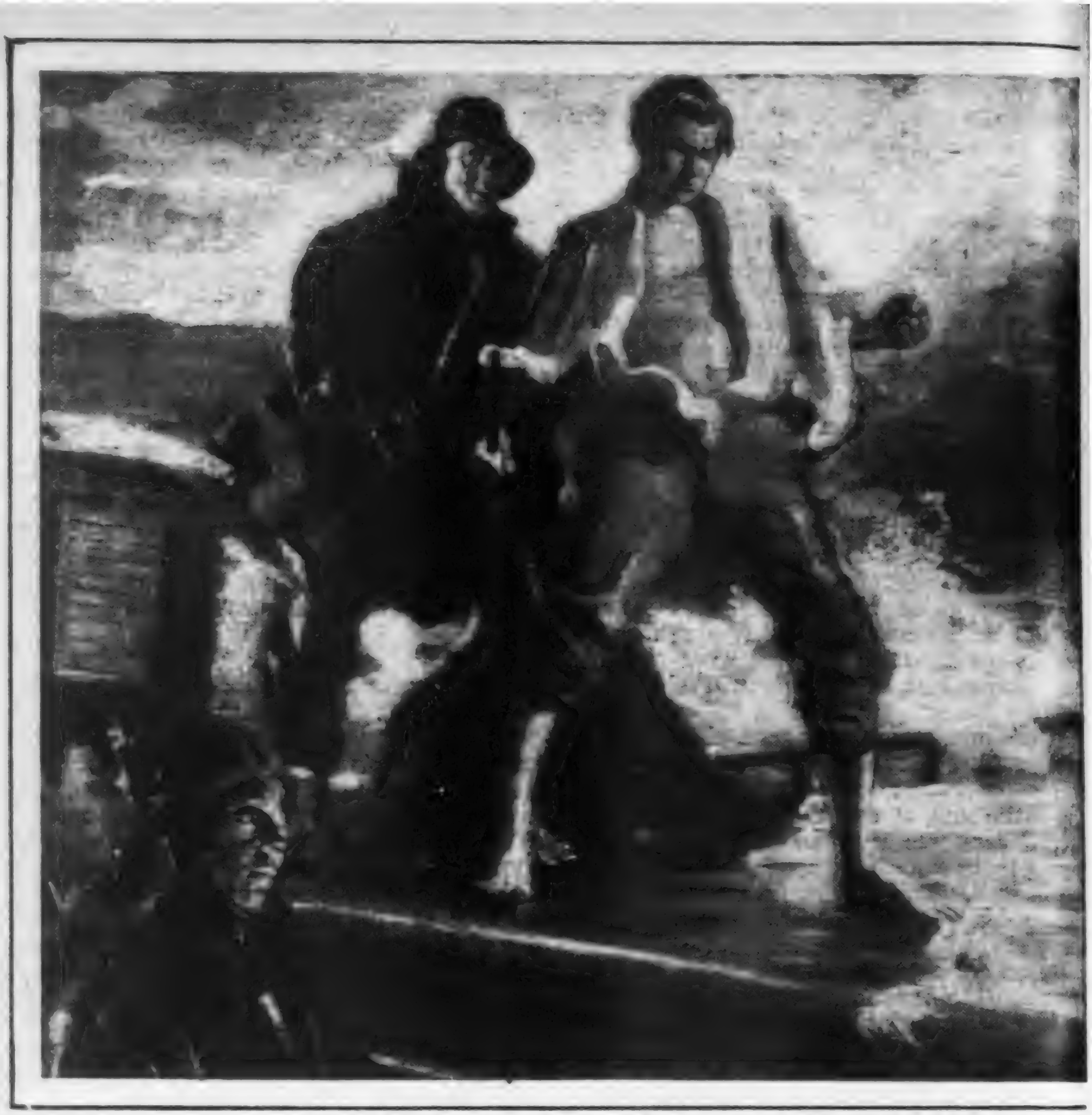
"Am I on a ship?"

The men, who were standing around, sniggered, but the mate was long past levity.

"Where in hell do you think you are? Get up!"

Realization came to the Jonah in sudden, horrifying mental vision. . . . His wife! His wife, alone in that tenement room with a week-old baby, without money, ignorant of his whereabouts, needing him, and the rent past due. . . . And every movement of the *Kenyon* was taking him farther and farther away from her.

The nausea, the sickness and dizziness became



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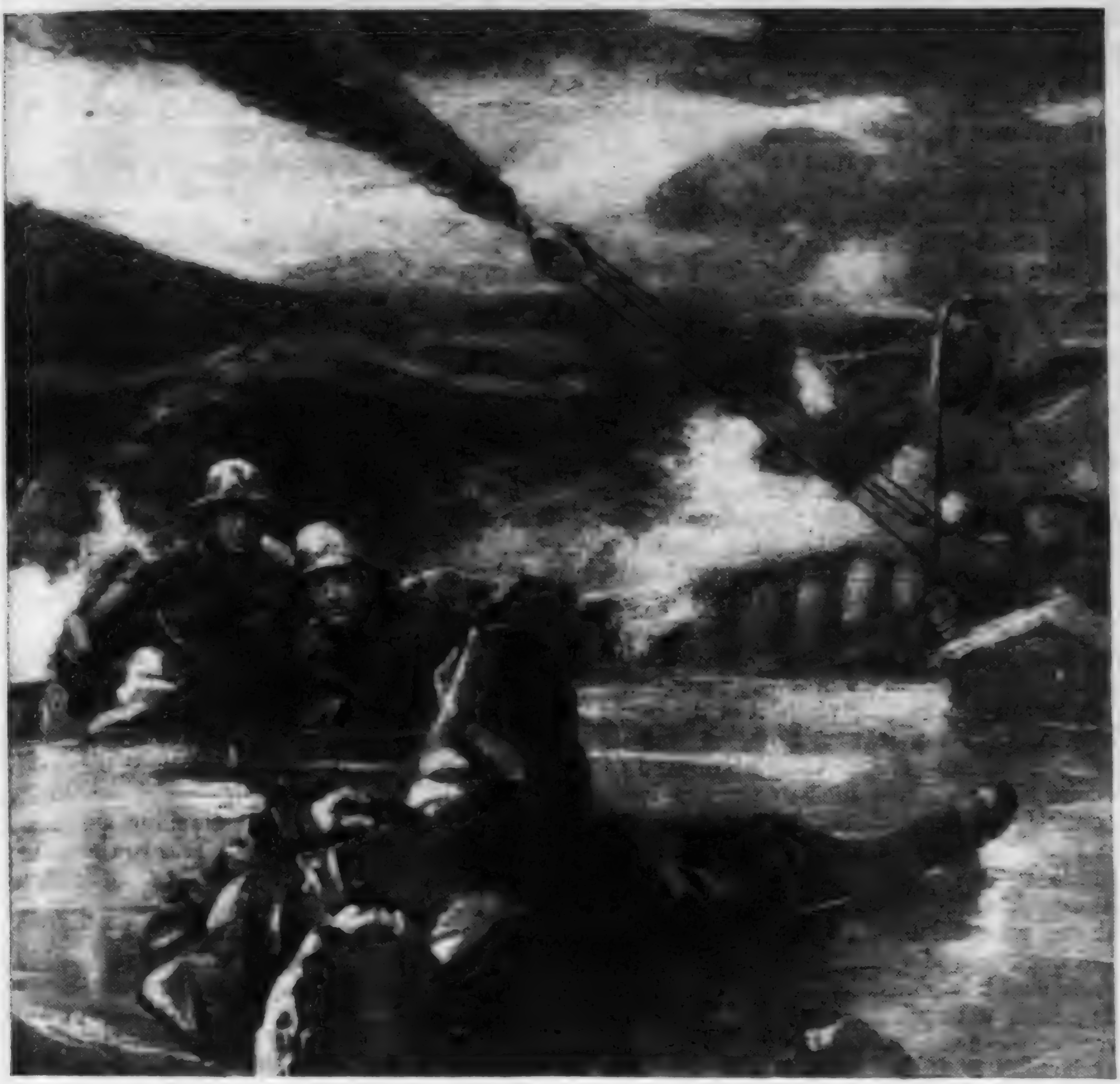
The Jonah

A hard-boiled skipper develops

ON A fine June morning in 1889 the men of the *Kenyon* were awakened to life and aching heads by the usual methods; the mate leaving those too deeply steeped in drugs and bad whisky to a later period of his ministrations the while he worked the old barque through the Golden Gate with those able to stagger to the ropes.

Among the comatose of the shanghaied was a man of about twenty-two who alone among them had never been to sea before—which was unusual in a shanghaied crew—and who had some one ashore who really needed him, which was even more strange. He was the last to awake, and when the mate succeeded in beating him into consciousness with fists and the cold water the *Kenyon* was well outside. The Jonah—for this was the title he soon acquired while his name does not matter—the Jonah looked delicate, he was small and his hands were strangers to physical labor; and he opened frightened eyes to behold the harsh face of the



with dexterity. Then he gazed at the unconscious creature he had felled.

by S. B. H. Hurst

Illustrated by John R. Peirce

an unexpected streak of sentiment

mate much as one might open them in hell and glimpse the devil, while the grinning sailors, who had been given similar treatment, loomed like a colony of attendant imps.

"Oh, my God—where am I?" he gasped, shivering and half drowned.

"It's not where you are, but where you will be, and what I'll do to you if you don't get off that deck and turn to," growled the mate, whose temper had been worn to its last frayed edge. "Get up and turn to, or I'll make you wish you'd never been born!"

"Am I on a ship?"

The men, who were standing around, sniggered, but the mate was long past levity.

"Where in hell do you think you are? Get up!"

Realization came to the Jonah in sudden, horrifying mental vision. . . . His wife! His wife, alone in that tenement room with a week-old baby, without money, ignorant of his whereabouts, needing him, and the rent past due. . . . And every movement of the *Kenyon* was taking him farther and farther away from her.

The nausea, the sickness and dizziness became secondary. Had the mate cut him with a whip he could not have got more rapidly to his feet, and that officer, believing his methods successful, grinned with satisfaction.

"That's better. Now turn to!"

But the Jonah never heard him. He reeled to the rail and clung there, staring wildly at the dimming shore-line. He shrieked.

"I must get back. . . . You don't understand," he had turned to the mate. "Take me back. . . . I must get back on shore. . . . Oh, please, take me back!"

As this outburst swept along the deck, Captain Parrot, who was generally known as "Hard Case Pol." He stopped walking fore and aft and stood at the break of the poop, frowning heavily. He was sixty years old, he never drank or swore; his toughness was the toughness of personality. The mate was laughing, and the men were annoying the captain by also laughing—it was bad for discipline to allow the men to laugh in their watch on deck. No one believed the Jonah. They were accustomed to this sort of thing: to listening to the shanghaied man to be put ashore. It was part of the day's shaking down when leaving port, it was as amusing as delirium tremens and attributed to the same cause. Those men of the sea were not entirely unsympathetic, but it took far more than the cries of some shanghaied unfortunate to pierce the armor plate of their emotions. Besides, there was nothing they could do, except laugh. The captain would not put back to land a man whatever his tale of woe, and that tale plausible. And while a man waking from a drunken sleep may make an impressive picture of misery, any tale he tells seems lacking in truth. Apart from all this, however, the Jonah had cost the ship a hundred dollars "blood money" and three months advance pay, of which latter he, of course, had never seen a penny. The mate saw the captain's irritation, and using the flat of his hand with fine nicety of aim knocked the Jonah into the wet scuppers, just as "Hard Case Pol" roared along the deck:

"Stop that noise there, will you, mister? I won't have my ship turned into a bear garden by a set of dirty drunkards!"

"It's stopped, sir," replied the mate grimly, scattering the watching sailors to their work.

Into the mind of the Jonah flashed the knowledge that there was a man superior to the one who had abused him, and before the mate could vent upon him the additional ill-humor generated by the captain's snub he had struggled to his feet and was running unsteadily aft. "What the—?" roared the mate, and took after the Jonah.

But the Jonah was too fleet. Awfully affronting nautical ettiquette, he raced up the weather ladder of the poop to the fuming captain, shrilling, "Take me back. . . . Take me back—wife—"

Now it was the often voiced opinion of Captain Parrot that sailors should never have wives, not even when they reached the dignity of being captains, and that when a man in the forecastle spoke of having a wife he was either lying or maundering about some light of love. Consequently, Captain Parrot was not impressed, the while he was rendered thunderous by the Jonah's entire lack of marine decency. "My wife is—" The supplicant was continuing, when he made the criminal error of gripping the captain's sleeve. At this sacrilege "Hard Case Pol" found his voice.

"You rat!" He paused a moment, further to cow the shrinking Jonah with his hard old eyes, and went on—the entire ship hearing.

"I know all about it. I've heard the same lie from hundreds of things like you. A wife. . . . You lie. . . . As if any decent woman would marry the likes of you. You likely had dealings with some dirty drab afore you were shipped aboard me and got stuck on her. . . . You're dirty and useless and likely rotten, and you've cost the ship a hundred and fifty dollars. And now you don't want to work. . . . You rat—askin' me to put back and set you ashore. I wouldn't. . . . I wouldn't do it if you said you was the Prince of Wales—which wouldn't be any worse a lie than you're telling me now. . . . One moment mister." This to the mate who had panted after the Jonah, to the delight of the hands, and who now waited. "Just a minute, and you shall have him." Then to the agonised Jonah, "I suppose you'll deny taking a drink afore you was shipped?"

THE unhappy shanghaied could only stammer, his eyes yearning at the shore, his soul aching for what he had left there, his body cringing with fear.

"So you did take a drink, eh? Like the rest of the swine. . . . And yet you stand there and talk about having a wife. I never took a drink in my life, nor a wife either, you rat, and I'm captain of this ship, while you're nothing but a shivering shanghaied thing that has cost the ship money and don't want to work. . . . Take him away, mister and make him earn what he's cost." The Jonah gaping at the ruddy face menacing him, his feelings those of some soul that hoping itself destined for heaven hears the judgment sending it hellward, was jerked around by his neck, gripped in the powerful hands of the enraged mate. Some curses and groanings, and the Jonah was booted to leaward.

"Run aft hollering to the old man, will you?" A kick landed the Jonah on the ladder, from where he fell into the scuppers. "Run aft with your hollering, will you? It would have gone bad with a thing like you, anyway—but now God help you."

That whisky. . . . Desperate from the need of work, ill-fed and with only fifty cents in all the world, his wife sick in the broken tenement bed with a week-old baby, and the rent past due. . . . It was a tough situation for a man the reverse of tough—a gentle musician whose life and training had been all for beauty and not at all for fighting. . . . Something had to be done, and no job of playing the piano offered. He was willing to give up all his hopes and dreams of art for the sake of those he loved, willing to dig a ditch, anything. Plucky enough and unselfish, he was yet a chip adrift upon a sea of a life he could not understand. At the door of the saloon he had argued with himself. He did not want to drink, but he did want strength to tackle the world so that he could get food and money to shelter Mame and the baby. Would one drink hurt him, would it be wrong to take it?

He had drifted in his misery down to the water-front, and to those who saw him enter the saloon he became as an unwary bird to cruel boys with catapults. Nervously but warming to the seeming kindness of the crimp, the Jonah had accepted that "one" drink. . . . Then a period of mental-maze from which he tried desperately to escape. And then the awful waking under the fist of the mate on the deck of the *Kenyon*.

IT WAS a very dark night, with the head wind that had baffled the barque since leaving San Francisco threatening increase. The Jonah felt that his wife was dead and that he was to blame for her death and for all her anguish before dying. And he felt that the only decent thing left for him was to jump into the dark water and die also. Then he visioned his wife, not dead but waiting for his return. Then he saw her starving, thrown out of their shabby room because she could not pay the rent . . . walking the streets with the baby crying in her failing arms. The Jonah put a foot on the lead block of the fore topgallant halyards, and began to lift himself to the rail, just as the mate roared "Stand by to' gallant halyards," and men came running—bumping him this way and that. "Head wind and bad weather," growled one. His voice rose in the joy of discovery. "And here's the bloody Jonah that's the cause of it all. . . . Out of the way, you useless swab!"

Through the noises of the growing wind rang the corroborative chorus. "Yes, that's him. I knew him for a Jonah the minute I clapped eyes on him. He ought to be thrown over the side!"

Which last was mere oratory, since the men of the *Kenyon* did not carry their belief to the biblical extreme.

The wind increased, screaming. The ship heeled far over and the Jonah was knocked down and trampled upon. The mate was holding onto sail against a judgment which told him that the *Kenyon* would be under lower topsails before morning. The wind leaped toward a gale.

"Let's go to' gallant halyards!"

"Let go, sir!"

To the shore-bred Jonah it seemed that the roof was falling in. Whirring sheaves, rattling blocks. . . . Still more wind.

"All hands shorten sail!"

With the wind came a rain that cut like sleet. With the rising sea the *Kenyon's* deck began to fill. The Jonah had no oilskin, no sea-boots, no bedding and no change of clothing from the poor thin suit in which he had been shanghaied.

And the men of the barque were like savages seeking a sacrifice to placate the cruel god of their imaginings. The Jonah. . . . He was as the gentle, inoffensive sheep. Men never sacrificed lions, tigers or wild-cats. Perhaps the more gentle, the domesticated animals were more "acceptable" because they were easier to catch and not likely to bite. Finally, with the watch huddled on the lee side of the poop and the gale a hurricane, the Jonah was again alone with his thoughts. He had learned from experience, but more from the talk of others, of the helplessness of deep-water sailors—how they were shipped hither and yon as the boarding house keepers fancied or as ships offered. How a man might leave London and never get back there for a dozen years, although doing all he could to get back. Terrible tales had he listened to, and those tales true ones. And now, even if Mame were alive, he never expected to see her again. He would reach port with hardly a cent due him, if he reached port at all, if the harshness of it all did not kill him. The only way back to San Francisco would be by ship—when he would not be able to ship but would be shipped as cattle are shipped. Instead of finding himself aboard a vessel bound for Frisco he would likely find himself bound for China. And even if, after stress and time, he did get back to Frisco—what chance of finding Mame? If she lived—a year. . . . It was fate laughing at him and suggesting so short a time. . . . Five years. . . . He could not stand it. He stared into the flying black of the gale, wet and numb, and saw himself seeking for trace of his wife and child across a bleak infinity. Then suddenly the voice of "Hard Case Pol" talking to the mate under the protecting weather cloth to windward:

"I was bothered about it, but I thought it would last the passage. If it does go here, we'll have to put back. No spare spar aboard!"

None of the other men heard—they were not meant to hear—but the sensitive ears of the musician caught the words. They were beyond him as regards nautical significance, but "put back" could mean only one thing. He began to pray feverishly that the *Kenyon* would have to put back—that something would happen, with nobody hurt, which would compel her to put back.

"The men are saying that that useless animal that ran aft to you is the cause of this bad luck, sir," the mate was saying.

"They're right," snarled Captain Parrot.

A thrust of the wind such as few sailors have felt. It sounded as if the bowels were being torn out of the world. So terrific was the noise of it that the going of the foremast was not heard! Everything forward of the main went crashing to leeward—mast, bowsprit, jibboom, everything—without adding to the sound of the hurricane! Telling it to other mates, the mate was loudly scoffed. Yet it is a fact that the going of the *Kenyon's* foremast, the gear and all the rest, was *felt*, as earthquakes are felt, and that not until that particular squall lulled did they hear the crashing alongside. And the wind was as near ahead as the barque could lie!

IF SOME dead men were roused by an ingenious devil to suffer the accentuated pains of the illness that killed him, his resurrected miseries would perhaps equal those of the Jonah after the mast of the *Kenyon* carried away. For the physical could no longer help him to forget; the mental torture the file of circumstance had bitten too deeply and now it rasped upon the raw nerves.

Yet a sickly gleam of hope—wouldn't the *Kenyon* have to put back? Panting, the Jonah managed to voice this to a man who toiled near. "Oh, hell. What if he does put back—wot good will it do us?" growled the other.

"Couldn't—couldn't we go ashore?" asked the Jonah.

"Aw, shut up. Don't you know nothing? They'd kill you if you tried it. Don't you know they can't get our advance money unless we sail with the ship—and they know damn well that we'd never sail if we'd get a chance to skip. It ain't only the old man and the police that would knock seven bells out of you—it's them as shanghaied you wot would more than kill you if you so much as tried to get ashore, and was caught. There's one or two aboard as don't mind committing murder—they may try it if the Old Pol drives us much harder. He's making it harder for us so as to have the fun of stopping us clearing out when we're driven desperate. But them as does manage to get away will be in jail or outside on some other ship by next day. What's the use? But we ain't out of this mess by a long sight yet." Here the man realized that he was talking to the despised Jonah, and his tone changed accordingly. "If that there stick alongside don't punch a hole in us there's lots of other things can happen. Special to you. . . . I heard one of them saying that if they threw you over the side for a damned Jonah we might have a chance. . . . Maybe they will, because no man wants to drown when throwing a thing like you overboard will save the ship. Shut up."

And at the first opportunity he told the entire forecastle about the Jonah's shore-going ideas. There was increase of bullying, for the impotent rage of the tired men sought relief. It was as if the Jonah had knocked them.

"Shore—for the likes of you! If you ain't careful the only shore you'll ever see will be the bottom of this 'ere ocean.

"Want to go ashore, do yer?"

The Jonah did not answer that tormentor working at his side.

"Think the old man will let yer go? Think he'll say 'All right, Mr. Bloody Jonah? Take a run ashore. You're a gent, and I know you'll be back at supper time. If you're a bit late, come into the cabin and eat with me.' That's what yer thinking, ain't it?"

The Jonah said nothing.

But the whispering had reached Captain Parrot, to whom talking when at work was a criminal offense, especially if in his vicinity. Here was a chance to work off some of his ill-humor. Like some preying animal he walked softly toward the offender whose back was turned to him, just as that one raised his voice in careless and unholy glee, saying. "You must have got awful stuck on that foosey of yours, you poor useless. Yes, that booze walloper of the waterfront must have sure got you. Else why are you so crazy to get back to her? Don't you know she's had a dozen other fellows since she took your last dollar?"

The club-like fist of Captain Parrot was nicely poised to hit the chatterer, but it was never needed. The Jonah surged too rapidly into action. Although he had never handled that weapon before—or any weapon whatsoever—he wielded that belaying pin with the distilled dexterity of a million husky second mates. But he first became conscious of his cleverness when he found himself gazing fearfully at the pin in his right hand and the bleeding, unconscious creature he had felled to the deck of the sacred weather side of the poop.

"Good boy!"

For one of the few times in his life Captain Parrot had been roused into expressing admiration of the activities of a man before the mast. And that man was one he had degraded officially from able seaman to ordinary!

"I—I—sir," stammered the alarmed Jonah, who was afraid he had killed his tormentor.

"Jam it down his throat and disturb his liver if he talks like that to you again," advised the grinning captain. Then he frowned for his words had apparently endorsed the Jonah's wild tale about having a wife ashore who needed him. He frowned thoughtfully, considering the cause of the sudden demonstration with the belaying pin. Then he walked away, trying to convince himself otherwise.

Now, while everyone on deck had observed the row, it is a testimonial to the discipline enforced by Captain Parrot that not a man moved, the better to obtain information or sight. Neither did any man ask questions of those near him. "Hard Case Pol" had walked away from the Jonah; now he walked back to where that bewildered musician was watching his victim struggle back to consciousness.

"Did you hit him because he called you a Jonah?" asked the captain.

"No, sir—because he called my—my wife—"

"Don't spring that yarn on me again," shouted Captain Parrot, dawning appreciation of his error in belief maddening him. "You hit him because he called *you* names—remember that! He called you a Jonah—that's why you hit him, and I ain't blaming you. But because you made him feel sick is no saying you're not a Jonah. Jonah made the whale in the Bible sick, didn't he?" And "Hard Case Pol" laughed to himself for perhaps the first time in months. "Stop blubbering there," he snarled at the man caressing a broken head, "and don't you dare bleed on my deck. Get on with your work or I'll give you something to cry about!"

He walked to the other end of the poop. Realization of the truth of the Jonah's "yarn" had made him furious, but reaction had struck some chord of sympathy. Perhaps some memory of his own youth had smiled at him over the edge of the far horizon of time. Be that as it may, he beckoned that "useless thing of a no-sailor" to him and talked as he never talked to a sailor before—or since!

"My boy, get over that crazy idea of yours. I ain't saying you ain't had a sweetheart because I know young fellers is foolish, but forget about it, and it won't hurt so bad. You was a bit strange coming aboard a ship for the first time, but I'll make a sailor out of you yet—and sailors ain't got no business having notions about wives. And next time any of that cattle in the fo'c'sle bothers you, hit him first, and keep on hitting till he can't holler any more, and you'll have no more trouble. That's the secret! I do it! Now get on with your work!"

THE entire being of the Jonah pulsed as in response to some wonderful symphony. The first decent words spoken to him since he had been shanghaied. And these words from old "Hard Case Pol." It was like having a medal pinned on his breast by a worth-while king. Primitive urge had roused him from a condition of slavery. Parrot's words had shown him that he was a man. The Jonah turned to go back to his work, but Captain Parrot recalled him.

"I'll change the Log and rate you A. B. again. That's all!"

That was all, but with the saying of it Captain Parrot gave the Jonah the accolade.

It has been hinted that Captain Parrot was one of those rare souls who really enjoy trouble. If he had slept since the beginning of the gale that dismasted the *Kenyon* no man of his harried crew was aware of it. But with the anchor down his enjoyment became ecstasy. He knew that every man in the forecastle hated and feared him, and that they had excellent reasons for doing both, and he also knew that in spite of the devil they would run into on shore if they ever got there they would risk this to escape the deep sea of his proximity. He knew, as well, that if one of them could drop a block of a marlin-spike or anything heavy on his head that man would cheerfully do so. Yet the situation gave "Hard Case Pol" some of the most exquisite moments of his life. So that when, finally, he decided to take a boat and go and see his agent the world seemed a very good place in which to live—which mood of mundane appreciation may to some extent extenuate and explain his extraordinary proceedings when he did go ashore. These concerned the Jonah who, while the nearness of the place he had called "home" brought to him an agony beyond description. It was not Parrot's fault that he had been shanghaied, and he could not blame him for not allowing him to go ashore, knowing he would never return. He had cost the ship a hundred and fifty dollars. He would do his duty and be loyal to his tough boss, who had been decent to him. So he went about his work and never spoke about going ashore to anyone. He also did fairly well in carrying out the advice anent hitting first and continuing to hit. But he lived in a worse hell than any other man aboard the *Kenyon* could have appreciated. The sensitive soul of the musician was torn in twain during those hours—mercifully few—between the dropping of the barque's anchor and the going on shore of Captain Parrot. But, again, some excuse must be found for the captain's action, because he himself has been trying to find excuses for it ever since. The best one was the one he found for the minister—that the fellow was a Jonah, and that he wanted to be rid of him lest worse befall the *Kenyon*. Yet there seemed to be something spasmodic about the captain's decision. Stimulated by trouble to a delight far beyond the reach of mere alcohol, he was just going ashore to see his agent. The steward brought up a small package of reports. "I cannot be bothered carrying that," snapped the captain, looking with disgust at almost half a pound of a paper. He glanced forward with fine carelessness. "Here you—you by the windlass—jump aft and take this package down into the boat."

As there was no one anywhere near the windlass but the Jonah, the Jonah naturally obeyed.

"Take this down into the boat and be careful you don't drop it."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the neptunized

Jonah, going down the gangway with the captain treading on his heels.

IN THE boat, the Jonah stood, wondering what to do with the envelope. He was about to hand it to the captain and return to work when "Hard Case Pol"—who was naturally in a hurry to see his agent—told the boatmen to cast off. He had made himself comfortable in the stern sheets, the swift tide had carried the boat yards away from the ship, when he looked up and saw the bewildered Jonah anxiously holding the important papers.

"What are you doing here?" stormed Parrot, to the vast delight of the longshore boatmen who knew his reputation.

"You told me to bring this into the boat, sir," replied the Jonah weakly.

"Did I tell you I wanted your company ashore?" asked the captain with charming sarcasm.

"No, sir."

"If it wasn't that these two pirates would charge me another dollar, I'd have them row back to the ship and get rid of you," affirmed the captain.

"Yes, sir," answered the Jonah dutifully.

"Sit down—are you trying to capsize the boat?"

The Jonah obeyed, trembling, hope and fear weakening his legs. It seems strange, but Captain Parrot appeared to understand it—else why did his temper become worse? But maybe it was the envelope of papers that annoyed him, because he began to address the universe:

"Suppose that fool steward expects me to carry that package all the way up to my agent's?" he stormed.

"You might maybe take a hack," suggested one of the boatmen.

"Hack?" sneered Parrot. "Do you think I've got rheumatism in my legs or something?"

"Why not have your man carry it, sir?" advised the other, who, like the partner, was hugely enjoying himself.

The palpitating Jonah stiffened with anxiety, while the boatmen, who anticipated the captain's answer, grinned.

"Because that man has cost me a hundred and fifty dollars, and has earned mighty little of it. If he ever got ashore he'd clear out, and it would cost me a hundred and fifty dollars to get another man. That's why," snapped "Hard Case Pol."

The Jonah's throat became very dry.

"Don't blame you, Cap," the boatmen chorused as they rowed.

They neared the sea-wall—

"Maybe I'd better leave it in the boat," muttered the captain, "and let that fool steward bring it ashore. He's been with me a year and has money coming to him. If *he* clears out I'll be ahead!"

They reached the sea-wall and the captain stepped ashore. He stood looking thoughtfully at the boatmen.

"I can't trust you fellows," he asserted suddenly.

"What?" they asked indignantly.

"About that man of mine," Parrot continued. "If I ordered you to take him back to the ship you'd maybe do your best, but you wouldn't have no chance. He'd beat you up and take your boat away from you and then clear out, and I'd lose a hundred and fifty dollars."

The boatmen stared at the captain, then they turned to regard the Jonah with belligerent amusement.

"Oh, you might do your best," went on Parrot conversationally, "but you wouldn't have a chance. You don't know him. . . . Looks small, don't he? Well, let me tell you, I was scared he'd killed a man the other day. Yes . . . and he's the man that made the whale sick."

Then before the boatmen could digest this startling information, the captain seemed to come to a decision.

"So, I'll have to have him carry that package. When he's along with me I can look after him and be sure he don't get away. He can't lick me. . . . Jump ashore, you, and bring the package. And walk close by me, or look out for squalls!"

THE JONAH obeyed. His feelings might be likened to those of a man condemned to be hanged who, on the morning of his execution, watches the warden walk into his cell carrying an official-looking paper. . . . Is it a reprieve? The condemned is almost certain that there is no chance of a reprieve, but he grasps hungrily at the weak hope that there is. The Jonah wondered if the captain was playing with him. But perhaps he might be able to send word to his wife. But—was she alive? If he could have raised that hundred and fifty dollars he owed the ship—but there was no chance of doing that. Illegally shanghaied—yes; but on the ship's articles was a name which many would swear he put there. And where was he to get a lawyer who would raise his position to the dignity of law? He was, to quote the captain's word, "cattle." And even if she lived, it might be kinder to his wife to go his way without a word. He was as dead to her, and why torture her with frantic words from a dead man in hell? To try to escape from the captain would be idiotic; and, besides, the Jonah felt that there was something holding him from the attempt. Yes, in spite of all he liked the captain, in spite of all he honored him. He found himself wondering about music. The voyage would seem easier if he had something to play. Then craving for his wife and child—how hard he had tried to suppress it—swamped all thought of it in a disturbed emotional sea.

The captain was avoiding the direct route to his agent's. He did not take the boatman's advice and a hack. They had walked past "Bottle Myers" and "Bottle King's" rapidly. Now, like a man engaged upon criminal pursuit, the captain diverged into a side street. He was not the man to be ashamed of being seen walking with an able seaman, even if the sailor were not carrying a package for him, for Captain Parrot felt himself so far beyond familiarity with able seamen that he never expected to be suspected of it. Yet he turned into that side street as if he were afraid of being seen by men who knew him. Then he gripped the Jonah's arm painfully.

"You sprung a yarn aboard me," he growled, "as if you thought I was fool enough to believe it. Do you call *me* a fool?"

"No, sir," gasped the Jonah.

"You better not! Fancy telling *me* a yarn like that. Now—where did you say your wife lives?"

The Jonah gulped. He tried to say where she had lived, that he was afraid she lived no longer, that, even if she did live, she must by this time have been evicted with the tiny baby crying in her starved arms. He tried his best to say all this, but only succeeded in saying absolutely nothing.

"When I asks a man in the fo'c'sle a question," said the captain quite severely, "I expects him to answer at once. Go ahead and lead the way."

So the Jonah led the way—a way which became more fearful at every step. Indeed, when they reached the frail tenement the Jonah reeled as if about to faint. A powerful arm suddenly supported him. What if Captain Parrot did look around to see if any one was watching him? Does a captain walk up rickety stairs with his arm around a mere weak and shaky sailor—one whom he for a space disrated to O. S.? Captains cannot afford to do such things. It's bad for discipline!

It has been said of Captain Parrot that he was never afraid in his life. That statement is untrue. When the Jonah showed himself too weak and shaky, too wrung with emotion to knock on the door of the place he had called "home," Captain Parrot also showed himself afraid to knock on that door. The place was horribly silent, anyhow. They were both afraid and while it is difficult to imagine "Hard Case Pol" as having to make great effort to summon up his courage, the fact remains that it took all his grim strength of character gently to turn the handle of the door, the while he turned away his face and gently pushed the Jonah within. The joy drenching the feeble voice that welcomed the Jonah was, however sufficient reward for the captain, "Hard Case Pol." Parrot, even without the satisfied infant gurgle that mingled with it.

Somewhat later, coughing loudly to announce his advent, Captain Parrot did knock on the door. He told himself afterwards that he only entered the room to oblige the lady. The baby was the only person not embarrassed.

THE captain was a keen observer, and a shrewd man. Even without the Jonah's "yarn" the bare room told him more than he cared to know. He saw a crisis, and at a crisis he was always at his best. He turned upon the Jonah with all his master-mariner manner and led him to the door. Outside, he shoved some money into the musician's hand. "I'll dock this from what you'll have coming to you at the end of the passage—in Falmouth. It isn't much, you'll notice, but you won't have much coming. Now, jump down those stairs and get some grub for your missis."

Returning, with an old fashioned courtesy which set well upon him, he said:

"I'm old enough, ma'am, to be your grandfather—how did you manage?" He was all tenderness.

"I—I told the landlord that James had gone up country and would be back in a day or so with the money," she answered.

Parrot nodded. He was too polite to tell her that he knew she was starving. Besides he hadn't the time. The Jonah would return any moment, and "Hard Case Pol" had something he wanted to say, and do, without the Jonah either seeing or hearing him. He pressed a rather large roll of currency into the woman's hand.

"Your husband's pay," he murmured very gently. "I wouldn't let him go down by the water-front again, if I was you—he's too careless."

The Jonah entered with food in a number of paper bags.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked Captain Parrot sternly.

"I—I'm sorry, sir. . . . It may have been my fault. I did hope and pray that the ship would have to put back. I—I—"

"You did, eh?" asked the startled captain severely. "You did! Well, don't let me catch you around my ship again! Never again!" He paused, looking at the woman and baby. He looked away, at the bare wall, and through the wall to where that memory of his own youth was smiling somewhat sadly at him over the distant edge of the horizon of time. "Only a fool goes to sea," he murmured. "Only a fool! . . . Only a—" He turned and saw his reflection in the cracked mirror. "Only a fool. . . . Good-by."

And Captain Parrot, perhaps the hardest case sailing the seas, was hurrying down the rickety stairs.

Dodging Death on the Wires

An old timer tells some of the curious tricks electricity plays on the men who handle high voltage wires. Presence of mind and a cool head are essential on a job where one careless move may mean disaster

by Jules V. Young

THERE is one sound which, although you may never have heard it in all your life, will instinctively make your blood run cold. That sound is the burning down or short circuiting of high voltage wires. You will need no word to recognize it as a warning of terrible death. It speaks with an ominous sullen roar and a consuming fire. For the householder who never senses the menace lurking in the electricity that twists and twines all about him, Mr. Young offers a few invaluable "don'ts" from his own experience.

BACK in the days when we worked from "can't see" in the morning until "can't see" at night I broke in with my first line gang. It was down on the desert. The Western Union was stringing wire from El Paso to San Antone. I asked for a position and I got W-O-R-K.

The foreman put me to "bucking the reel." Now bucking the reel is this: A coil of wire intended to reach a mile and weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds is placed upon a reel which has handles before and behind. Sets of shoulder harness are supplied the two buckers to help relieve the strain on their arms as they push and pull along. They pick up reel, wire, and all and take out down through the mesquite and cactus, the wire paying off the reel as they walk. There is one consolation, the further you go the lighter the load. But I did not find much joy in that thought, for at the end of the mile lay another full coil to burden our weary backs for the next mile.

The linemen came along behind us and carried the wire up the poles and laid it over the cross-arms. I thought it would be dandy if I could trade loads with them. I wished all I had to carry was a belt around my waist and spurs upon my feet. And I've wished many a time since that I'd never wished to trade. For subsequently, after bucking that reel through ninety miles of sun, sand, and stickers, I was promoted to wear spurs.

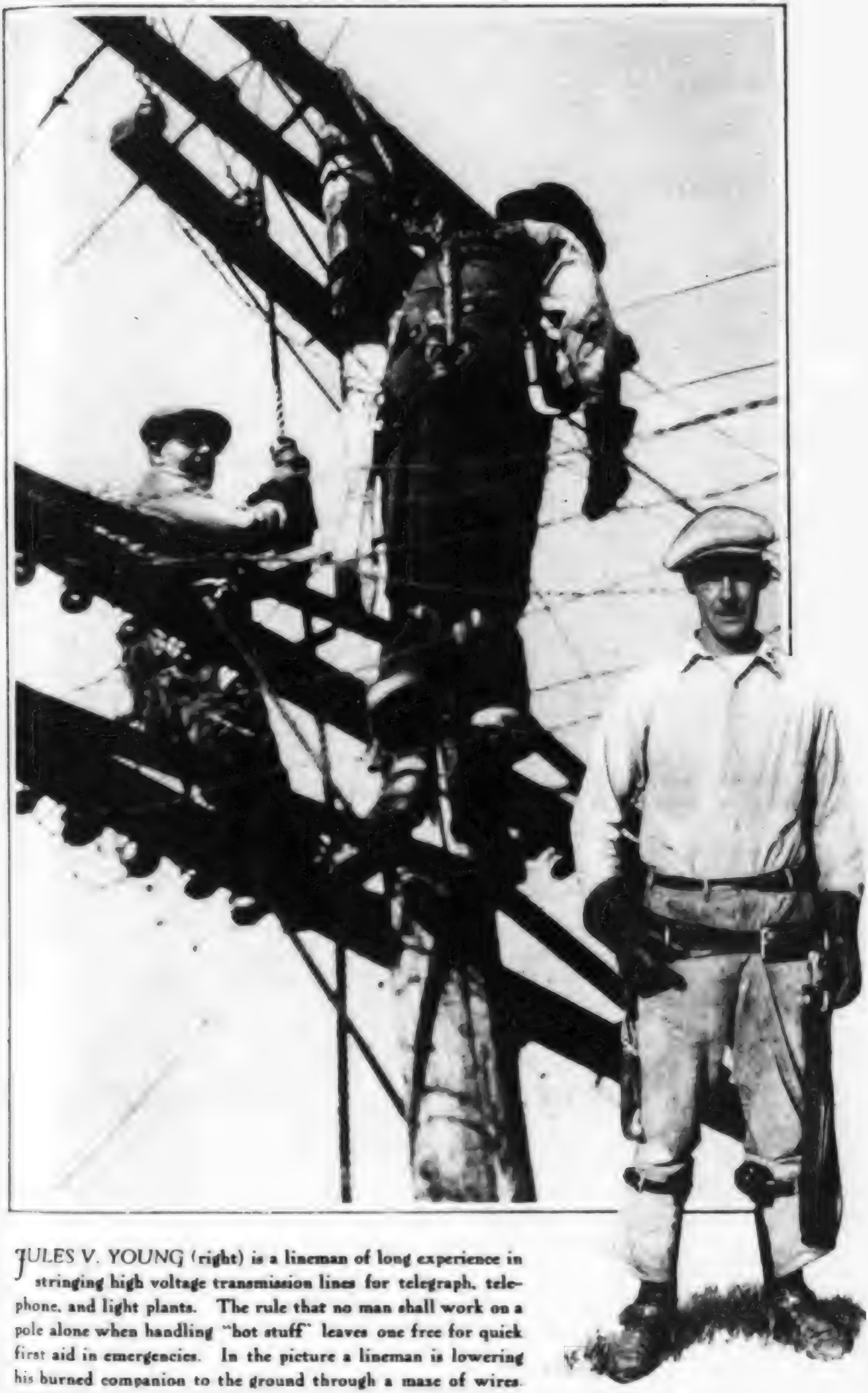
I have been wearing the spurs periodically ever since. And I have had more ups and downs than an elevator—first for the telegraph companies then for the telephone and now as a light lineman.

There is one sound which, although you may never have heard it in all your life, will instinctively make your blood run cold. That sound is the burning down or short circuiting of high voltage wires. You will need no word to recognize it as a warning of terrible death. It speaks with an ominous, sullen roar and a consuming fire.

To work hourly with such a hazard requires presence of mind and a cool head, for the high voltage linemen simply don't make mistakes and live, short of a miracle. Remember that the next time you pass a lineman working on a pole high up among the wires. You probably never stop to wonder whether they are high voltage wires or not. And if you do, you say to yourself, "Oh, well, he has on rubber gloves." Rubber gloves! when there may be sizzling within six inches of an elbow or an ankle enough death to kill a regiment. One slip of his foot, one careless thrust of a shoulder, one little miscue—blooie!

In working overhead there are several distinct sets of wires to be reckoned with. First come the high voltage transmission lines called "high lines," carrying from 10,000 to 220,000 volts. These run to the various sub-stations where they pass through giant transformers and their energy is sent back out on the lines in the form of "primaries," whose voltage is usually 2200 or 4400 volts. The primaries in turn run

[*Continued on page 162*]



JULES V. YOUNG (right) is a lineman of long experience in stringing high voltage transmission lines for telegraph, telephone, and light plants. The rule that no man shall work on a pole alone when handling "hot stuff" leaves one free for quick first aid in emergencies. In the picture a lineman is lowering his burned companion to the ground through a maze of wires.

Anne Nichols

Jessie Bonstelle

Rosalie Stewart

Mrs. Henry B. Harris

Ladies Behind the Scenes

Four of Broadway's most successful play producers are women. They are making good in a highly competitive field where the pace is fast, the risks terrific, and the rewards enormous

by Nannette Lincoln

IN THE fourteen years that have elapsed since Mrs. Henry B. Harris became the first woman play producer, twelve others have made enviable reputations for themselves. Rosalie Stewart started in a St. Louis booking office. Jessie Bonstelle got her foothold in a Rochester, New York, stock company, and Anne Nichols came from the ranks of the chorus. All are now at the top of their profession.

THOUSANDS of theatergoers never give a thought to anything save the complete plays they see, and the way the actors interpret their rôles. Others who glance for a moment at the name of the producer on the program have only the vaguest idea of what this person may be. Do you picture a stout party with a battered derby on the back of his bullet head, who reclines with his feet on the back of an orchestra seat while he puffs at a terrible cigar and bellows at a shivering chorus? Or perhaps you always think of the producer as a melancholy gentleman in somber garments, who runs wan fingers through a mop of tousled hair while he moans pitifully at the wretched cast before him, or bursts into masterpieces of blistering invective.

At rehearsals nowadays the chances are about even you will see something like this: Into the dimly lit theater where the anxious cast is watching for the boss to appear, strolls a willowy, quietly dressed young woman with a crown of golden hair. She sinks quickly into an orchestra seat and her pretty blue eyes flash over the stage. Meanwhile the director and the cast have gone at the rehearsal again hammer and tongs. The boss has arrived.

As a matter of fact, this new profession for women has been a development of the last decade and more particularly the last few years. There are already some ten or twelve women play producers in this country, and four of them have been responsible for many of the most famous Broadway successes. They are Rosalie Stewart of "Meet the Wife," "The Show-Off," and "Craig's Wife;" Irene Harris of "The Crooked Square," "The Bully," and "The Master;" Jessie Bonstelle of "Little Women," "The Enchanted Cottage," and "Seventh Heaven;" and Anne Nichols of "Just Married," "White Collars," and "Abie's Irish Rose."

"Considering the enormous appeal of the theater to the feminine nature," says Rosalie Stewart, "I have always been surprised at the comparative scarcity of women who are play producers. Women are great theatergoers and really decide the rise or fall of many plays. Well, then, if a woman goes to the theater and really studies the plays that she and her friends like, she is going to get a pretty good idea of what the average woman enjoys in a play.

"For a woman to succeed in producing," she went on, "she needs initiative, originality, and strength of conviction. She must know the show business, must be able to visualize a play in manuscript form, must have faith in her director, and must see that the actors selected to portray the different characters are properly cast. Failure to live up to any one of these necessities may ruin an otherwise very possible hit.

We were sitting in Miss Stewart's businesslike offices in the heart of the New York theatrical district. Through an open door you could see the reception room and beyond it the offices of Lee Stewart, Rosalie's brother, who books vaudeville acts on his own and in partnership with Rosalie. They cast the players for their parts, rehearse them in acts, sketches, or short plays, and then place the act with one of the large vaudeville circuits, such as Keith's or the Orpheum. Another door led to the offices of the two readers who handle the stacks of plays in manuscript form that come to the Stewart offices. Still another door gave on the private office of George Kelly, the playwright and director of Miss Stewart's latest production, "Craig's Wife."

Here was a fairly good cross-section of what goes into the finished play you see on the stage.

For Miss Stewart, in addition to assuming responsibility for the production as a whole, does her own selection of actors and actresses for her various ventures. On this occasion she was due to take a train in three-quarters of an hour. She had already interviewed an actress, her director, a playwright, and several others. Through all these different offices there was the sense of a perfectly geared dynamo humming on its way, and in the intervals of our conversation, Miss Stewart was working with automatic speed. Here was a regular business that called for clear-headed thinking and action.

Backing Up the Leading Lady

"ROSALIE," said Lee Stewart in the doorway, a sheaf of telegrams and papers in his hand, "shall we replace this act with the one act thriller Ethel has been rehearsing?" He laid the batch of papers on her desk. There was a swift inspection of the papers by Miss Stewart.

"Right you are, Lee," said she, and he was on his way. Instantly his place in the doorway was taken by Crystal Herne, the leading woman in Rosalie's then brand new play.

"Rosalie," cried Crystal in the depths of despair, "I just prayed and prayed all the way downtown that a taxi might hit my car, and finish everything. *Here* I have the best part I've ever had, and I just simply feel that I'm going to fall down in it. It would be so much nicer for the funeral notices to read: 'Miss Herne was to have had a wonderful part in 'Craig's Wife'," than to have the critics say on the morning after the opening night, 'Miss Herne scarcely lived up to her opportunities in the title rôle.'"

"Look at this," comforted Rosalie, as she delved into a closet and brought out a marvelously smart ensemble suit. "I saw one of fawn color that I'm almost sure is what you will want for your opening scene." The actress began to brighten at once. She slipped into Miss Stewart's coat and at once they were deep in a discussion of color schemes for the new play.

"Don't you think," she drawled, "that a fawn colored ensemble of this type would be the cold thing 'Craig's Wife' should wear? I'm looking for a brilliantly icy-cold sort of gown that will help to crystallize this character into the consciousness of the audience."

Certainly this illustrates one function that a woman play producer only could fill. For it is an old saying that to cheer a downhearted woman get her to try on a new hat. And here was Miss Stewart applying such feminine psychology with a vengeance. Imagine a man in a similar predicament with his leading lady; imagine, for instance, Lee Shubert—

Certainly it is interesting to see how very feminine Miss Stewart is, with all her store of knowledge in one of the most hard-boiled professions in the world. And yet, aside from her engaging youth, and her happy faculty of putting folks at ease, the thing that impresses you most forcibly about Rosalie Stewart is her unruffled executive ability.

"Had I believed in the time-worn adage that a woman's place is in the home exclusively, I should most likely still be at home," laughed Miss Stewart. "But, with the love of the theater spurring me on, I finally gained my mother's consent. I have given all that is in me to my work and I feel sure that the struggles necessary to attain success are well worth while.

"I was born in St. Louis and educated there, you know, and it was there I began to work in my father's theatrical booking office. His business was to place acts of all kinds—from acrobats to one-act play thrillers—in the vaudeville houses over the string of Southern and Western theaters which he supplied. The more I learned about the theater the more this work fascinated me. So, when my father went to Texas for the Orpheum Circuit I accompanied him. Then he became ill and I took over the management of his office, attending to all of the details of booking his chain of theaters. Later on I opened a booking office for vaudeville acts and one-act plays with Chicago as my headquarters.

"After I had been working in Chicago for some time, Keith's offered me a position as manager of the Southern Circuit for their interests, with headquarters in New York. I accepted with alacrity, as New York had always been my goal."

Unlike many who seek fame via theatrical careers in New York, Miss Stewart, you see, had a reasonable future settled in the metropolis before ever severing her professional connections in Chicago. Here was a girl who had already gained splendid equipment and was even then possessed of a clear perception of the theater in its varying phases. Naturally she escaped most of the trials that form stumbling-blocks in the path of the inexperienced and unheralded seeker after laurel wreaths.

"In the booking business," continued Miss Stewart, "I gained more experience every day and increased my knowledge of the theater and of public taste. The work fascinated me, and nothing gave me a greater dramatic thrill than to weigh the value of the content of some play that was presented and visualize its possibilities. As I learned more of the workings of the theater, the ambition to produce became the great motivating power of my existence.

"My first venture in producing was with playlets—one-act plays, you know—which I did in collaboration with May Tully, the actress and vaudeville player. These acts were successful, and after a short period devoted to this work, I formed a partnership with the late Bert French, a vaudeville artist and musical comedy actor, who was well known on both the Keith and Orpheum Circuits—the two largest concerns producing vaudeville in the world.

"Torchbearers," by George Kelly, was among the best known of their productions. It was afterwards re-written, and expanded into a three-act play and offered to the public at the Vanderbilt Theater. This play is a satire on the Little Theater movement, and was one of the first definite proofs that George Kelly knows human beings and their reactions.

The success of this play seems to have given Rosalie Stewart a definite pointer toward at least one type of play she, and the organization she was beginning to build up, could handle well. It was the clean, clear-cut, good-humored treatment of various amusing foibles of modern American life. And be it said right here that although Miss Stewart, for all her hard-working professional career, is the youngest producer in America, every play that she has presented has been a signal artistic and box office success.

"After 'Torchbearers' came 'Meet the Wife'," explained Miss Stewart. "It was a comedy by Lynn Starling, with Mary Boland as the leading woman, and it ran in New York forty weeks and on the road forty-six weeks. There is not a town large enough to support a woman's club in the whole of the United States that did not fully appreciate Mary Boland's rôle—that of the lion-hunting club woman."

IT WAS through Rosalie Stewart's office that the theater-going public was given the chance to see that sparkling comedy, "The Show-Off," written by George Kelly, in which the comedian, John Louis Bartels, sprang into fame overnight. This play was strongly urged by a number of the Pulitzer Prize Committee for the winning play of 1924. It ran an even six hundred performances and opened the middle of last November with the original cast in Philadelphia. There are three road companies, one in Boston, another on the West Coast, and one in Canada. Then came "Enchanted April" which had a six months' run.

With all this success, Miss Stewart is quite definite about pointing out the importance of the various other members of her organization.

"It takes four or five people—experts in their lines—to make a play go," she explained. "It is like an automobile clutch. If all the parts do not fit and work together properly, then we know something is wrong. If, of the five parts—manuscript, cast, producer, director, staging—one is out of order, then we say:

"'Too bad! It will go all right, but it will not be a hit!'

"When I produce a play I go to every rehearsal. After its première I attend every performance for the first two weeks and sit in different parts of the house to watch the

After several managers had rejected "Abie's Irish Rose," Anne Nichols mortgaged her home and produced it herself. The success of the play is one of the sensations of the theatrical world. The original New York production has been running for four years and long since broke the record previously held by "Lightnin'." From the handsome profits of "Abie" Miss Nichols has been able to finance several other productions.

reaction of the audience to the lines and situations. I have others of my staff stationed in the lounge and foyer, between the acts, to catch stray comments about the play. In this way we are able to detect where the trouble lies—if any. Should the audience grow restless and finger its programs, I know something is radically wrong and improvements must be made in the play at these points."

Feeling the pulse of the audience and watching an artistic director at work are phases of producing particularly appealing to her.

"A stage director who is really an artist," she explained, "is always associated in my mind with a surgeon. The surgeon knows exactly where and how to operate when he goes into the operating room. So with the stage director. He walks into the rehearsal, sees the cast at work, listens to the lines. He knows instantly where to cut, prune, and change. When he completes his play-surgery, then everything that made the play imperfect is righted. It's a hit!

While Rosalie Stewart is the youngest of the woman producers, Mrs. Henry B. Harris has the distinction of being America's first woman play-producer, the first to come into active competition with the experienced men of the theater.

She is the widow of the late Henry B. Harris, who went down on the *Titanic*, fourteen years ago, and she has, with much discernment, carried on the work in which he had met with such success.

In her office, in the Hudson Theater building which she owns, looking out on the busy highway of a cross-section of theater life, she was busy in consultation with her manager, F. H. Schnebbe, one day not long ago. They were deep in the arrangement of the cast of "Some Day," her latest presentation, now running in Chicago.

"Being the first woman in the producing field," remarked blond Mrs. Harris, with her winning smile, "I bore the brunt of the adverse criticism against a woman play producer. One theatrical paper went the length of saying that it gave me six months to lose all of my husband's estate

"I won't say that my courage was always at high-water mark, and that I didn't make mistakes. But the adverse criticism acting at first as a damper, later became a spur to prove them in the wrong.

"That was fourteen years ago, and we are still flourishing. For a long while, however, I felt rather alone, so I am glad now to welcome such running mates as Rosalie Stewart, Jessie Bonstelle, and Anne Nichols."

Men Play Square With Her

THE great motivating impulse of Mrs. Harris was to carry on successfully the work which her husband had loved and cherished for so many years. She plans to keep the Hudson Theater as his monument. Her office has been little changed since it was used by her husband. Ranged along the walls are scenes and posters from some of his most famous productions—"The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Third Degree."

"Mr. Harris used to consult me," explained this pioneer woman producer, "about everything in connection with his work. I had good schooling in the theatrical business with him. So, when it came to the point of my taking up the business, I continued it because I loved it, and because I needed an occupation—something to keep me so busy that I would not have time to think. Work—and plenty of it—was a necessity to me."

Some of her productions comprise: "The Crooked Square," by Samuel Shipman; "Big Game," by Kilbourn Gordon and Willard Robertson; "A Woman of No Importance," by Oscar Wilde, with Margaret Anglin and Holbrook Blinn as co-stars; "The Bully," by Julie Helene Percival and Calvin Clark, with Emmett Corrigan in the title rôle; and "The Master," by Herman Bahr, adapted by Benjamin F. Glaser, with Arnold Daly as star.

"I do the casting and supervise the direction of all of my productions, as well as select the manuscripts," she admitted. "In doing this I very much prefer selecting plays by witnessing them acted than from manuscripts. I get a real kick out of the work. Managers have all treated me wonderfully. They have made contracts with me—verbal contracts—and they live up to them, without any signed document.

"I believe a woman should do business like a man—not expect any extra privileges because of her sex."

It was not so long after Mrs. Henry B. Harris had become an active theatrical producer that there came to Broadway a tall, commanding young woman—a bit suggestive in some ways of Ethel Barrymore. Although very young, Jessie Bonstelle was already a veteran stock company actress, and in addition she was a playwright and director. If ever any woman seemed destined to be a theatrical producer it was this girl who had been born and brought up in Rochester, and had received most of her theatrical training in that hardest of all schools—the road.

Jessie Bonstelle has now developed into a big figure in the theatrical world. She has her own theater in Detroit—the Jessie Bonstelle Playhouse, where she presents plays with her own company. And she has operated similar resident stock companies in six or eight other cities. She is perhaps the most unusual personality in the American theater today. Certainly she is the most versatile producer.

"One of the worst times of my life," said she reminiscently, "was the hard tussle I had in persuading my father and mother to allow me to go on the stage. Of course my first

Rosalie Stewart is responsible for the production of "Craig's Wife," the play by Gregory Kelly in which Crystal Herne (left) has been starring this winter. Miss Stewart is especially hospitable to young blood in the theater—young authors, actors, singers, dancers and scenic artists. With their help she has produced such notable successes as "The Torchbearers," "Meet the Wife," and "The Show Off."

part was a tiny one, for I began as an ingénue in a Rochester stock company, and passed through all manner of heartaches and vicissitudes. It has not been an easy road, but I wouldn't change a bit of it now, even if I could.

After a number of years acting in what are known as one-night stands with road companies, playing, say, a Saturday matinée and evening in Baltimore, and then jumping to Richmond or Atlanta for the next performance—Miss Bonstelle secured a foothold in her profession in New York. But, all this time she was not merely a "trouper." She spent hours upon hours of her time studying the "job" of the stage manager, learning what things he did to gain certain effects, and how the cast responded at rehearsals.

"In thinking of these one-night stands," said Miss Bonstelle, "I often think that onion soup was threaded through our whole trip like a motif. But if all of the work was hard, I feel now it has been worth it," she ended in her musical voice.

"It was J. J. Shubert who was really the cause of my going into the production end," she continued. "One day he told me I should produce, and asked me to organize a stock company in Rochester—

"With fear and trembling, I followed his advice, and I've been presenting plays ever since.

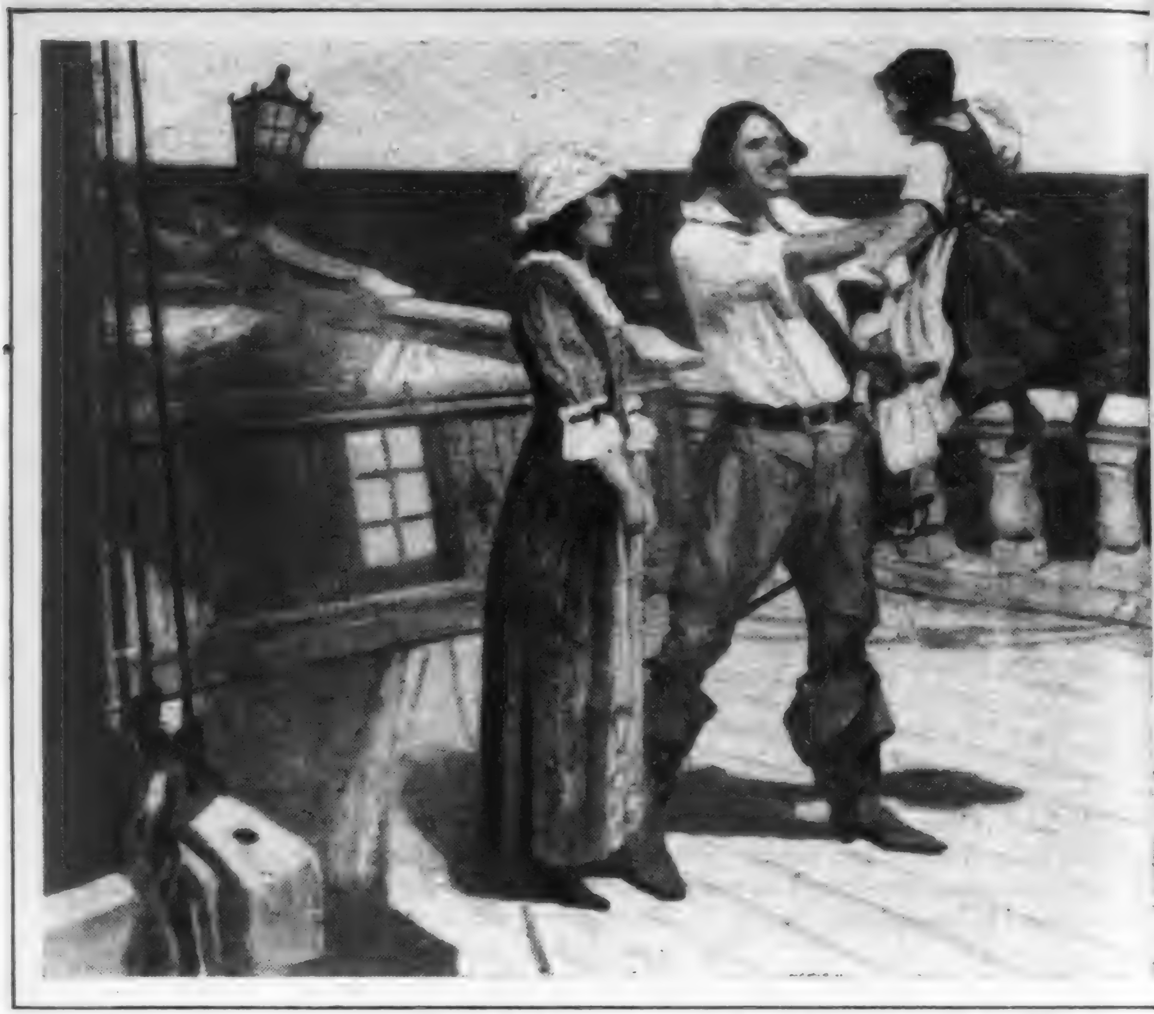
" 'Little Women' was the coming true of one of my childhood dreams. As a small girl I adored 'Little Women.' When my parents asked me what play I'd like to see, I insisted it must be 'Little Women.' They told me it was not a play but a book and that I should have to be content with the book. I remember saying that it ought to be a play, and that I'd make it into one some day. This idea I believe was subconsciously back of much of my work and motivated many of my ventures. I produced this play in all of the large cities in this country, and in London."

After establishing a record in her first stock company in Rochester, Jessie Bonstelle operated resident stock companies in many of the larger cities, including Buffalo, Providence, Toronto, Ottawa, Halifax. For five years she was director and manager of the famous municipal theater in Northampton, Massachusetts.

In New York she has sometimes operated her own stock company as she did two seasons ago. At other times she produces in association with other managers. With John Golden, Miss Bonstelle produced Austin Strong's drama, "Seventh Heaven," which was one of the outstanding successes of that year.

Now she is the sole manager of the most unusual theater in the country—the Bonstelle Playhouse in Detroit, where she presents plays with her own company. She is playwright,

[*Continued on page 172*]



Here, indeed, was a joyous and anxious reunion, and, amid a thousand

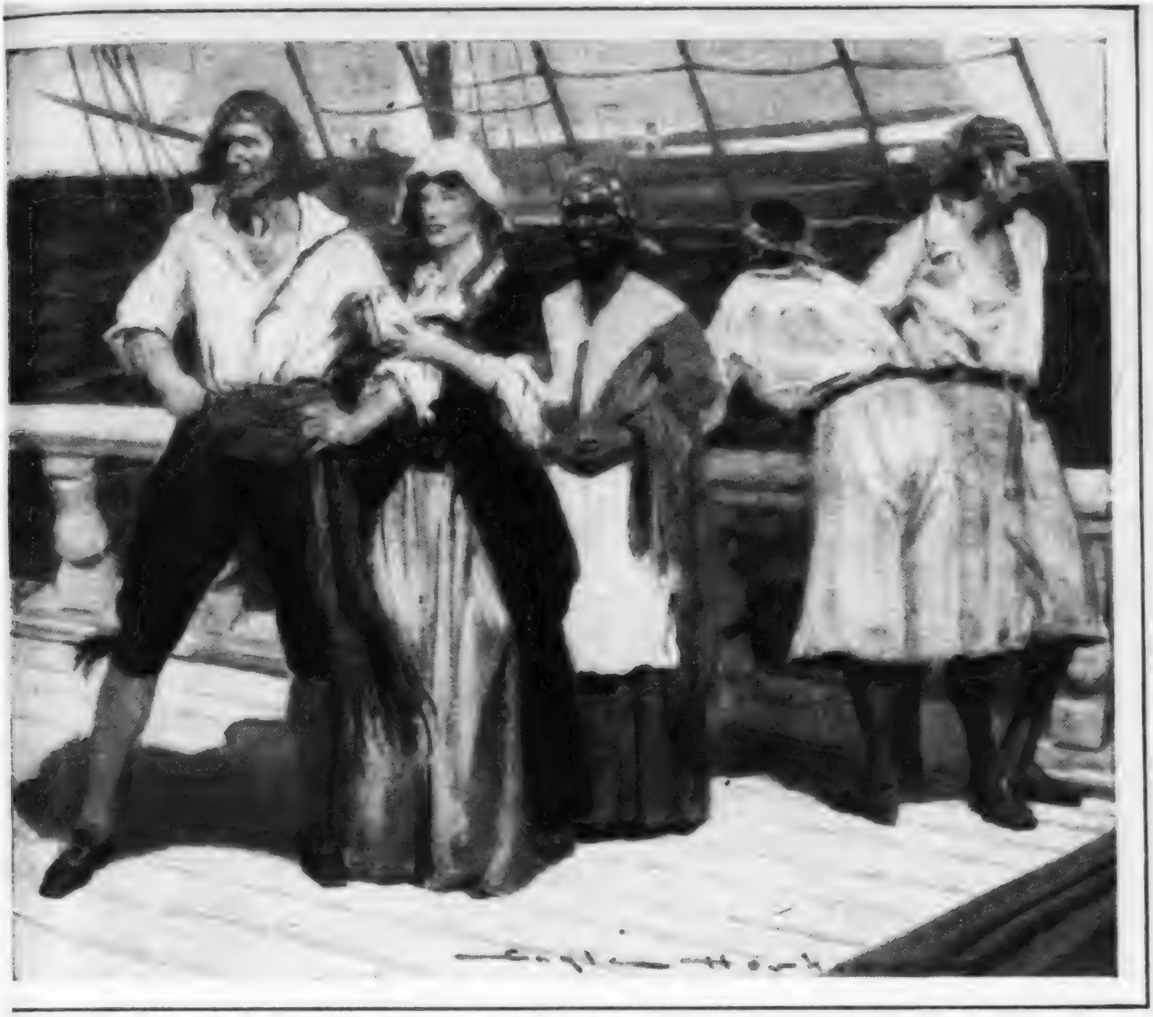
Illustrated by
Gayle Hoskins

The Man They

A story of the days when

Begin this story with any instalment.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM KIDD was in a pickle, and none knew it better than did his pretty wife, Sarah, and her young ward, Sancia Caradac, whom I was shortly to marry. In 1694 Captain Kidd had voyaged to England and there met Robert Livingston—that suave villain—who introduced him to Lord Bellomont, the proposed governor of New York, and succeeded in inveigling the Captain into this dirty privateering business. The King vowed that Wake, Tew, and Ireland—all out-and-out pirates—must be swept from the seas and none knew their whereabouts better than our own Captain Kidd, although he had kept his coattails clear of the shady business and made his fortune by honest dealing. Nothing would do, though, but that the Captain must command *The Adventure Galley*, with as treacherous a crew as ever trod deck, and put forth in quest of pirates and Frenchmen. And, since I knew my indebtedness to the Captain, and realized that if he refused this distasteful commission his ships would be stopped in the Lower Bay and his commerce ruined, I, Dirck Hazlett, must need sail with him as lieutenant gunner. The unreasonable stubbornness of Governor Fletcher, who had forbade our marriage until



caresses and questions, all the troubled news was poured forth.

Hanged

By Robert W. Chambers

New York was young

The story up to this point is here.

his Trinity Church was builded, so angered me that I had a magistrate marry Sancia and me in secret five hours before we sailed. The voyage was, for months, uneventful, and the crew, having signed papers agreeing to take their pay in prizes, became restless and threatening, since we sighted neither pirate nor Frenchman. Angry clouds gathered. In a temporary mutiny off the African coast the crew took two men from a Spanish ship and refused to release them, although the prisoners, God knows, expressed their desire to join us in our search. Later we went ashore and lost one of our men whom the savages captured and killed. So infuriated was Kidd that he ordered a native shot in retaliation. Of this, though, more later. The crew went from bad to worse, and we knew that if a fair prize did not fall into our hands before long the ugly beasts between decks would mutiny and hoist the Jolly Roger despite us. Such was the predicament when we sighted a French ship and fired a shot across her.

This month's instalment.

SHE was a fine, tall ship, Mogul built, *The Kedah Merchant*, 16 guns, from Bengal for Suratt where was the French Factory.

Her captain was one, Mr. Wright, an Englishman, and very angry, her two mates were Dutchmen, her gunner a noisy Frenchman, and he came aboard us as Master and showed us a French pass, saying that he knew well his ship was a lawful prize to the English and that it was the fortune of war and no dishonor to be so taken.

She was a very rich prize, loaded with bale-goods, sugar, iron and saltpetre, and loose goods. Her bales were of fine calicoes, Romalls, muslins, and striped, flowered, and plain silks.

Well, we sent her officers and crew ashore in her boats and put a prize crew aboard her, ordering her to sail in our company, and so stood for Sainte Marie on Madagascar with our two prizes, *The November*, which had been the *Rouparalle*, and *The Kedah Merchant*, both French and lawfully taken. Captain Kidd showed me the two French passes which I, having a knowledge of French, from my mother, who spoke it, read carefully and found them to be good and genuine French passes.

So, headed for the port of Sainte Marie in company with our prizes, we were glad of their company because the *Adventure Galley* was now leaking very badly and it required eight men every two glasses to keep her afloat. Even pumping was not so certain, her timbers threatened to part at any hour, and we rove cable around and around her to hold her together. More than a year and a half cruising had battered her and I think the broadsides from the two Portuguese men-o'-war had shattered and loosened her. Anyhow, she was in a dangerous condition, and the rats aboard uneasy and running about and attempting to crawl on cables stretched across to the *Kedah Merchant* when we laid her aboard and lashed fast.

Well, God knows how we made Madagascar, but we arrived there alive, and when we sailed into Sainte Marie's port—my God—there lay Robert Culliford, the pirate, at an anchor in his ship, *The Resolution*, which now he had renamed *The Mocha Frigate*.

We could see his decks swarming. He carried a bloody flag and pennant, and a black one, too, with the death's head.

Instantly I ordered our drummer to beat to quarters and, as our drum rolled out across the water, the trumpet aboard Culliford answered, and he ran out his guns.

And now, like the sudden bursting of a bomb aboard us, the long smouldering mutiny broke out.

Whether it was the sight of the bloody flag or of the black one aboard Culliford that inflamed our men, or what else it may have been that set the old pirate blood afire in their rascal veins, I know not, but they refused to run out our guns and to go to their stations.

"What's the trouble for'ard?" demanded Captain Kidd from the quarter-deck, and Mr. Bullen shouted that the men would not fight Bob Culliford.

"Mr. Bullen," retorted my captain, "I shall carry my ship in and fire upon Captain Culliford."

"Sir," bawled Bullen, "your men swear sacrement that they would rather fire two guns into you than one into Culliford."

Captain Kidd called me to the quarter-deck.

"The lousy dogs," said he, all scarlet with shame and rage, "here is the first pirate I have encountered, and would take him, and my rascals will not take him and be damned to them, the dirty dogs they are."

What was there to do? We glared at *The Mocha Frigate*.

"Why," says he in very fury. "Her crew is deserting her. Look yonder, Dirck. Culliford takes to his boats in fear of us."

It was true. Culliford and his crew were lowering their boats, and when they tumbled into 'em they rowed for the shore, and, no sooner ashore, than they ran for the woods.

But we had scant leisure to observe how Bob Culliford did desert his ship and run away, in mortal fear of our leaking and mutinous galley, for upon our gun-deck the crew became a riotous mob and were seizing muskets, cutlasses, powder, shot, and lowering our own boats.

My captain and I ran down to stop 'em, but they menaced us with their muskets and swords and swore that they would kill us if we attempted to stay them from joining Culliford.

FROM somewhere forward they fired two muskets at us, then they all ran at us, cursing and promising to cut our throats, and so drove us below and into the captain's cabin where we barricaded ourselves and determined to die, swords in hand.

Out o' the port we could see our rogues rowing in our boats, some toward *The Mocha Frigate*, some toward the shore, and heard them calling to Culliford's men to return because these were friends and no enemies, and desired to sign and sail with a brave and enterprising captain and be quit of one who starved and beggared them and menaced them ever with the law of England.

In the boats we counted ninety-seven men who were deserting us, which left us but thirteen men loyal to us aboard the *Adventure Galley*, and it was a most sickening sight to see such roguery and to be forced to endure it.

We saw Culliford's men come out o' the woods, and ours mingling with them.

"Now," said Captain Kidd, "they will return and take my ship and my two prizes and that is like to be the bloody end of you and me, Dirck."

We had about forty small arms in the cabin. These we charged and set ready. Then we barricaded our door with bales of goods, and awaited these villains.

They came, presently, rowing back in eight boats, and made a great noise on deck and we saw how they were lading their boats with our small arms, anchors, cables, powder and shot. That wretch, Bradenham, carried off our surgeon's chest. They even hoisted out three of our great guns to mount aboard *The Mocha Frigate*, so badly did these rascals despoil us.

FOR four days we were besieged in the cabin and frequently fired upon, and returned the fire. They shouted threats at us and vowed to murder us both, and every day came aboard to plunder and ransack us.

Hearing that Captain Kidd had lodged a sea-chest at Edward Welche's house for safe keeping, they surprised the place, broke open the chest and took from it ten ounces of gold, forty pounds of silver, 370 pieces of eight, Captain Kidd's private journal and all his papers.

At that my captain and I determined to fight at any odds if our thirteen men and boys would stand by us; so we came on deck and ran out some guns.

But Culliford hailed us and asked us what we were about. And "Damme," says he, "if you will brew us a tub of Bombo on your quarter-deck, I'll come aboard you and we shall be friends."

So we had our boys brew us a tub of Bombo, and Culliford came aboard us and took a cup in his hand, and, says he, "Before I do you any damage, Captain Kidd, I had rather my soul should broil in hell-fire, and may I be damned and doubly damned, and may this cup o' Bombo be my last if I touch your two prizes or your galley or your person.

"No, by God," he roars, "I have been out here these seven years *On The Account*, and, by God, I take merchants and respect privateers."

So he pledged us in Bombo, and he kept his word—this handsome reckless fellow with his yellow curls falling to his shoulders and his plumed hat set with gold and jewels. For the very next day *The Mocha Frigate* gave us three guns in salute, showed us her bloody and her black colors, weighed, and stood out to sea to take all nations. She carried forty guns, and a crew of 130. We never saw her again.

And Lord, what a pickle we were in. We sent ashore for a dozen blacks to keep us afloat by pumping but to no purpose, so we hailed our prize, *The Kedah Merchant*, and, with the aid of her crew and our thirteen, we carried aboard her all our great guns, arms, stores, and stripped the galley and set her afire, while she already was sinking. Some of her iron work we could save.

So now, being aboard *The Kedah Merchant*, we re-named her *The Adventure Prize* and armed her with our great guns which gave us forty-six great guns and but thirty men. And, in this pirate's den of Madagascar, we set about to recruit so that we might muster men enough to set sail again.

But the rascals we were obliged to ship fair sickened us, such rogues they seemed and looked, but we could not help it, and must take what we could get in Sainte Marie.

NOW we lay at Sainte Marie for nearly five months to trade on account of our shareholders for the bale-goods and other booty taken from our two lawful prizes which were the only prizes we ever took.

For this reason—and to fit out *The Adventure Prize* as a privateer, and to recruit our crew from 13 to 150 which we required to sail *The Adventure Prize* and serve her guns—we remained in Sainte Marie harbor.

For nearly two years, now, we had no news of those so dear to us, none of New York either, or of the state of affairs in the world, and how the war went between England and France, or if other wars had begun.

We had run the leaky old galley ashore so that she sunk in very shallow water, and burning her, we salvaged much of her metal work and carried it to the new *Adventure*.

Mr. Bradley continued very ill, and we could not discover the nature of his malady. Sometimes he begged to be put ashore, and sometimes he desired to remain on the ship. It was sad and pitiable to see this honest man a-dying thus, and my captain and I spent many an hour at his bedside to cheer him and do what offices we might.

My captain told me that *The Kedah Merchant* alone was valued at 40,000 rupees, and her cargo above 400,000. He said that he believed our owners would be satisfied with our booty which, he thought, might be valued at near £100,000, or more, when all was traded, sold and properly disposed of.

"For," said he, "when I sail from here I stand for home to seek my Lord Bellomont and account to him for every penny I have taken and for every hour of these years spent at sea. And that accomplished, please God, never more shall I sail from my wife and children and my own fireside though they take the *Antigua* from me and stop any ship I own in the river."

Said I, laughing, "They are not likely to receive you at home otherwise than as a hero and conqueror, sir. For God knows what trials you have passed through, and have saved your ship and booty from the mutineers for your share-holders and your king, and have brought her gallantly to this harbor. And it is not your fault if the old ship lies a burned wreck on these sands, for you have a finer one to command, and, by God's favor, shall presently fetch her home to the admiration and praise of all these great folk who have trusted you, and in whom you trust."

He smiled, saying that he had endeavored to do his duty with clean hands. But he was troubled concerning the crew he was attempting to gather, knowing they had been pirates, yet obliged to take them or lie here and rot at anchor.

Now we had been lying off Sainte Marie near five months since *The Mocha Frigate* sailed with our mutinous crew, ninety-five in number, which was the 15th of June; and it was now November, and we had not filled our crew but otherwise were ready to weigh and sail for home.

One day I had gone ashore to Edward Welche's house upon business for my captain, and as I went up the hill I saw there was another pirate vessel in the harbor, which had come in at night and lay out o' sight of our ship where the coast curves.

She flew a bloody flag and a streamer and was a brigantine, but whose I knew not. So continued on and transacted my business with Welche, and so, coming down by the town, heard a great noise and revelry where were gathered a great company of pirates and their women, and three whole oxen were a-roasting there; and barrels of wine and spirits stood about, opened, so that any passing might dip with a cup and drink his fill.

I knew many of these fancy folk and all knew me by sight as Captain Kidd's gun-lieutenant. Some stopped me to press food, others plucked my sleeve to offer drink. I could not be heard amid all that screeching and cursing and laughter, so to be rid o' them, drank a cup o' Bombo with a lady who carried a parrot on her shoulder, and took a lime out of the Bombo bucket to suck as I walked on, it being fiercely hot in the sun.

To go a shady path and short I went into a thick lemon grove to cross down to the dock where my boat lay; and here were folk on a frolic with wenches, both white and black, who shouted at me from the sun-flecked depths of the grove.

THEN of a sudden, I heard my own name roared out with an oath, and, looking, saw a great burly figure in green velvet and gold come a-rolling toward me. Instantly I knew it was Captain Tew, and, at the same moment, it came to me that the newly arrived ship with the bloody flag had brought him into Sainte Marie.

"Ho, Sir Cockerel," he shouted, "why do you flee, my pretty game-cock," and I a-moving faster away into the thick grove of lemon trees toward the palms beyond. But he had begun to run after me, and, of a sudden, bang, went his pistol, and I heard the bullet ripping through glossy leaves.

At that I halted, and he came up to me and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Damme," says he, "and, by God, I had stopped your nimble heels if I had to kill you," says he. "Whither do you fly, Sir Cockerel, and have you forgot your pledge to seek me in these latitudes and come aboard me at your sword's point?"

"What do *you* want o me, Captain Tew?" said I coldly.

"By God," says he, "I want you aboard me as a friend, if that may be. And, if not as a friend, then as my prisoner."

"Wine wags your tongue, Mr. Tew," said I.

"And my fist wags my sword," says he, "unless you take it in pledge of comradeship."

"There's too much blood on it," said I.

"Why, there's a-plenty," cried he, laughing, "and so I do not desire yours. Come, Sir Cockerel, I need young gentlemen of your kidney, and you shall sign with me and take a ship and sail in my company— "

That madded me.

"If I did that," said I, "then I would turn my guns on you, and you know it. Who the devil are you to assume equality you damned, butchering sea-rover. Get out o' my path or I take you by the collar."

My God, I never dreamed he could draw on me so swiftly, and jumped aside like a cat to clear his blade which came like a flash o' lightning.

I ran, a-lugging at my sword, and he after me in vast bounds, and I to dodge through the lemon trees till I got my blade clear, and so whirled on him and he came nigh a-spitting himself upon my point.

It was a checkered light and trickery where shadow and spots of sun flecked all the greenish gloom.

"Mr. Tew," said I, "you have carried the jest as far as suits me. Now go you back to your friends and plague me no more."

"Sir Cockerel," said he, showing all his great, yellow teeth, "if I cannot have you aboard, me, then you shall never live to go aboard any other vessel, save only that last dark ship that sails with us all in the end."

After a silence, "Will you sign with me?" says he.

"I'll put my sign *upon* you," said I, and caught and engaged his blade at the instant, and found his sword-arm iron.

Then, of a sudden, with his left hand he pulled another pistol, and I slashed his fist to the bone ere it exploded.

Never had such a fury seized me as now possessed me at such disloyalty and cowardice and, as he let out an angry roar and the scarlet blood spouted and drenched his arm to the elbow, I flew at him and beat his blade into his very face and passed my sword through his left eye into the brain.

As he fell I wrenched it free and stood looking upon him where he was swaying, falling as a tree falls, straight back, and heavily. And lay there in the dim greenish twilight of the lemon trees where a single spot of sun struck and glittered on a tooth in his slowly opening mouth.

After a little, warily I looked around, and saw we had fought near the edge of the lemon trees where were palms beyond. And there espied a pit digged for yams and two spades near for to fill it, but the lazy blacks had gone off and left it.

He was a vast and heavy man. I took him by his great, soft boots, and drew him to the yam-pit, and let him fall into it.

Then, with a spade, I filled that accursed pit, and took dead palm fans and built a fire upon it so that, when all was done, none could see where there had been a yam-pit, only that a fire had burned the ground.

Again into the lemon trees, where he had bled, from his slashed hand, I took palm fans and set a trail of fire to smoulder through the dry litter, and so led the burning trail out to the yam-pit as though a chance fire had caught and had been stamped out and extinguished by blacks.

Then I ran my sword through the sand to clean it, and put it away, and so went down to the shore and to the stairs where my boat lay awaiting me.

ON THE 15th of October, 1698, we weighed out of that cruel and red-hot hell called Madagascar and stood for home in our fine ship, *The Adventure Prize*.

Of that long, dull voyage to the West Indies there is nothing remarkable to relate. We spoke few ships, and these had no news for us save that my Lord Bellomont was now our governor, and that peace had been declared. So there were no longer any French prizes to be looked for; and we saw no pirates, though we heard bloody tales of James Avery in these latitudes.

Our crew were peaceable enough though morose because of the peace, but all chiefly desired to return to America in so respectable a company as Captain Kidd's and no doubt hoped that their names and deeds might be forgotten what time they had sailed *On The Account* with Hoare and Ireland and Mr. Tew.

It was strange that I experienced no remorse and no sense of blood-guilt concerning the despatching of Captain Tew. Nor had any desire to confess me to any man and rid me of the secret to lighten its burden. No.

I heard men say that Mr. Tew had been slain by a cannon-ball aboard his ship in action with a man-o'-war. I heard he had perished o' thirst where his crew had marooned him. I heard a score o' tales regarding him and how death had overtaken him.

But talk of him stirred me not to speech. No. That lay only between my Lord God and me, and one day I must stand and answer.

Mr. Bradley lay sick and longed for land to rest him, as he longed for the sea when ashore poor wretch.

Well, about the first of April in the year 1699, we arrived off Anguilla in the West Indies, and anchored there, and sent our boats ashore. Also my captain landed.

God help us, what a thunder-clap of news awaited us. Never shall I forget how I heard it, for first, as I sat a-writing my accounts in the captain's cabin, I heard the men returning from the shore and coming aboard in a very tumult of fright and consternation, all talking loudly and a-calling one to the other.

I laid aside my papers and got up to put on my coat and shoulder belt, and, as I took my hat, Captain Kidd comes down as white as death and drops onto a stool, staring at me out of deathly eyes.

"Sir," said I, "is aught amiss aboard this ship?"

"Dirck," said he, "the news ashore, is that we are proclaimed pirates."

I looked at him as though he had gone mad.

"It is certain," said he. "We are proclaimed pirates. All armed ships are ordered to take or sink us."

"Sir," said I, "there is some horrible mistake here."

"I know that," said he, "but cannot, under God, account for so cruel a mistake. Dirck, I know not what to do. My men are frightened at the news and they came aboard vowing that if I dared stand for any English port they would run my ship on shore, or wreck her upon some reef or shoal before they would put their necks into a halter."

"Sir," said I, "such an accusation as piracy against you is sheer madness."

"I know that well enough," says he, "and have my two French passes for our two prizes to show to my Lord Bellomont. Yet Dirck, my men have been mutinous, and they stopped a ship they should not have stopped and made me pay for the goods they rifled, and forced me to sign on a pilot and linguister. . . . I know not what these folk may have reported. All I know is that I could not control my crew, and did but the best I could to save my ship for our share-holders. . . . Then there was the affair of the two Portuguese men-o'-war that dogged us out o' Carawar, and fired into us. God knows what report they made to the English and Dutch factors. And then there was the news that an English pirate had taken a ship belonging to the Grand Mogul on which was the Mogul's daughter.

"And it was freely said at Madagascar that the Grand Mogul was wild with rage and threatened to drive the East India Company from his domains, and that the Company, in their alarm, were appealing to England to send a fleet and clear the seas of all pirates. My God, do you suppose they, or the Portuguese, have laid that crime to me and my men?"

I stared at my captain stupefied by the alarm in his eyes.

He said: "They tell me, ashore, that my conduct has been discussed in Parliament. So it must be that the East India Company believe me guilty and have made complaint and have sworn it was I who took the Mogul ship."

Said I, "You have your two French passes, sir, and every penny of lawful booty accounted for. You have but to inform Lord Bellomont and deliver your papers."

"Surely," said he, "my passes and my papers must bear witness that I am no pirate and that I could not help what my men did or stop them from joining Bob Culliford. But this crew I have shipped are terrified. I mean to weigh and stand for St. Thomas, but they may run me on a reef in their fear."

"Speak to them," said I.

He got up and went on deck, and there called his men and told them that they had nothing to fear, having done no illegal act. Then he called me and went up onto the poop; and there I read the two French passes, to the crew, translating as I read.

This seemed to quiet them. They agreed to sail for St. Thomas but refused to stand for any English port, and my captain promised them they need not fear that he would attempt England until he learned something more concerning this terrible affair.

Well, we weighed and stood for St. Thomas, and when we anchored there, poor Mr. Bradley begged to be sent ashore and left in a hospital to recover.

So we carried him ashore and there left him as comfortably situated as he desired, he promising to mend very quickly and follow us to New York on a convenient ship when well enough to endure the sea, poor soul.

WHEN I left Mr. Bradley, I went back to my ship, and presently came Captain Kidd from ashore in the pinnace, and drew me down to his cabin with him.

"Dirck," says he, all red with excitement and anger, "a commission hath been appointed by Parliament to inquire into the *character* of the share-company. They have unearthed the noble lords and great folk who have hid their names behind dummies. They have discovered that the King of England himself is a partner. There is a loud cry in Parliament, that this share-company is illegal, and that my Lord of Orford, who was Sir Edward Russell, shall be impeached and tried, and others also suffer. I tell you a great scandal is burst in England concerning this enterprise. And what is to become of me who protested against it and told my Lord Bellomont that it seemed illegal, but was forced to it by him and by my Lord of Orford, and by my King himself. What of me? I am proclaimed a pirate. The East India Company charge me with the taking of the Mogul ship and the rape of the Grand Mogul's daughter. And with many invented but bloody piracies besides—God knows if ever they happened at all—but if so, they smell of Tew and Avery a thousand miles.

"And to all these fancied crimes of mine they add the piracy done by my men, for which, God knows, I paid: and that I attacked the Portuguese men-o'-war and cruelly slew their crews, and that my prizes are Dutch and unlawful, and that I fraternized with Culliford and sailed in his company, and robbed and murdered folk afloat and ashore; and the black we executed to atone for the murder of my cooper—that tale is magnified to a cruel massacre of guiltless natives—my God, Dirck, they have a bill against me that I am to reckon with in blood—my own blood—and my crew's—"

"Sir."

"Hear me, lad. I am that angered and astounded— And they have despatched *The Queensborough* man-o'-war to take or sink me, and the King hath issued a Royal proclamation offering pardon to all guilty of piracy if they come in and surrender only excepting me and that bloody fellow, Jamie Avery—"

"Sir," said I, "calm yourself, for these charges be too monstrous to stand the light of reason and evidence of fact."

"Yes, but, to be proclaimed a pirate beyond the pale—"

"They are mad—"

"—The black disgrace of it—"

"Theirs the disgrace for their black ingratitude when the truth is known—"

"I am thinking of my wife," he said. Suddenly his blue eyes glittered with tears and he got up and leaned out o' the port, staring at the horizon beyond which lay all he most loved on earth.

At Anguilla five of our crew had deserted—through fear, I suppose. At St. Thomas we lost others.

Well, we weighed and stood for Mona, and there met a sloop bound for Antigua out of Curacoa, she being the *St. Anthony*, Samuel Wood, Master, and a Mr. Boulton, merchant and owner.

Here more of our men mutined, refusing to sail, and others took fright and deserted us, and we had not enough men remaining to take our ship into New York, or New England.

What to do, my captain in his perplexity and consternation did not know.

There was, at Antigua, a Mr. Henry Boulton, and a Mr. Burt; and with these gentlemen my captain traded to the value of 11,200 pieces of eight, and he bought of a Mr. Redwood, of Antigua, a sloop called *The Antonio*, for 3,000 pieces of eight, and there were 4,200 pieces of eight in bills of exchange, and 4,000 pieces of eight in bar-gold and dust—all for the owners' account.

Now, with Mr. Boulton he left our ship, *The Adventure Prize*, having Mr. Boulton's promise to look after her and care for her and her lading until my captain could return from New York and claim her.

Three of our old crew, and sixteen from the sloop *St. Anthony*, we now took aboard us in our sloop, and so, with bewildered minds and angry hearts we weighed and set sail for New York to purge us of the charge of piracy who, God knows, so little deserved so wicked an injustice.

Our sloop swam well, and we had a fair and steady wind, but there was no gaiety aboard and little talk.

I knew my captain was cut to the heart by these charges against his honor which now angered, now saddened him. Often in each other's company we remained silent or held but little discourse, and I knew he was thinking of his wife and Betty, whilst my mind was on Sancia.

It infuriated me to think what disgrace these unknown liars and libelers had cast upon us, and how Sancia must suffer under the imputation concerning me. For by now all New York was doubtless a-humming with the news.

But why did not these same noble lords defend us, or at least ask indulgence until we could be heard? Why did the King of England assume us guilty and proclaim us pirates, and send *The Queensborough* to take us dead or alive?

And my Lord Bellomont, who was chief share-holder and named publicly in the enterprise—what was he about to permit this wicked slander without allowing the man he had forced into it all a single word in self-defence?

And Robert Livingston who, with my captain, was under heavy bonds—

I know not why, but a chill invaded me at the very thought of Livingston. His name evoked in me a sinister presentiment, and I remembered poor Milbourne's dying cry accusing him of his murder before God's own tribunal.

Robert Livingston. Aye, he who began life in America as a town clerk and Indian trader in Albany. He who traded and encouraged those who "traded" in the Red Sea. He who, with Bayard, hounded Leisler to his death. He who turned his coat when the wind altered, and was staunch for Leisler's son when he demanded of England's King that his father's name and fortune be restored and cleared of shame.

And now this same Livingston, who had persuaded this same King to force my captain to this adventure—what would he do now, and how turn his face in this angry gale stirring England to cry out upon the noble lords and great folk who had set my captain on to this possibly illegal enterprise?

What foxy countenance would he make these grand folk? And his King, whom he had persuaded to force Captain Kidd? How was he to run with the hounds and the hare alike?

AND I knew in my heart that it was with the hounds Mr. Livingston already was running, and baying as loud as any, and my captain, in Mr. Livingston's eyes, was now the hare, and, if need be, he would hound him to his death.

As for my Lord Bellomont. I knew nothing about him, yet held him in no favorable view who had pressed my captain against his judgment and wishes, and was so high with Lord Orford and with all who held masks before their faces with one hand whilst they clutched at pirate gold with the other.

Well, all was gloom and apprehension aboard us as, early in June, we sailed into Delaware Bay for water and for news, and to repair at Lewiston.

All ashore looked upon us askance, but nobody dared lay a finger on us.

It was hard, here, that I heard a rumor concerning my Lord Bellomont, that he had sent out an armed sloop to take us, deeming such hypocritical zeal requisite to exculpate himself from all responsibility for the piracies imputed to us.

I told my captain what I had heard ashore, but he was too upright to believe it. Yet something of uneasiness must have possessed him for, when we weighed, we stood not directly for New York, but followed the southern coast of Long Island to its eastern extremity and, thence sailed westward as far as Oyster Bay where we anchored in great uneasiness and doubt, and not knowing what to apprehend from armed ships or from my Lord Bellomont, and were utterly at a loss as to what we ought to do who were proscribed, outlawed and hunted men, and proclaimed pirates, yet never had even desired to commit a single act of piracy in all our lives.

That night my captain wrote a most loving letter to his wife and to little Betty and I wrote to Sancia.

Also my captain wrote a letter to the Earl of Bellomont in which he said very simply—"The reason why I have not gone directly to New York is that clamorous and false stories which have been repeated concerning me, have made me fearful of visiting or coming into any harbor until I could hear from your lordship." A manly letter, frank and honest—for he showed it to me ere he sent it ashore to be carried by post to New York.

"And now," says he, "here I bide until I have some word from his lordship and learn what treatment I am to expect—" he laughed grimly—"whether I am to be received politely, listened to, and thanked, or whether I am to be hung up without inquiry on the slanders of God knows whom." And, says he, "I think I had better write to Robert Livingston—"

"No," said I.

He gave me a startled look, then his fine features flushed and he became silent, and sat there in the cabin a-gazing at his empty pipe.

WHAT happened to us, now, came very swiftly upon us.

And first arrived Mr. James Emott, the lawyer, from New York, to say that Mrs. Kidd had sent him to us if he could be of service. He brought a box of clothing for Captain Kidd and for me.

From him, for the first time in all these years, we learned that those we loved best were well but in very great distress of mind concerning us.

Also, Mr. Emott told us that my Lord Bellomont had gone to Boston, and that, if we wished, he would carry to him a message from my captain. "But," says he, "for God's sake have a care of his lordship, for he is so smooth a man that one might call him eel-like, and you know not always how to take him."

"Very well, sir," said Captain Kidd. "You will inform the Earl that unquestionably piracies have been committed by men *nominally* under my command. But this has never been by my connivance or consent. When these deeds have been performed the men have been in a state of mutiny utterly beyond my control."

"Sir," said Mr. Emott, "I shall carry your message to Lord Bellomont and bring you careful word regarding his disposition."

"I shall await you at Block Island," said my captain, "and would be vastly obliged to you if you will so inform my wife. And I pray you, Mr. Emott, to quiet her fears and say to her I am not guilty of what they charge me, and have with me papers sufficient to prove my innocence and the innocence of Mr. Hazlett and of several of my men who have remained loyal to me."

So, in this grave and instant condition of affairs, Mr. Emott left us, and that afternoon we cast off and sailed for Block Island, and there anchored to await Mr. Emott's return from Boston.

Twice, by fishing vessels bound for New York, my captain wrote most loving letters of reassurance to his wife, and I wrote my anxious and impatient heart out to Sancia.

When, at last—and it seemed a hundred years we lay there—Mr. Emott returned to us, he brought a message from Lord Bellomont in Boston, which heartened us most wonderfully.

"*Say to Captain Kidd*," ran his message, "*that I give him the promise of my protection if his statement can be proved to be true*."

"Also," said Mr. Emott, "his lordship had the complaisance to inform me that you might very safely come into port in any event, because," said he, "the King has allowed me a power to pardon pirates. I am tender of using it without the King's express leave and command, but if Captain Kidd could make that appear, he might safely come into this port, and *I would undertake to get him the King's pardon*."

So, my captain took Mr. Emott to his cabin and there he wrote a frank and manly letter to Lord Bellomont briefly telling all that had happened to us since we passed out Sandy Hook three years ago.

When the lawyer had read it, "Well," says he, "this is a loyal letter, Captain Kidd, and so clear and simple that even a child should understand it. But—" he hesitated—"I have this to say to you: I am on polite terms with my Lord Bellomont, but there is no love lost between us for there never was any to lose."

"How is that, sir?" I asked. "Is he arrogant?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Hazlett, his lordship is *too* kind. . . . A monstrous polite gentleman. . . . Butter and honey are no smoother. Nor is a wet eel. . . . And lays his fine, white hands upon my shoulder when he does me the honor to converse with me. Yes."

"You distrust him, Mr. Emott?" asked my captain bluntly.

"Well, sir, I know he tells others that I am a Jacobite. He hates all such. So why does he rest his fine, white hand upon my shoulder?"

Said Captain Kidd, "Aye, that is his trick and fashion, and I have felt his hand, too. But he is a kindly and a courtly man, Mr. Emott, and I think you mistake him."

"Pray God I do, sir. . . . Yet he cared not for Jacobites. . . . Well, then—" he took a hearty leave of us and went away from the sloop in a shallop to a ketch that lay near awaiting him.

What Mr. Emott had said concerning his handsome lordship disturbed me, yet Captain Kidd paid it no attention. He was that way—confident in men's friendship and credulous of their honest intentions, and no adverse experience ever seemed to sour or embitter him or make of him a suspicious and a wary man.

"You will see," said he, "in what kindly relations I stand with his lordship when I land and pay my respects to him. He is very complacent with me, Dirck."

It was plain to me that my captain was very greatly heartened, yet conversing in the cabin with me regarding our case, "were it not for my Lord Bellomont's friendship, and my two French passes," said he, "I might feel alarmed because," says he, "those among my officers and men who mutinied and deserted me would—if discovered and called before a court—turn against me to save themselves. . . . And I could not expect such rogues as Bullen and Bradenham to admit their own guilt by confessing that they had forced me to witness their illegal acts. . . . No, these rascals, and the others, are never going to confess that I held firm against them when they would force me to become a pirate by taking *The Loyal Captain* or by striking hands with Bob Culliford."

"It is well," said I, that you have your two French passes snug and safe."

"Yes, very well. Else they might even say that *The Kedah Merchant* was a Mogul ship."

"That would be monstrous," said I.

He said, "When I was alone in the cabin with Mr. Emott, he informed me in privacy that the East India Company, alarmed by threats from the Grand Mogul, have sent an Indian gentleman to London to lay a charge against me that *The Kedah Merchant* carried no French pass but was the Mogul's ship, and that to take her was sheer piracy."

"If the East India Company have done that," I said, angrily, "it is a false and cowardly action to save their own skins, and grovel and fawn upon the Grand Mogul. And I hope to God he takes their factories and drives their lying factors out of his domain."

"You take it too hotly," said my captain, with a faint smile. "They cannot make me a pirate under my King's commission if I took the French flag, and they cannot make *The Kedah Merchant* a Mogul ship when I show them her French pass."

"That is true," said I, "but for God's sake, have a care of those two passes, for already it is becoming plain to me that many and powerful folk are against you to save themselves by denouncing you."

"They cannot carry it," said he, calmly. "My armor is my honor, they cannot pierce it with perjuries and lies."

IT WAS June weather and the sun was hot at Block Island but a constant breeze tempered the heat. It was dull waiting for further instructions from Lord Bellomont whether to weigh and stand in for Boston or carry our sloop into New York.

One warm afternoon my captain lay in troubled slumber in his cabin, where I sat writing my heart out to Sancia, when out o' the tail of my eye I noticed a sloop a-drooping of her anchor very near to where we lay.

As she did not speak us, and as I saw no boat lowered, I continued my writing, and was so occupied when there came a rapping upon the cabin door.

My captain awoke and got to his feet.

"Who's there?" says he.

I also got to my feet and opened the door. And instantly was caught in Sancia's arms.

I heard my captain stammer out his wife's name and heard her sobbing cry as he took her to his breast.

"Sancia, Sancia," was all I found voice to utter, nor did she seem to know what she was about a-kissing and weeping and laughing. "Lord," says she, "it is hot in your cabin." And "O, God," says she, "that I am in my husband's arms again. Do you see my mother, Dirck. And yonder is Betty—"

I put one arm around Sarah Kidd and kissed her tear-wet cheeks, and kissed Betty, a slender, charming, shy child of seven.

They had brought a servant girl with them as maid to Mrs. Kidd, a Mr. Clark had fetched them hither in a sloop from New York.

Here indeed was both a joyous and anxious reunion, and, amid a thousand caresses, a thousand questions and exclamations, all the troubled news was poured forth by loving yet fearful lips, and ever we forced our gaiety to combat their fears and allay their fond alarms.

I could not keep my gaze from Sancia, who had become more beautiful than I can find words to tell you—so lovely, sweet, and full of grace and seemed well enough only somewhat pale.

We sent for Mr. Clark, who came presently to wait upon us—a kind man who bade us welcome to America and seemed sorry for our situation.

Well, we arranged quarters for the ladies in my captain's cabin, and rigged others for ourselves and Mr. Clark.

AND that evening Mr. Emott returned to us with Mr. Duncan Campbell, postmaster of Boston, bearing word from his lordship that we were to take our sloop into Boston. So, because Mr. Clark desired to be put ashore at Gardiner's Island, we weighed, altered our course, and stood for that island.

My captain and I did not go ashore. Mr. Gardiner came aboard to take polite leave of us, we weighed, then, gave him a salute of cannon, and sailed for Boston, but maneuvered, in Oyster Bay to allow Mr. Campbell to go aboard the sloop that brought him so that he might arrive before we did and present to my Lord Bellomont his report concerning us and our intentions, a dapper, lively, fashionable young man, and, thank God, a Scot.

Mr. Emott elected to proceed more slowly with us, "because," said he, "my lord Bellomont may alter his mind, and send a sloop from Boston to direct you to sail for England direct, and there render your accounting at the port from which you sailed."

For that reason we proceeded slowly.

Even with this cloud hanging over us, and with all our apprehensions and uncertainty, it was a heavenly thing to be with Sancia again. So dear and loving she had become, and so wise, with an understanding and prudence beyond her soft young years. Which I very soon discovered, and sought her counsel, and began to learn this about my wife, that there was in her a wisdom I must respect, and a sagacity I would do well to consult.

From beginning to end I told her everything that had happened since I had taken leave of her in our little house, and she told me how the years had passed with her, and all she knew concerning the state of public affairs in America and the new government in New York and New England, and that Lord Bellomont did not remain long in New York but had soon set out for Boston; that although he and his lady drove in a coach and six like Fletcher, otherwise he had instantly begun to undo all that Fletcher ever had done or begun, and in no way imitated him.

"Dirck," said she, "Lord Bellomont is a handsome and courtly Irishman of graceful address, yet you shall not forget that he is come to America pledged to put an end to piracy and most ambitious to prove his worth to our King.

"Yes. And what happens? Why, scarcely hath he landed here than there comes this outcry from the East India Company accusing my father of piracy. And, of a sudden, my Lord Bellomont discovered that he himself is involved because he is a principal share-holder in the enterprise. Have a care of this man, because none knows him yet, and nobody can say what his lordship may do to clear his skirts."

"Dearest," said I, "if he is an honest man, and has proof that our captain is honest, he must stand by him."

"Nevertheless, be wary of him, Dirck. That the East India Company have raised this cruel and scandalous cry of piracy has alarmed and enraged his lordship, it is said. That the Commons have pried into the enterprise of the share company, and have already preferred charges against Orford and Somers, has frightened him.

"He has said, publicly, that neither Scots nor Jacobites were favorites in England, that Americans were not popular because of their complacency toward piracy and pirates, and that he meant to purge the country and set matters right at any cost. . . . I wonder what he means by 'any cost'? And if he means that he will set *himself* right—*at any cost*."

After a silence I asked her if she knew how Robert Livingston had taken the news.

"There," said she, "is another man to watch. He is in Albany, but I doubt not will post to Boston as soon as he hears that father has landed there."

"To aid him?"

She shook her head, "To save his own skin at any cost. Oh, Dirck, beware of him. He and Lord Bellomont and our King forced father to this enterprise against his will. Now that this scandal hath burst in the House of Commons, all these are like to save themselves from public fury. And if they can do so by turning on my father, they will turn on him and rend him."

"They cannot do so infamous a thing when your father has his commission to show and the two French passes."

"Dirck, do you suppose these great folk, who were masked as John Doe and Richard Roe, in this enterprise, will allow my father to be exonerated at their expense in an adventure which the Commons cry out upon as illegal and a conspiracy?

"They and the East India Company, and the Grand Mogul will find a scapegoat, and this scapegoat will not be the King of England, nor the First Lord of the Admiralty, nor the Lord Governor of New York and New England. No. Nor my Lord Orford, nor the Earl of Romney, nor the Duke of Shrewsbury, nor Lord Chancellor Somers. . . . No."

SHE shook her head, took my hand in both of hers, "Dearest lad," she said, "do you remember what Father once told us, how Sir Edmund Harrison very carefully picked the crew for *The Adventure Galley*? How he had been at pains to exclude all *Scots* and *Colonials* because of their supposed proclivities for smuggling and piracy?"

"I remember," I said, troubled.

"Then," said she, "for God's sake tell my father to be on guard lest these very great and frightened folk find a scapegoat in a Scot and a Colonial."

"Dearest, he is the most unsuspicious of men."

"I know that," says she, "alas. But look where he stands, Dirck—with this mighty highly improper and, perhaps, illegal grant! And when the House of Commons goes a-ratting and pokes its nose into it, out scurry the rats—Orford, Somers, the King—"

"Hush, child."

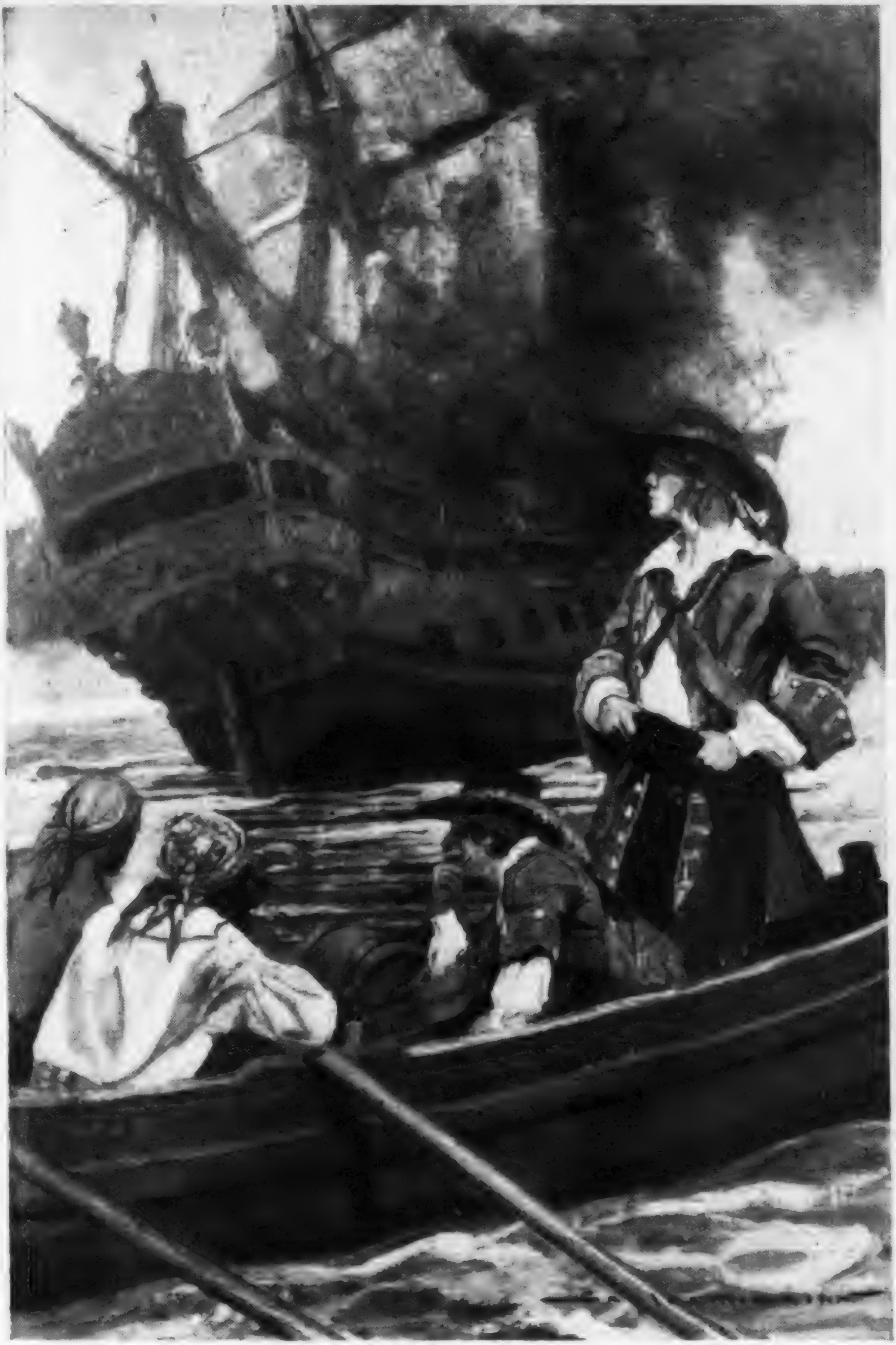
"Why, these very sailors around us on deck all know it. They have necks, too, and no love of nooses. They count on Father, and Father is confident of Lord Bellomont and his good faith, and then it runs t'other way, Dirck, and Bellomont fears Orford, and Orford is afeard o' the King, and the King is frightened of the Commons and the Commons are daunted by the East India Company and the East India Company is terrified by the Grand Mogul.

"There's your menace and your warning, Dirck . . . . And, if it were I, I would not go ashore in Boston. No. I would keep to my own quarter-deck and send my passes and my evidence ashore, and have a firm pledge from his lordship ere I ventured my skin and that in attested writing, too, and broad-sealed."

Thus we spoke together and took counsel against emergency, yet I could not be afraid because we had our French passes to acquit us of all evil.

When we were sailing near Boston harbor we spoke a pilot who came aboard us. He was a Scot, and outspoken, saying that the City of Boston hummed with news from England concerning us, and that there was a great noise in London about us and the excitement grew.

"Sir," said he, to Captain Kidd, "the East India Company have acquainted the Lords Justices with a petition humbly praying that



We had run the leaky old galley ashore, so that she sunk in very shallow water, and burning her, we salvaged much of her metal work.

you be apprehended and brought to a speedy trial before the High Court of Admiralty, and that what you took from the Grand Mogul to be sent back to him as satisfaction for his losses," said the pilot.

Said my captain, smiling, "Every penny that ever I took from the Grand Mogul shall be returned to him in a thimble."

"Faith of a Scotchman, sir?" asked the Pilot.

"Faith of a Scot," said Captain Kidd. "Take me into port."

They struck hands on it and smiled at each other—that dauntless, bonnie, Scottish smile than which out o' clear blue Scottish eyes there is no bonnier in all the world nor any truer or more honest.

WE LANDED in Boston on the 1st day of July, the year 1699. Mr. Duncan Campbell, the postmaster, met us on the wharf and escorted the ladies and us and our effects to his comfortable house where we were to remain his guests until this miserable business was concluded.

Instantly Lord Bellomont, who was in residence at Mr. Sergeant's house, sent for my captain to wait upon him.

So Captain Kidd put on his fine suit of ash-velvet, and put on his gold embossed shoulder-belt and sword, and took his new hat which Mr. Emott had fetched him, being of the new style, three-cornered, and cocked.

His lady came and tied his lace neck-cloth in the new mode, which was loose and only one fold, and one end very short. Then she took his face between her pretty hands and kissed him lovingly; and so, bade him go with God, and turned and went back with Sancia and Betty to her bedroom.

"Sir," said I, "may I not go with you?"

But he desired me to remain with the ladies, it being a strange city and our affairs uncertain and with a governor of uncertain temper to deal with.

"Yet," said my captain cheerfully, "he was very courteous and kind to me in London, and I know no reason why I should not trust him now."

He took all his papers, and the two French passes and went out with Mr. Emott who attended him.

It was a beautiful summer day. I went to my bedroom and bathed, and a barber arrived presently, to trim me, kindly sent to me by Mr. Campbell.

Then I re-dressed me in the new and fresh clothing which Mr. Emott had fetched for me from New York, and so went downstairs and sat in the parlor there by the open window to view the strange folk passing in this city so strange to me.

Presently came Sancia to seat herself beside me and hold fast to my hand. We said little. God knows it was heaven even to be together, though our minds were restless with suspense and our hearts dull with misgiving.

Betty came into the parlor, silently a-tip-toe, as though quiet befitted this place and day, yet the poor child scarce understood.

She seated herself at the spinet, and, with Sancia's permission, tinkled at it with her childish fingers and sang in her frail, school-girl voice:

Though all else perish with the Sun from view,
In all the world I need no one but you.
You, like the Sun, create for me my Day,
And, when you vanish, Night descends straightway,
You are my breath, my voice, my touch, my sight,
And Night, with you, is Day; without you, Night.

In the still, dim room there seemed an odor as of fading flowers, and the child's voice, and her shadowy figure, blended vaguely with the melody.

We waited. Sancia, presently, went to her mother's room. Turning from the doorway whither I had attended her, I became aware of Betty's wistful eyes, and she rose from the spinet and came and lay on my lap, her flower-like face against my breast.

About noon Captain Kidd came in, and instantly I saw how flushed was his face, and that his clear eyes were troubled.

Betty had gone to her mother's chamber, I was alone in the parlor, and into it I drew my captain by his sleeve, and softly closed the door.

"Sir," said I, "has it gone well with you or otherwise?"

"I scarcely know—" He stood staring out o' the window for a while, then sat down.

"I SCARCELY know," he repeated: "he did not use me ill, yet seemed somewhat distant. . . . Not as he was in London—all warmth and smiles and his hand upon my shoulder. No, not warm. . . . Smiled, once, but with stiffness. . . . Asked me how I did, some words that were words only and clothed nothing. Nothing, I think. There were others present. I waited to have our privacy. He seemed embarrassed. Said he thought it best for both our sakes to have witnesses to our conversation. God knows why."

"He wanted witnesses to what *you* said? Or to what he might say?" I demanded.

"I know not. . . . Well, he became grave. . . . Asked me questions. . . . I seemed to feel the chill in him. . . . I told him the truth. . . . What else had I to tell him, or any man—who never have acquired the vice of lying? No. . . . And still he continued at me after I had said a thing. . . . Kept at me about *The Kedah Merchant* and why I had not brought her in. . . . I showed him both French passes. . . . I laughed, saying that I thought these might stop the Mogul's mouth and choke the East India Company. Lord, there was a harmless jest, yet he seemed to think me frivolous to make such jest, and gazed at me with the air of a schoolmaster who smells guilt.

"'My, Lord,' says I, 'will your lordship be pleased to look over these two French passes? And maybe your lordship, too, will smile to see how vain is this cry of piracy raised by the East India Company against me.'"

But he paid no attention, and presently began again to question me concerning *The Kedah Merchant* until I became confused and wearied and asked him if I might have my lawyer, Mr. Emott, to be a witness to what I said.

"At that his face altered and he said with some sharpness that Mr. Emott was a cunning Jacobite, a fast friend of Fletcher's and his lordship's avowed enemy.

"His own words seemed to anger him, and he said that all Scots were leagued together, that Mr. Campbell was one, and Mr. Graham and Mr. Livingston also, and that the latter had had the impudence to come to him that very morning and, in a peremptory manner, demand his bond and the articles sealed upon my expedition.

"Dirck, I was astounded.

"'Why,' cries his lordship, 'Have you not already seen Mr. Livingston and juggled with him and Mr. Campbell, to embezzle some of your cargo?'

"I tell you, Dirck, I had no voice to answer.

"'Well, then,' says he, 'Mr. Livingston came here and told me that you swore all the oaths in the world that unless I did immediately indemnify Mr. Livingston you never would bring in that great ship.'

"Dirck, at that I found my tongue, and told him that it was a damned lie, and that I had neither seen Mr. Livingston nor said such words, nor writ them.

"I spoke with warmth, and it seemed to disconcert his lordship—and the council, too, so that he cooled, and questioned me with more caution and civility.

"I answered as best I could from memory and lacking my journal and papers which had been so violently taken from me in Edward Welche's house when they robbed my chest in Madagascar.

"So, having detained me until the dinner hour, they dismissed me with some show of stiff politeness. . . . But his lordship's manner had hurt me. . . . He was different in London—"

Captain Kidd's perplexed blue eyes rested on me, turned wistfully to the window.

"How strange," he murmured, "that this man who induced me to this enterprise against my will because of my character for honesty should so instantly suspect me of dishonesty even though I have given him proofs to the contrary."

After a silence: "Where is this damned Livingston?" said I.

"I know not. I have not seen him. Nor did I know he was in Boston," replied my captain.

"Well," said I bluntly, "if he comes to juggle with you, have a care he juggles not your neck into a noose of his own weaving."

"I think," said Captain Kidd, simply, "that Mr. Livingston is as violently suspected of trickery as I am of piracy. And I am wondering what manner of men, after all, are our great folk in New York who sent poor Leisler to his death because he dared stand for right and justice against their caste. That was why they punished him. He had dared show a front to privilege, dared defy the immemorial and sacred temple of aristocracy. A hot-tempered, but honest, loyal, simple, man. . . . Somebody had to be the scapegoat. No aristocrat. No . . . so it was a commoner who had to die. And he was the man they hanged. And —I am wondering what all these great folk mean to do with me."

After a long silence, "Sir," said I, "shall we presently go aboard our sloop and take our ladies and sail out o' this damned land where there be too many needy Governors and too many great folk who have made their fortunes out of the Red Sea Trade?"

"Whither?" he asked with a faint smile. "To be burned as heretics in Spain? Or put to the sword in France because we worship God as we please? I know not what ails the world o' men. I know not where to go or what to do," he added wearily, his wistful blue eyes a-staring at the window pane.

ON THE 5th of July, early in the morning, I came ashore from our sloop, where I had been obliged to sleep. There were no accomodations for me at Mr. Campbell's and my young wife and I turned shy of sharing the same chamber. For, though we were fast married, as we believed, yet after three years' absence it still seemed to us that we were sweethearts only and that no tenderer intimacy became us.

Now, as I landed at the water-stairs, there came to me a gentleman from my Lord Bellomont, who said the Earl desired to see me as soon as might be.

Now, I never had laid eyes upon his lordship, yet heartily distrusted him. I said to the usher, "What for?"

He seemed shocked at my bluntness. "Mr. Hazlett," said he, "I do not know but if you will be so obliging as to accompany me, his lordship doubtless will satisfy you."

"Very well," said I, and so went with him through the streets in the early morning, and entered Mr. Sergeant's house which is set back in a garden with trees, hedges and flowers.

There seemed to be many servants, soldiers, and gentlemen in the hallway and corridors, but the Earl received me alone in a handsome parlor.

He was a tall, fine looking man, graceful, elegantly dressed, and could—I saw—show warmth, and an engaging and caressing manner when he chose. I looked calmly upon the Irish peer and very carefully bowed to him, and he was even a trifle more polite.

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, "you have served as gunner-lieutenant aboard Captain Kidd's vessel?"

"I have had that honor," said I, drily.

"Sir," said he, "will you be seated?"

I took a chair.

"Be kind enough," said he, "to give me a brief narrative of the cruise of *The Adventure Galley* from the day you joined her."

So I told his lordship plainly all that had happened since we sailed from the Hook and I told him, too, what was my opinion of Captain Kidd, and of his officers, and crew—"a filthy gang of rogues commanded by a gallant gentleman," said I.

"We shall call them as witnesses," said his lordship blandly, "and doubtless they will exculpate Captain Kidd of all suspicion as you say."

I reddened and burned to the roots of my hair at that, but controlled my anger.

"Well, my lord," said I, "if there be none but Captain Kidd's mutinous sailors to be brought upon the witness stand, I think they are like to be somewhat slow to admit that they engaged in piracy and revolt which would condem them to the gallows."

"Sir," said he, coolly, "if Captain Kidd accuses them are they not to be heard in their own defense?"

"I suppose," said I, "that a jury knows how to weigh the testimony of such bloody rogues."

The Earl was silent for a few moments. Then: "Mr. Hazlett," says he politely, "are you not kin to the Earl of Derringdale?"

"My lord," said I, "I have no cause to boast of the connection although maybe Lord Derringdale has."

He looked astonished, "How so?" says he.

"Through his kinship to a good American," said I with all the impudence in the world.

His lordship flushed and his fine, white teeth fell a-fiddling with his nether lip. As for me, I had a desire to laugh, so utterly false did seem this noble lord to me. For already I had done with all he harbored in his mind, because I could perceive all he was meditating, and knew his thoughts to be subservient—not to truth and justice—but to the petty personal and political needs of his master, the King, and the mighty folk who now were cringing before the awakened voice of honest England.

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, "your connections in England are both high and powerful—if you care to invoke them."

"Invoke them Why, sir?"

"In the event of any further inquiry into this matter of *The Adventure Galley*".

That incensed me, and I got up and took my hat.

"My lord," said I, "if in my mind and heart I know I am not guilty, then I have no need of noble lords and great folk to tell me so."

"Yet," said he, "if you were *forced* to witness piratical proceedings by either crew or captain—"

"Damnation, sir," said I in a passion, "do you think I'd lie about my captain to save my neck and bawl for the Derringdale to bolster up the lie."

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, changing countenance, "you mistake me and, I must say, seem very easily heated."

"Yes, my lord, easily when it touches my honor."

"I meant not to touch it, sir—"

"My lord," said I, "I have told you plainly that my captain is an upright and honorable gentleman. That statement engages my honor, and you continue to question it."

"Sir," said he, "you are too tender and have utterly mistaken me. All I desire and contemplate is a calm and orderly inquiry which the law demands. And I do not doubt it will clear Captain Kidd."

"That, my lord," said I, "would be to doubt God's justice—ahem—! and your lordship's. The very thoughts of which," said I, "is blasphemous." And I made him a very low bow and swept a figure on the Turkey carpet with the long plume of my hat.

Whether the Derringdale end of me jogged him or what, I know not, but his Irish lordship was so camplaisant as to attend me to the door. Here again, I took leave of him with every utmost ceremony. And so out, and to wait upon Sancia, and my captain and his dear lady at Mr. Campbell's.

MY SANCIA, in her pretty night-rail and her cap and chamber robe, came to the parlor to give and receive her morning kiss. She was shy and pretty with me in her lovely disorder, but seemed happy, and she told me that his lordship had used Captain Kidd very kindly on the previous day, and that her father also had seen her ladyship, and had designed for her the customary present of a modest jewel or two and a little bag of gold-dust.

"Custom need not rule here," said I, "and I hope your father will ignore it."

"Why?" said Sancia surprised.

"Because," said I, "any innocent action of his may be used against him, and I would not trust my Lord Bellomont with a penny-worth o' snuff or a half-stiver o' sewan, and that's flat. . . . Where's this accursed Livingston?"

"Gone again to his manor, they say, and

vowing to take ship and demand of the King of England his bond."

"Yes," said I, furiously, "and has first done your father all the damage possible by bawling aloud for his pound o' flesh. Where is your father?"

"Why, Dirck," says she, "what has happened to you?"

"Not much. That means I have held discourse this morning with his lordship. And do not trust him. . . . Where is your father?"

"He went abroad to walk and take the air."

Instantly suspicion flashed through my mind. Was it possible that this damned nobleman had purposely drawn me from my captain so early in the morning? For what purpose, then?

As I stood there, in hesitation, I heard the street door open and Duncan Campbell's anxious voice calling my name.

Sancia, being in undress, ran to her bedchamber. Campbell came in pale and wild.

"Mr. Hazlett," says he, "the bailiffs have taken Captain Kidd as he walked the street near to Mr. Sergeant's house. He is arrested, and bail refused, and is lodged in the common jail by order of Lord Bellomont."

"By God," said I, seizing my hat, "I shall go instantly to Lord Bellomont—"

"To what purpose! My God, sir, consider. If they also arrest you and lodge you in jail, then you are useless to Captain Kidd."

"Well, what the devil would you have me do?" I cried. "Flee the city and desert my captain?"

"Exactly that, sir. Wait a moment, if you please, Mr. Hazlett—I am not counseling you to infamy. But I have been with Captain Kidd but now in the warden's quarters while his commitment was being made out, and he most solemnly charged me to convey to you his instant orders."

"Orders?"

"Yes, sir, orders from a commissioned captain to his lieutenant."

"Very well, sir," said I, "I understand what orders mean, and shall not dream of disobeying even if it be to do this noble Irishman's business for him—"

"Hush, sir, for God's sake. We know not who may be listening under these windows. So, sir, these are your captain's orders, and instant, that he is well enough, and is in no peril, and has, as you know, written proof in the two French passes to exonerate him.

"Further, that it is sufficient that his wife and children remain in my house to be near him and minister to his needs.

"Further, that Mr. Emott remain at hand to advise and aid him.

"Now, this disposition suits him. But he is in great dread that they arrest you and render you valueless to him and to his family. Therefore, he begs that you will seek Mr. Clark in the country whither I shall guide you, and there take horse and ride post to New York, and there, secretly, take the first ship sailing to England. And lodge at The Turnham Arms, in Turnham, which is close to London.

"In England you are to write to Derringdale, and acquaint the Earl how it is with you who are his kinsman, and ask of him an audience, and say to him that if any misfortune, miscarriage of justice, and disgrace overtake Captain Kidd, then it must besmirch you, too, and the name of Derringdale as well.'

"Am I to do this?" said I, trembling and sickened to so drag my pride before the threshold of these damned Derringdales who never had condescended to notice me.

"I have ordered two of my own horses for you and me to be ready in a secret place beyond the land-gate. I think it better not to tarry lest they conclude to arrest you, also. Yet, his lordship, I understand, is chary of stirring up and affronting the Earl of Derringdale. Still, we should lose no time—"

"Mr. Campbell," said I, "here are keys. Will you take them and go aboard the sloop and fetch me my gold and silver and other monies from my chest whilst I conciliate my wife to this new and sudden parting from her whom I hold dearest of anyone upon earth?"

He nodded, took my keys and hastened out.

THEN I went into Sancia's chamber where she was a-dressing her, and there told her all.

We wept. We sat on the bed's edge and cried like children in each other's arms. And kissed and cried and clung together until came Elizabeth, their maid, to say that Mr. Campbell awaited me and warned me not to lose time.

"Will you break this infamous news to your dear mother?" said I, "or shall I do so?"

"No, no," she cried, in a sort of terror, and pushed me to the door. "Oh, God, Dirck, let this false Irishman not surprise and take you here. Oh, save yourself instantly and so help my father and me and mother—"

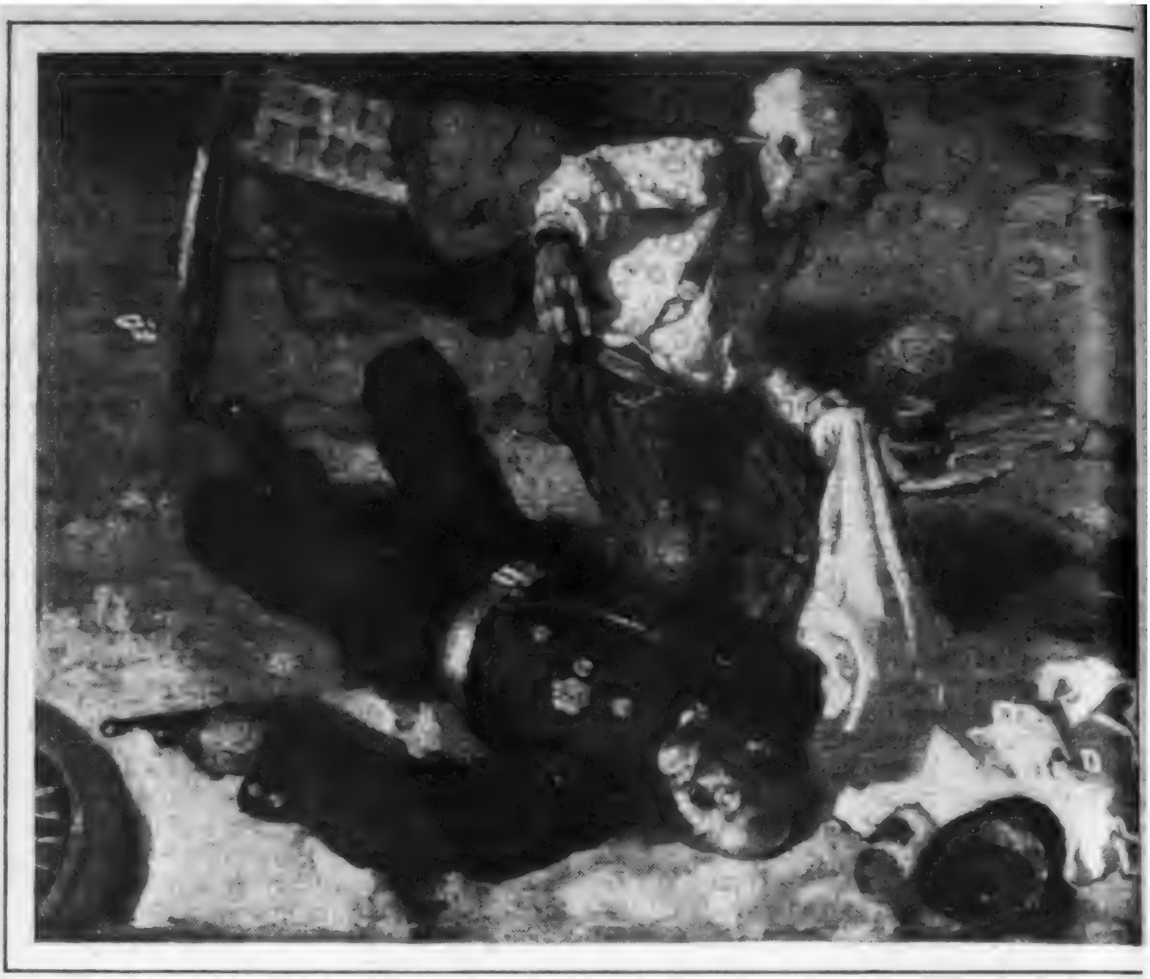
I swept her into my arms. "Kiss your mother and Betty for me, dearest of women. Say to your father I shall do my best as long as there is any life within my body."

"Go with God," she sobbed, "oh—go—go!"

I went out so blindly that I did not see Mr. Campbell and ran against him. He gave me my money in two saddle bags, and these I shouldered and then stumbled after him out through the rear door and garden and out by the wicket into the mews where two of his men stood holding two horses.

A moment later we were mounted and riding very innocently and carelessly out of the city of Boston.

TO BE CONTINUED



Lake sagged like a man of tallow before a flame and fell beside his motorcycle. But almost at

Old Sam Invests

Hash, the twenty-five-cent houn' dawg,

Illustrated by

IT WAS almost a year to the day since old Sam had come upon the gray mule which was about to be put to death for the crime of being old; a year since he had rushed indignantly into the executioner's field and bought the condemned mule's life for the round sum of one dollar.

Now the gray mule, Methoozla by name, fat with renewed youth, was loafing easily down the hot road toward town while the old negro on the wagon seat hummed a plantation song to the rhythm of the mule's flopping ears.

Turning from the dirt road into the smooth street of the town, Methoozla pricked up his ears and veered to avoid a small truck parked at the corner.

Sam, too, eyed the vehicle as he passed. Its driver was absent. The body of the truck was a cage; and inside, panting with the blistering heat from sun and reflecting pavement, lay a lone occupant—a black and brown hound of uncertain lineage.

The dog rose and followed Sam with its eyes as the wagon went slowly past.

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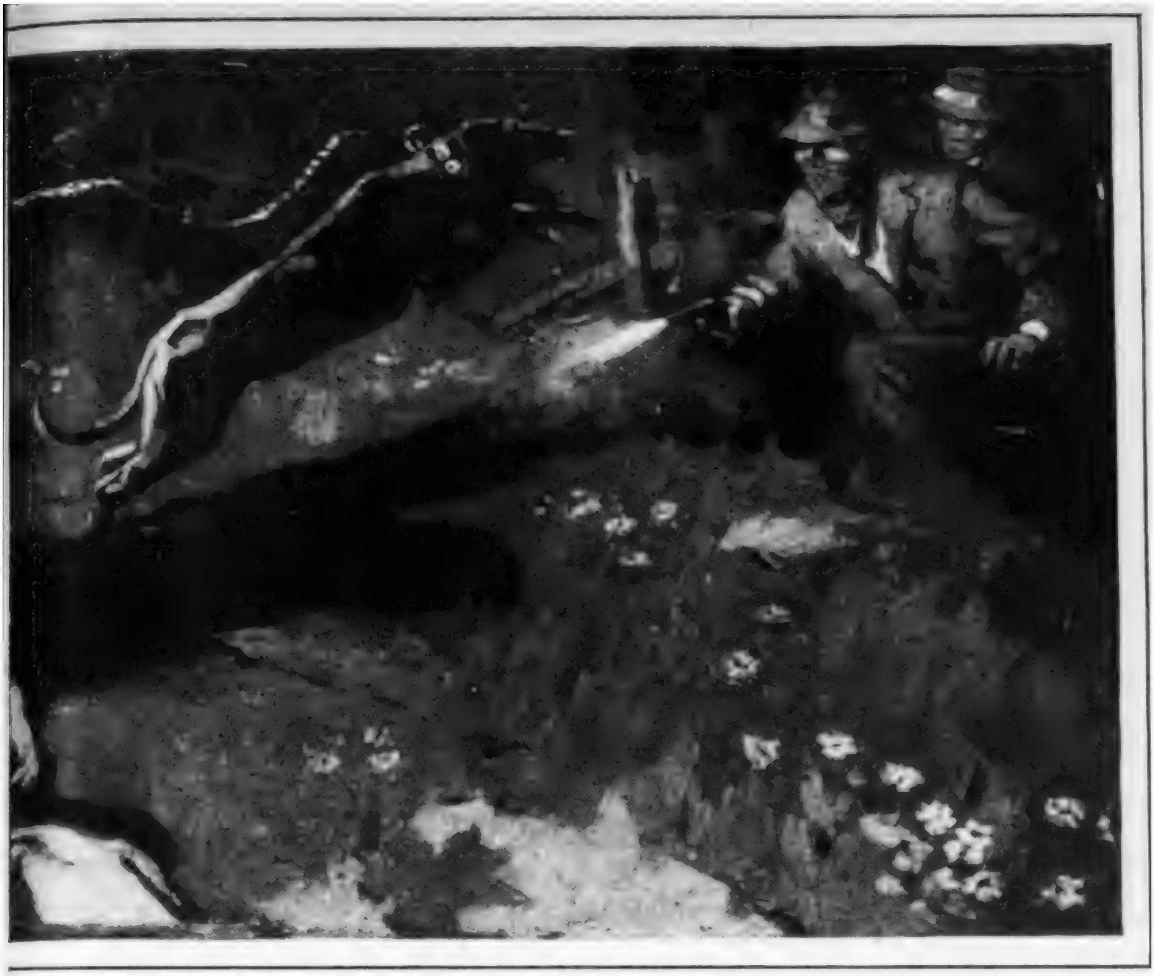


the moment the policeman struck the ground, a shadowy streak launched itself toward the man.

a Quarter

By E. Waldo Long

displays a discriminating nose

Dominick Cammerota

"Mah golly!" Sam breathed. "How dem eyes talk! . . . Whoa, mule!"

Sam pulled Methoozla to a halt and looked about for the dog-catcher. This was the dog-catcher's truck; and the dog inside the cage, having been deserted by somebody, was to be destroyed—else he would not have been there at all. It did not take Sam more than a jiffy to reason that out.

There was nobody in sight as Sam went back to the truck and stood before the brown and black hound.

"Po' puppy!" he mumbled sympathetically, reaching a gnarled hand in through the bars of the door to touch the soft ears. "Po' puppy!"

The friendship was instantly mutual. The dog's soft eyes pleaded with silent eloquence.

Suddenly Sam's sympathy for the dog changed to resentment at the dog-catcher. He examined the fastening of the cage door. It consisted of nothing but a hasp and a hook that could easily be removed.

A desperate plan formed in Sam's brain. He glanced about furtively. Then, while his heart hurried with excitement, he unfastened the gate, reached in and dragged out the willing, wriggling hound and tucked the animal under his arm.

With a hand that trembled with his haste, he again fastened the door and turned to hurry away. But Conscience seized him on the spot, halted him abruptly in his tracks.

He pondered a moment, looked appraisingly at the hound. Then he thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a quarter and tossed it into the cage.

"Dar now," he growled. "We'se square!"

But Sam was still nervous when he clambered onto the wagon, fastened a piece of rope about the wriggling hound's neck and shoulders and set the animal on the seat. Close by he laid his coat, folded just so—so that, on an instant's notice, he could with a single move conceal the dog from the eyes of passers-by.

"Go 'long, Methoozla!" he ordered, casting a glance over his shoulder. "Git!"

Thus began Sam's flight which ended a quarter of a mile further along when Motorcycle Officer Fred Lake came flying around the corner toward him.

"Golly!" exploded Sam breathily.

Impulsively he slammed the coat over the hound with such speed that the animal shrank away and nearly fell from the seat. The coat tumbled to the foot board. Sam made a stab at the garment with his hand, missed and saw it fall to the ground.

Naturally, this sudden commotion did not escape the quick eye of Officer Lake, a man noted for his alertness. He slowed down shortly after he had passed, turned and came up beside the wagon as Sam got down to retrieve the coat.

Lake eyed the dog curiously, with a glint of recognition in his eyes.

"That *your* dog, Sam?" he inquired.

"Yas, suh. He's a hound."

"How long you had him?"

"Not ver' long, Mist' Lake."

"About five minutes, maybe?"

"Yas, suh."

"Where'd you get him?"

Sam hesitated, his heart pounding like a trip hammer, the hot blood of guilt carousing through his veins. The gates of the penitentiary were yawning before him.

"Ah done lef' two bits in de truck," he explained.

"What truck?"

"Dog man's truck. Dem eyes was mighty pleadin', Mist' Lake. You'd of stole him yo'self if you'd seen 'em."

Fred Lake stared a moment. Then the muscles of his jaw twitched. He glanced at the wriggling hound which had eyes only for its savior. Then, assuming a ferocious mien, he snapped:

"First thing you know, I'll be pulling you in for burglary! . . . Now if you know what's good for you, you'll get a license and a collar for that purp today! . . . Not tomorrow! . . . Today! . . . The *next* time I catch that critter running wild, I'll shoot him!"

WITH that admonition, Lake went off down the road again with a roar, leaving Sam vastly relieved that the officer had not snapped manacles upon him and marched him off to the dungeon.

He brushed off the coat, got back into the wagon and started the gray mule.

"Lawdy!" he breathed, mopping his forehead. "Dat was close!"

But even as he was thanking his stars for his good fortune, it occurred to him that some of that "luck" was due to Officer Lake's good nature. He silently resolved that, if ever the opportunity offered, he would prove his gratitude to the officer.

Fifteen minutes later he related to Dr. Broughton, his employer, the details of his purchase and the interview with Officer Lake and appealed to the peppery physician to examine the beast.

"It's a regular dog hash," exploded the doctor after a moment's examination. "There's bloodhound in him . . . some fox hound . . . maybe some elephant for all I know . . . an accumulation of everything! . . . Fine nose, though . . . They use this mixed breed to tree lions in the Rocky Mountain country . . . Game as they make 'em . . . Brains, too!"

"Golly!" breathed Sam with elation. "A lion hunter! . . . Golly!"

"Hash, the Lion Hunter," chuckled the doctor as he turned on his heel.

In spite of Sam's determined efforts to have the dog called by names of nobler ring, the soft-eyed hound became known throughout the town as Hash, the Lion Hunter, an object of derision wherever he was seen.

"Shucks!" retorted Sam to one group of persistent jesters. "De man who th'owed away dis dog was like you-all. He got to studyin' de hide and forgot all about de dog inside it."

Under Sam's training, Hash acquired an uncanny ability to identify the ownership of wearing apparel. It had its beginning quite by accident.

Sam picked up a single glove on the road just outside the business district of the town. Hash sniffed at it curiously. Arrived in the square, the dog leaped down from the wagon and accompanied Sam along the sidewalk toward the post office.

Halting suddenly beside Officer Fred Lake, Hash, according to the habit of dogs, sniffed the officer's shins. The scent seemed to excite him. He hurried off twenty paces, then went back for a second investigation.

Then away he rushed to the wagon, leaped in, seized the glove in his teeth and trotted back to deposit it at Lake's feet.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Lake. "Now, where did that purp find my glove?"

Sam, watching, swallowed his surprise and pleasure. He did his best to make it appear that such conduct on Hash's part was the usual thing.

"We picked it up in de road," Sam explained.

"Well, you couldn't have put the dog up to this," Lake said, as if he were thinking aloud. "This is the first day I've worn these gloves. You'd never even laid eyes on 'em, and there's nothing to identify 'em by."

"Except de smell," Sam reminded him. "Cain't fool dat ar dog. Dey's brains in dat ar haid."

"I'll say there is," Lake agreed readily.

IT WAS barely two months afterward that Sam encountered the hold-up men. He had been to town, according to his Saturday night custom, to make his weekly purchase of a forty-nine cent shirt. That Saturday night custom saved washing.

Sam had merely to buy the shirt, drive back toward home along the back road, shed the old shirt and don the new one when he came to the place where the street lights ended, roll up the discarded garment and toss it into the rubbish heap at the edge of the swamp. The whole process could be accomplished without the necessity of Sam's leaving the wagon.

On this evening, only two months after Hash's training had begun, Sam was in the very act of pulling the old shirt up over his head when an automobile, coming at terrific speed from town, swung suddenly to avoid the unlighted wagon, skidded sickeningly for a hundred feet and came to a grinding stop in the roadside ditch.

A rear wheel had been smashed. Further progress for the machine was impossible.

Hurrying forward to be of possible assistance, Sam was astonished to be suddenly seized and ordered: "Get down outa there quick!"

The black and brown hound, sensing the situation before Sam did, sank his teeth into the long arm that reached for Sam, then dropped to the ground in time to avoid a blow directed at him, and—to judge from the yell that rose—sampled a near-by shin.

An oath and a kick was his reward. But it was so dark that the men were unable to tell exactly where the dog was—that is, when his teeth were not heralding his presence.

Three men scrambled into the wagon first. A fourth, disengaging himself from the steering wheel of the wrecked car, followed the others. A fifth tossed up a heavy satchel and leaped in after it.

It all happened so quickly that Sam did not have time to recover from his surprise.

One man seized the reins, doubled them and gave Methoozla a resounding cut on the rump.

Now, this was a social error. Methoozla despised discourtesy on the part of those who rode behind him. He always made it a point to register his dislike for hurly-burly tactics.

So quickly that it seemed to be a rebound from the blow of the doubled reins, a shattering smash from Methoozla's heels wrecked the whiffletree. That, however, was merely a beginning.

The doubled reins, with the buckle on the end of them, bit his rump once more. The next three minutes were crowded with action. While the dog, almost beside himself with excitement, filled the night air with his far-carrying "boo-oo!" and while Sam stood unnoticed in the darkness, Methoozla ran amuck.

The men in the wagon alternated in yelling advice to the man with the reins and in holding for dear life to the sides of the storm-tossed vehicle. But before the three minutes had elapsed, the wagon had been flung on its side, catapulting its occupants into the ditch, the hound had torn an ugly gash in the leg of the first man to hit the ground, and Methoozla, with the front wheels clattering and bouncing along behind him, was moving on the town at a speed that would have broken the spirit of the winged horse, Pegasus.

Four swearing, angry men were taking to the fields, and one, cursing over a wounded leg, was starting to limp after them, when Fred Lake's motorcycle roared up and the glare of his headlight played upon them.

"Stop!" he roared, pointing his revolver at the four men in the light's range. "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

The reply came instantly from the fifth man—he of the wounded leg—three quick spurts of flame and the rapid-fire roar of a heavy automatic from behind a bush at the roadside.

Lake sagged like a man of tallow before a flame and fell across his motorcycle. But almost at the moment the policeman struck the ground, a shadowy streak launched itself toward that bush. It went so swiftly that Sam could not be sure what it was.

From behind the bush came an oath of pain and rage. A fourth shot barked and the spurt of flame, this time pointed downward. Metalic clicks followed, as if the gun had jammed. A moment afterward a revolver, evidently hurled at something, fell into the stream of light thrown by the cycle lamp.

But the sounds of the fierce struggle still came from behind that bush. Sam could only guess what was taking place. Apparently, the man succeeded in breaking away and was trying to flee from the determined dog that kept slashing at his flesh with saber-sharp teeth. To judge from the frenzied curses and the sob-like breathing, the man was terror-stricken and sorely tortured by that unseen beast that slashed at him silently and persistently—hound-fashion.

Once, Sam thought that he heard the roar of a starting motor over near the grove, toward which the men had fled. At the same moment, the fifth man raised a shriek of despair.

But Sam paid little heed to all this. He had hurried to Fred Lake's side. For a moment he squatted there staring at the growing stain on the officer's uniform. Then he quickly tore open the coat, found pencil and notebook and, in a shaky hand, wrote by the light of the headlamp:

hury bad axidunt + rods
Sam

"Hash!" he began calling. "You dog! . . . Heah!" When the dog appeared, shortly, it occurred to Sam that the animal had come from the side of road in the direction opposite to that in which the men had run. He noticed, too, that there was blood on his breast and on his jaws. But there was no wound to be found. Folding the note and fastening it to his collar by running the buckle-tongue through the paper, Sam sent the dog off.

"Fetch de doctah!" he ordered him. "Go fetch de doctah!"

He pushed the dog away as soon as he was certain that the animal understood what was wanted and listened a moment to the patter of flying feet. Then he unwrapped his new shirt, ripped it into strips and set to work to stanch the flow of blood from the policeman's wounds.

Dr. Broughton was taking a late supper when a shape burst through the open dining-room window that faced the porch. The doctor had not time to recover from his surprise sufficiently to shout at the intruding dog.

In another moment the hound, his body heaving with the labored breathing, planted his forefeet on the doctor's lap, uttering his deep-toned "boo-oo!" almost in the man's face.

That bit of white paper caught the doctor's eyes—the splotch of blood on the dog's breast. He tore the paper loose, wondering vaguely what had happened. The dog could hardly wait until the doctor had finished reading.

"The dang blasted idiot!" stormed the doctor. He rose quickly from the table. "The whole county is alive with cross-roads, but he doesn't say which one to come to!"

Yet Hash seemed to know precisely where to go. He fretted and whined as the doctor hurried to the garage and started his car. He set up a "boo-oo!" of excitement as the machine rolled up the driveway. Then he fled up the drive, waited until the doctor had arrived at the road.

He turned, then, south, along the smooth pavement, halted only once to see that the doctor was turning after him.

"Go on, boy!" yelled Broughton.

HASH obeyed. Taking the middle of the road, he straightened out and fairly flew, never once looking back, turning now right, now left, sticking strictly to the business of covering ground, knowing from the sound of the motor and the lights behind him that the doctor was following.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the doctor as he came to a stop beside the overturned wagon. "What struck here?"

"Methoozla," Sam replied, still working over Lake. "Dey made him mad."

"Who's they?"

"Five crazy men wid guns. Dey shot Mist' Lake."

Dr. Broughton examined Lake briefly. Then, picking up the senseless man in his powerful arms, he carried him to his automobile.

"Got to get him on the operating table and do it quick," he snapped. "Stay here. Don't let anybody touch anything till the police arrive."

But almost as he stopped speaking a car loaded with police came to a shrieking halt beside them. In excited voices they poured forth the tale which, on the following morning, would be merely one of the usual newspaper list of hold-ups.

Four masked men had risen suddenly from behind the counters and stepped out of booths when the County Trust Company had closed for the night. Without a slip anywhere, the telephone operator had been covered, the alarm wires cut, the clerks and officers herded into the cashier's cage and the cage locked, the money packed into one of the bank's own satchels. Then, with a final warning that an outcry would mean instant death, the bandits lowered the lights in accordance with the usual custom at the bank, removed their masks and stepped boldly out into the street unnoticed and unsuspected.

An enterprising clerk had promptly hurled a paper weight through a plate glass window; and that had brought a crowd and had started plucky Fred Lake off in pursuit of the car which had been noticed traveling at high speed down the back road toward Dr. Broughton's.

Other cars had started later. In the confusion everybody had been notified except the police. That accounted for the delay.

Dr. Broughton did not wait to hear more, but started immediately for the hospital.

More cars arrived on the scene. Within a few minutes a cordon of armed citizens had been flung about the fields into which Sam had seen the bandits run. Other machines rushed away to cut off all retreat by the road on the further side of the field—over by the grove.

But when morning came and the cordon closed in, they found nothing to encourage them. They discovered a spot where a car had been parked in the grove. The empty bank bag lay in the deep grass. Evidently the thieves had planned to abandon the first car which had been stolen, so it was reported, get into the second and thus avoid the danger of being detected by some sharp-eyed person with a penchant for reading automobile number plates who might have noticed them leaving town.

While this discovery was taking place, attracting almost everybody—police and civilians alike—to the grove, Sam and Hash were doing some work on their own account. Once more the hound was following the trail of the man whom he had harried the night before.

The trail led from the bush behind which had flashed that murderous gun, into the adjoining fields where all the men had fled. But, some two hundred yards in from the road, the trail turned sharply, crossed the road and struck off straight *away* from the grove. Evidently the man had heard that motor start and, realizing his plight, had tried a new avenue of escape. At a shallow ditch the man had fallen. Tracks showed that Hash had scrambled out here, also. A brown felt hat lay almost hidden by the high grass.

Sam shouted to a boy to keep watch over the hat and report its discovery to the police in charge. Then he pressed on after the dog, across a fence underneath which Hash crawled, thence along a path to the road that led to the neighboring town of Winship.

Five miles Sam followed the hound, ordering the dog to halt from time to time so that he could sit down and catch his breath. A five-mile hike is a long journey for an old man—particularly after a sleepless night filled with nerve-straining shocks and suspense.

Occasionally the dog plunged into the ditch at the roadside, once even rounding a clump of heavy growth some thirty feet back from the road. Apparently the fugitive had left the road to avoid being seen by anybody in passing vehicles.

So surely did the little hound keep to his trail that Sam began to wonder what would happen when the end was reached.

Hash turned in at a cemetery, scrambled over the stone wall, picked up the trail on the other side, followed a winding path among the gravestones, struck out into the road beyond and continued on by this back route toward the town.

Soon Sam spied a policeman.

"Hash!" he ordered. "You, dog!"

He snapped his fingers and growled commands until the hound obeyed and came to him.

Then, holding the animal by the collar, he approached the policeman.

"Mist' Officer," he said, "Dis heah is de dog what bit dat ar hol' up bandit who tried to kill Mist' Lake—Mist' Officer Lake."

THE officer eyed Sam and the dog with mingled annoyance and curiosity.

"Well, what about it?" he demanded.

"We's on his trail right now," Sam continued. "We done folleyed it f'om de spot whar he done his shootin'. I'se got a feelin' we'se gwuine git to de end mighty soon. When we do, dey ought to be a policeman dar. Dey's li'ble to be sumpin bust loose."

The officer was interested now.

"You say this feller you're trailin' is the one that shot Lake?"

"Yas, suh. Ain't no mistake. Dis heah dog has blood hound in him. Cain't fool dat ar nose."

That last sentence was lost on the officer. He was already on his way up the street.

"You stay right here," he directed Sam. "I'll put in a ring at the box."

Thus it happened that four policemen joined Sam in the procession that followed the twenty-five-cent hound six blocks into the center of one of the town's neatest residential districts and straight to the home of Lester Martin, popular garage man.

At the door the dog halted and looked back inquiringly at Sam.

"This dog is a fool!" scoffed the sergeant in charge. "Lester Martin lives here. He's lived here nine years. There's none better than he is. That dog is out of its head."

But Sam's faith was unshaken.

"Dey uses dem kind o' dogs to hunt lions in the mount'n's," he reminded the sergeant. "You ask Doctah B'oughton. De doctah said dis heah dog had one fine nose!"

The name of Dr. Broughton carried weight throughout the county. He had a reputation of being a man who habitually finished whatever he started and who was not in the least backward about starting things. To make a mistake in this case was to risk an encounter with the fiery physician. The prospect did not appeal to the policemen.

"Well, we'll be on the safe side," the sergeant grunted. "The quicker Martin is eliminated, the better he'll like it."

So saying, he rang the bell and apologetically explained to the white-faced woman who appeared at the door:

"I'd like to talk to Lester a minute."

She stood irresolute, blocking the door.

"He's sick abed," she declared.

"Sick wid dog-bites, Ah reckon," Sam suggested from the background. "Dis dog might near swalleyed dat man whole!"

"How long has he been sick, Mrs. Martin?" the sergeant inquired.

She hesitated.

"Since day before yesterday," she said. "He hasn't been out of his bed since day before yesterday."

Hash, unnoticed, started inside but Sam stepped forward and pulled the dog back. The sergeant, somewhat puzzled, said:

"I guess I'll say 'hello' to Lester, anyhow."

In ten minutes the sergeant and his companion appeared again with Martin limping between them. Martin's right wrist and hand were swathed in bandages. Beneath his socks showed the swellings of other bandages.

"A devil of a note," he was growling, "when a man gets smashed up by a car and is dragged out of his bed!"

"It'll only take a few minutes," the sergeant said apologetically. "We've got nothing on you. All you got to do is establish an alibi. Your wife can do that."

Sam watched Martin closely. But the man did not falter at the sight of the hound. Only Hash grew tense and rumbled deeply in his throat when he caught the man's scent.

It took but a few minutes to make the run back across country to the robbed bank building where the district attorney was holding forth on the case. He had been on the job continuously since early the night before.

Sam and the dog sat in the outer room while Martin and his wife were escorted to the inner office. Sam waited more than an hour before he was called in.

"Bring in your dog," said a policeman.

A row of men were seated in the inner office. Dr. Broughton and the other members of the board of selectmen were at one side behind the district attorney, silent witnesses of proceedings.

"Sam," the attorney began, "I want to try out this dog of yours. Maybe we'll make him an expert witness. Have him take each one of those hats in that heap on the floor there and restore each one to its proper owner."

"Yas, suh."

Sam talked briefly to the dog, touched one of the hats. Almost at once Hash caught the idea. He had done that same trick before for the edification of Sam's friends. His procedure was always the same.

HE WOULD pick up a hat, drop it on one side of the heap, examine it with his nose, then walk down the row of men, halt quickly when he caught the scent for which he was searching, then would get the hat and lay it at the feet of its owner. To the dog it was a matter as simple as the matching of pieces of a picture puzzle would have been to a man.

When the test was completed, one man had no hat at all. One man had two of them.

"Has every man been given his own property?" inquired the attorney.

There were twenty men in the room. Only one—Lester Martin—refused to admit that the hats which lay at his feet were his. There were *two* before him. One of them Sam recognized as the one he had seen in the ditch.

"This hat is mine," Martin said. "But that brown one—I never laid eyes on it before."

He glanced at the man who had no hat at his feet. There was a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

"Guess it's probably Green's," he said.

The lawyer grunted.

"Leaving Mr. Green out of it was simply a trap for the dog to step into if he wasn't sure of himself," he said. "But you'll notice that the dog didn't take the bait. He delivered every man's property to the right pair of boots! Didn't he, Martin?"

"That brown hat ain't mine!" retorted Martin.

But nobody seemed impressed.

"The barrel of the pistol picked up in the roadway," the lawyer said evenly, "bore finger prints that match the ones we just took of you a half an hour ago. And it was out of that gun, so the experts reported about dawn, that the bullets taken from Lake's body were fired. You can't fool the experts on gun-play! I suppose the dog had you so rattled that you lost your head long enough to throw that gun away when it jammed, Martin? There's plenty of other evidence. Guess I'll have to have you locked up. A doctor will attend to your wounds. . . . And, say, Dr. Broughton, you might as well make out both those checks to Sam. I'll question him later."

Sam scowled. Checks? What checks? Was he being suspected of some part in this robbery?

"The bank offered two hundred and fifty dollars for the capture of any of the gang that robbed the bank," Dr. Broughton explained to the wondering Sam. "The selectmen put up another two-fifty for the arrest of the fellow that shot Lake. That was all fixed this morning. Naturally, there's nothing to do but give you *both* the amounts."

"Golly," grunted Sam. He hesitated, then suggested, "Mebbe Mist' Lake better git de money. He's a mighty brave man, he is, an' gittin' laid up will cost—"

"We're looking after Lake," the doctor interrupted with a brusk wave of his hand. "Say," he added with a click of his positive jaw, "getting five hundred dollars from a twenty-five-cent investment is pretty fair dividends!"

"Well," observed Sam, "it was a dollar an' twenty-five cents 'ves'ment. Methoozla done his bit."

He started toward the door. Then he halted and pointed to the soft-eyed Hash.

"He *ain't* much on looks," he admitted for the first time in public. "But you cain't always tell by de wrappin's what's inside a package. No, suh!"

How *to* Look *at* Pictures

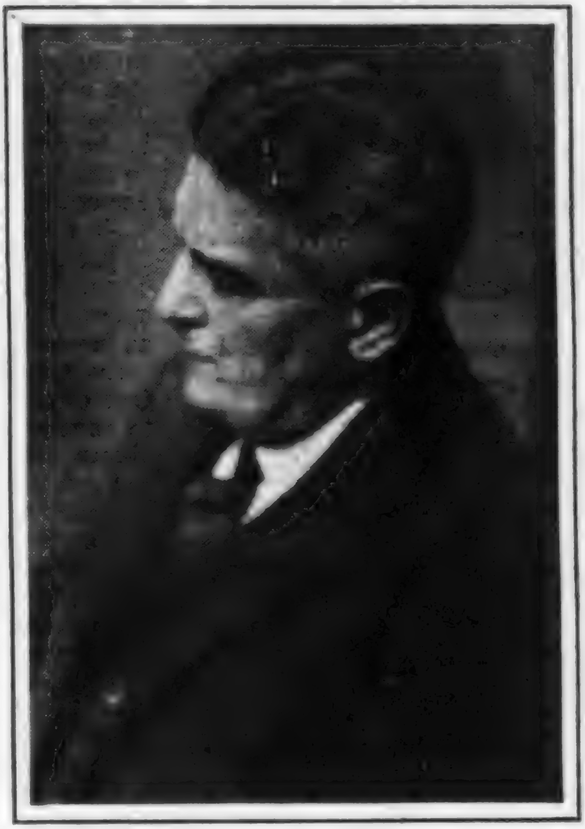
A painter explains why every great picture has a message for the eye trained to see it. Knowing what to look for is the secret of finding a source of beauty or inspiration in paintings

by Sadie A. Frank

"I STAND in the Metropolitan Art Gallery," admitted one frank spectator, "and pictures are just miles of canvas to me. It amazes me to see a group come up and stand for half an hour before a picture enwrapped and entranced by it. How should I look at pictures?"

The question was passed on to Thomas J. Crosby, landscape painter.

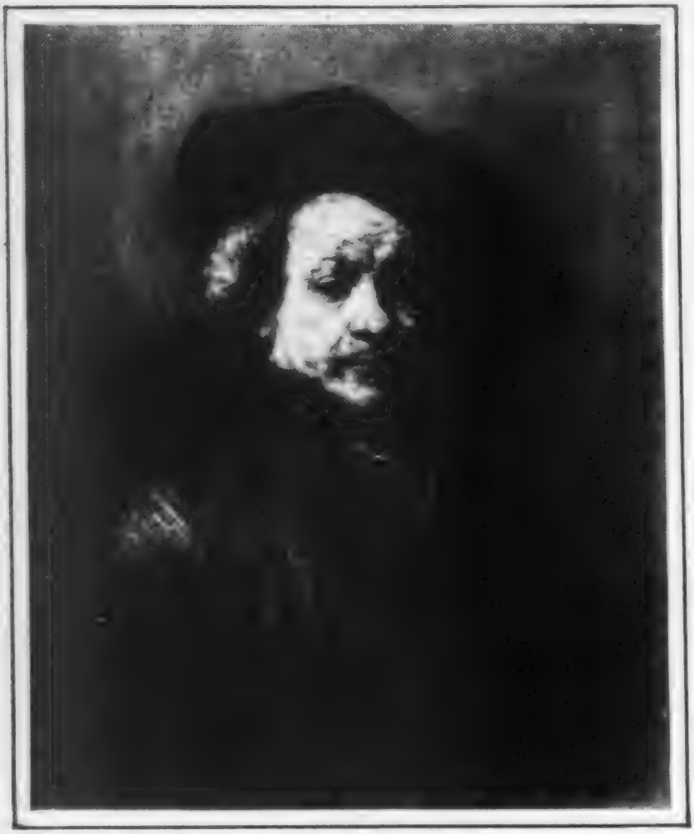
"Nothing annoys me more," he said, "than to see a person admiring a picture because he is told that it is an old master or because some one else raves over it. To my mind, a picture, to be good, should portray three dimensions and suggest a fourth. The fourth is the mystery behind it, the emotion suggested. Mystery is the thing to search for in looking at a picture and it may take hours, or, perhaps, visit after visit. Most painters carefully block three planes—length, breadth and thickness. But if the mystery can be achieved without this technique, so much the greater artist. Witness Corot.



THOMAS J. CROSBY, landscape painter, a student of Ben Foster's, has visited every important art gallery in this country and abroad. To him art has been a lifelong study and a perennial joy. Mr. Crosby has an original way of putting art values and is successful in conveying something of his own enthusiasm so you can share his understanding and enjoyment of the world's masterpieces.

"Then a person should be frank enough to say he likes a picture because there's a message in it that appeals directly to him. I remember a crowd before a picture in the Chicago Exposition. No matter what time of day you came, people were before it, getting a direct inspiration from its sympathy, its humanness, its appeal. I don't know who painted it, but I do remember its name, 'Breaking Home Ties.' In it a boy of perhaps sixteen was leaving for parts unknown and saying good-by to father, mother, sisters, brothers. It was vital, human, with the elements of feeling that drew the crowds. Its appeal was the appeal that the genre picture seldom fails to make, for it represented a scene of the common life of all.

"The point I wish to establish, however, is this—that just because a great master has painted a picture, it doesn't follow that that picture is good. It may be interesting in the history of Art; it may take an important place in the development of painting; but to the layman, it may



Any of the Rembrandts in the United States is as valuable as those in European Galleries for the study of how color, not line, can model figures. No one before or since has ever equaled his marvelous effects of light and shade. There are over seven hundred paintings from the brush of the Dutch master, including this portrait of himself at fifty-four.

not be a source of beauty or inspiration at all. This is true of many of the Primitives for instance, and justly so.

"Nor are all pictures of each artist worthy of being called great. I've seen hundreds of Murillos. There is no more reason why every canvas he painted should be excellent than that every poem by Tennyson should be as fine as his greater poems. Murillo, like most painters, shows a progression in his paintings. In fact, there are three distinct styles or phases of growth to be found by studying Murillo. His earlier efforts were cold, black, sad, almost trivial in character and expression. In the second stage, he deepened the warmth by stronger contrasts of light and shade. But the greatest Murillos and this includes his 'Madonna and Child' and 'St. John the Evangelist' (both in the Metropolitan) are to be found in his latest development—a misty style, merging tints, a suggestion of spirituality.

"In the 'Madonna and Child' is seen a brown-haired Madonna in a dull red robe seated and holding the Child in her lap. His arm is around her neck. The background is brown. In the 'St. John,' you see a life-size, full-length figure of a young man seated on a rock; he wears a yellow tunic, and a pale red robe is over his knees; a quill pen is held in his raised right hand and a book in the other; at the left is an eagle holding the ink-well in its beak; on the ground at the right are a book, a skull and a gold goblet.

"So much for a bare description of these pictures, but the thing that makes them great is the suggestion of spirituality that evokes what I call the fourth dimension."

"But suppose one does not get this suggestion of spirituality?" I asked.

"Then that some one needs to stand or sit and study the pictures carefully. The process of art education is similar to any other growth. There must be a gradual unfolding in the eyes of the observer in order to grasp the message of the artist. Sometimes I go to the museum and walk from room to room without seeing any picture I want to study. Then, all at once, here is one that appeals to me. I stay with it for an hour and often leave the gallery without looking at anything else. One cannot rush from one picture to another for hours at a time and absorb the artist's meaning. The eye gets tired of seeing. The brain gets tired of analyzing.

Here, incidentally, is probably the explanation for that peculiar beaten look so typical of a certain type of American tourists who can be seen dutifully plodding through their self-allotted miles *per diem* in the great European art galleries. What they ambitiously intended for art education has turned into a dreary sort of eye endurance contest. It is not impossible that many such people would get far more real understanding of art out of two or three hours a month spent in the galleries of Chicago, Washington, New York, or in one of the hundreds of good, even if small, galleries much nearer home. Failing opportunities for this one can still learn a tremendous lot about art by analyzing the good reproductions, almost everywhere available now, of famous pictures.

"AND analyze you must," says Mr. Crosby. "Just as you look at a flower or a sunset and see both color and form, so complete enjoyment of a beautiful landscape lies in realizing how much color and how much form has contributed in making the effect wrought on canvas. Search for the quality in the form and the meaning of it. See what the color expresses. It has to express something. It may produce an emotion that is sad or happy. It may contrast or heighten a story that is appealing or gay.

"A good way to study the technique of draughtsmanship is to secure good photographs of the pictures you love and take them home and pore over them. Here the drawing without the color may reveal how carefully the artist has worked over his composition after the first heat of his inspiration has passed. Where the artist has been careless, the photograph shows up this weakness mercilessly. Follow up these home studies by a return visit to the canvas and you will be amazingly more wide awake in your analysis as to whether color aids drawing more or the reverse.

"There is a superb collection of drawings, etchings and engravings in the Metropolitan. They include Rembrandt, the ideal draughtsman and the king of etchers; drawings by Gainsborough and Constable that reveal the technique of their composition; Blake's drawings in all their mysticism; the first design for the great 'Bath of Venus' by Burne-Jones; and Whistler's abstractions and suggestions.

"Note, for instance, the sheet of paper on which Michelangelo has made studies for one of his great figures on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. As you follow his vigorous strokes, as you study the development of his thought, you get closer to the creative artist than you do when you stand in the chapel itself and gaze upward at that stupendous work.

"Hours of delight and profit may be spent in the Print Rooms of the Metropolitan. That is, such hours will prove delightful to those who are fortunate enough to derive pleasure from beauty of line and finesse of composition. And if you have never made the experiment and are not sure, you will be surprised at the pleasure to be derived from an hour so spent. Try it, at least once, some time and see!

"After studying the color and form, it is wise to remember that artists have always supplied some deep-lying need. The origins of art were absolutely utilitarian. Therefore, try to visualize the man, the epoch in which he painted, the purpose for which he made that particular picture.

"I said the origins of art were utilitarian. In the Museum of Natural History there is an ancient cave-man picture of a bull outlined in a dim cavern. Now, the ancients drew and carved the figures of animals, not only on the walls of caves but also on the tusks of animals, in order to hypnotize thereby the beasts essential for their food and clothing.

"Early Belgians and Britons marked their skins with woad—a traditional decoration that survives in the tattooing of our sailors. Perhaps there was some esthetic pleasure in the color of the stains or the form of the designs, but there was a practical use also. Either it lay in religious beliefs, as is the case with the marks made on the faces of high-caste Hindus to this day, or else it was useful in the identification of persons. It may be that they were a primitive insignia of rank and precedence. This is the more probable because Polynesians and other primitive folk have useful reasons for the dots and lines and figures either placed on their faces or bodies with stain or paint, or tattooed on their skin.

Art to Frighten Sharks

"DESIGNS on shields and paddles which we find to be original and excellent proved also to be of the utmost use to their owners. For was it not useful to ply a paddle that would frighten off sharks and thus increase the catch of the fisherman? And could one ask for a better shield than one so carved and painted that it would paralyze the beholder, as did of the Medusa head on the ægis of Pallas Athene?

"Art must always have supplied some deep-lying need. In some epochs artists seem to have appeared in families or clans as if they served not so much individual as collective expression. To put it another way, they seem to represent the *instinct* for art in a community.

"In North America, tribes specialized in carving and ornamenting stone pipes. Mexico, Japan and China had their art centers, some of which continue to the present day, in which a specific kind of basket, pottery, or weave was fashioned by families. The study of pictures, therefore, is not limited to a study of canvases. For a different point of view is gained, when one realizes that tapestries, even though designed by the greatest of artists, were essentially needed in olden times to shut out the cold from inadequately heated houses. Thus it was that they started the movement toward beautiful walls and mural paintings.

"Even in the great Italian Renaissance, we know that pictures were painted for definite niches in definite churches—still in the sense of decoration, a utilitarian purpose. Raphael's 'Virgin and Child with Saints' in the Metropolitan was painted for the nuns of the Convent of St. Anthony of Padua, at Perugia, to fit a particular space. All mural paintings were and are, in the last analysis, decorations. Examine the paintings of Puvis de Chavannes in this light.

"As with any subject, the student puts into the examination of a painting whatever knowledge and preparation he brings to it. Therefore, the person who is sincere about learning to look at pictures will get some of the many books on art and study before his visit to a gallery. If, for instance, he knows what was the Dutch contribution to art, he will get more out of a visit to the Dutch section of the Metropolitan than if he came unprepared.

"Our eighteen Rembrandts rank with any of those in European galleries for the study of how color, not line, can model figures. Rembrandt kneaded his masses of hues and tints through the figures he painted and no one, before or since, has ever equaled his marvelous effects of light and shade. He always concentrated light from one point and suffused luminosity from the deepest shades. There are seven hundred Rembrandts and hundreds of Van Dycks. Rubens and Frans Hals were equally industrious in the canvases they have left to us.

"Yet Frans Hals is classed in the Dutch school with Rembrandt and we find Van Dyck in the Flemish School with Rubens, although one of the Van Dyck in our Museum is that of an English king, James Stuart.

"This would be rather confusing to one who looked at Rembrandt's own portrait of himself, painted when he was fifty-four years of age, and then, after seeing Rubens's 'The Holy Family,' examined Van Dyck's 'Portrait of James Stuart' and Frans Hals's 'Portrait of a Man,' unless he had read the story of the inter-relation of these men.

When the Joke Was on Hals

"WE ARE told that Van Dyck began the study of art as a student of Rubens. At twenty-two he went to Italy, studying and painting portraits in Rome, Florence, and Genoa. Over a hundred of these Italian portraits have been preserved. Returning to Antwerp, he shared with Rubens the official title of court painter. And one day, the story goes, Van Dyck called on Frans Hals without revealing his identity and asked to have his portrait painted. Hals dashed off an excellent likeness in a couple of hours, whereupon Van Dyck, saying that portrait-painting seemed to be easy, offered to exchange places. Wonderingly, Hals sat for his portrait, and when the canvas was completed, he exclaimed, 'You must be Van Dyck! No one but he could do what you have just done!'

"It was on Van Dyck's third visit to England that he was appointed court painter. There are thirty-eight of his portraits of Charles I, thirty-five of Queen Henrietta, and several hundred of various members of the nobility. Meantime, Hals settled in Haarlem, where one can still see the marvelous array of Hals's pictures—groups of city councilors immortalized for all time.

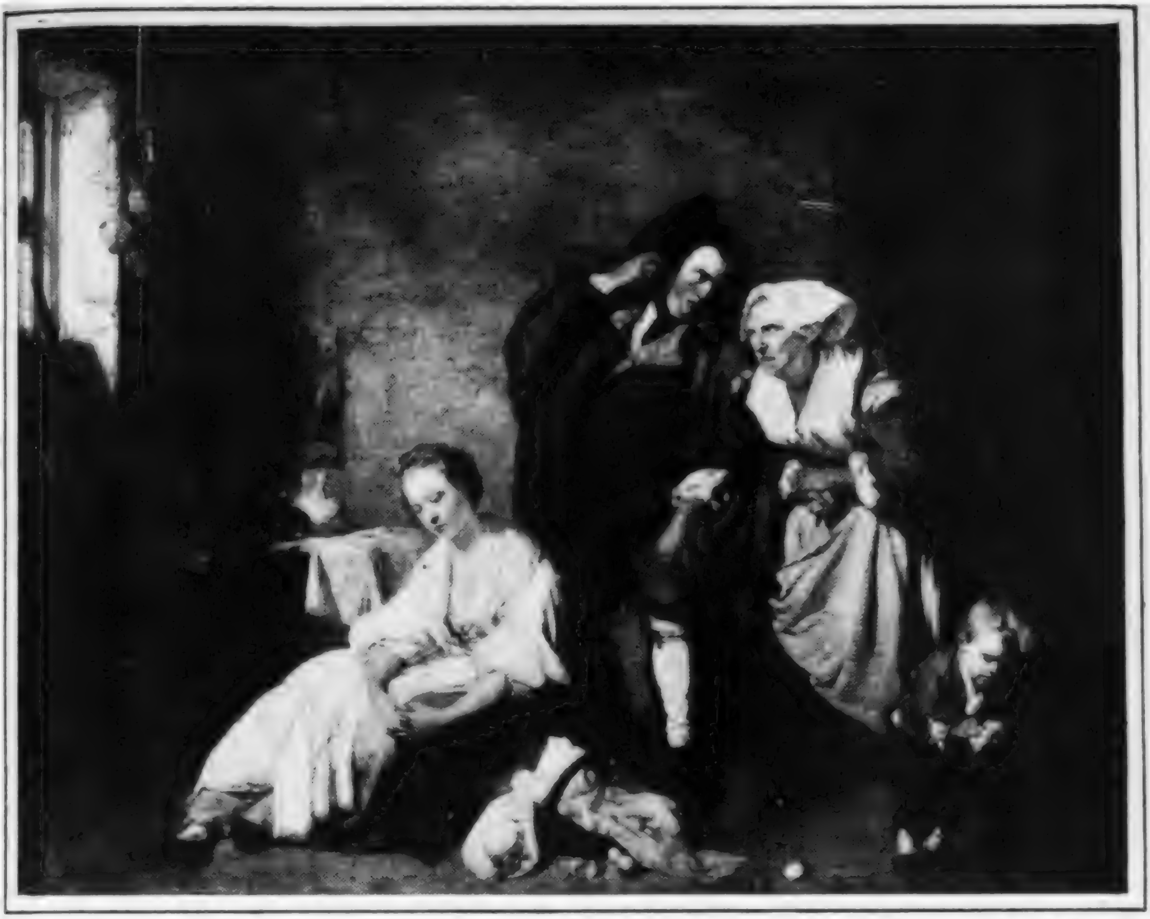
"While studying the Dutch school, concentrate on that school. A student gets more by sticking to one school at a time and by studying a number of pictures by the same artist at the same visit. Thus, he can more readily realize what the artist was trying to express. Fortunately it has been the habit of curators of museums to hang pictures according to the school represented. In that way the study of pictures has been facilitated. Among the Primitives are many that are valuable to the artist or the student of art solely because they show the development of art from the beginning. Laymen do not always appreciate them at first. They may lack perspective! They may be ugly in feature and form. But after seeing them, all the greater appreciation will be given to Leonardo da Vinci, originator of the laws of perspective in pictures. Before him the struggle to achieve—after him the struggle to achieve something new and original.

"It is wise, therefore, not to ignore or scorn the so-called Primitives; remember that there was a day when Giotto was as marvelously modern as Monet was a few years ago. At least look at these 'early' painters from that point of view — and with a sympathetic glance. For although they may lack the realism to which the camera has accustomed our eyes in the last few decades, they have something far more important. They are beautiful bits of decoration, which, in their proper surroundings, would charm the eye of any beholder.

"Placed in the unsympathetic atmosphere of a modern picture gallery, they lose the greater part of their value. Yet even here there is much that is beautiful in them—the rich gold backgrounds, the fine color, the sincerity with which they are painted. The painters believed with a touching faith the stories they depicted and their lack of self-consciousness is refreshing after one has studied the mannered poses of more modern paintings.

"Realizing the innate desire of Americans to look at pictures intelligently, most American museums are maintaining art courses designed especially to teach one how to look at pictures. I would advise the earnest seeker after art appreciation to enroll in one of these courses. There are instructors whose duty it is to take small groups of people through the galleries, lecturing on the development of art and illustrating before a characteristic picture the points for which each artist stood, what he achieved, and how he achieved it. Then return with one other person who is sympathetic to your own point of view to live with a few just studied.

"And yet no explanations can make one see the 'something plus' which really makes a picture great, the something which is created by inspiration. True, the artist works over his first inspiration, corrects the perspective, deepens the shadows, heightens the light and strengthens the effect. In a word, he does just what a great writer would do with a story. After the first creative effort is spent, he gives time to the correcting of his phrases, the rewriting of his words, the intensifying of his



Many artists have left definite statements in their letters, journals and books. It lends added appreciation to the painting, "Broken Eggs," by the French artist, Jean Baptiste Greuze (1725-1805), to know that he said, "If you cannot be true, at least be piquant." The work of Greuze is significant, because in its day it represented a complete reaction to the artificial taste of his time.

effects. This was what Delsarte meant when he said, 'Art is an emotion passed through thought and fixed in form.'

"And then he forgets all about it. He looks at the picture objectively as though it had been done by another. Apropos of how to look at pictures," continued Mr. Crosby, "let me tell you an amusing thing that happened to me last week. I was lunching with some friends in their apartments, when on the way to the dining-room a little landscape in oil caught my eye. Hastily I noticed that the painter must have been a pupil of Ben Foster. The middle distance was not strong, but this artist certainly did know how to paint trees, I thought. And he must also have been under the influence of F. S. Chase, for there was that trick of his exaggerated shadow on one of the tree trunks.

"'Where did you get the little landscape in the hallway?' I asked my hostess on reaching the dining-room. Imagine my surprise when she replied, 'You painted that picture.'

"After this experience I can readily understand the objective point of view of Corot, who, we are told, looking at one of his own paintings after twenty years or so, exclaimed, 'What a genius I must have been when I did that!'

"And yet all artists have not labored over their composition, drawing, color, and surface technique. Vasari says of Fra Angelico, 'He altered nothing, but left all as it was done the first time, believing, as he said, that such was the will of God. It was also affirmed that he would never take the pencil in hand until he had first offered a prayer. He is said never to have painted a crucifix without tears streaming from his eyes.'

"Many artists have left definite statements in their letters, journals or books explaining their intent. See 'The Sleep of Diana' and 'Ville d'Avray' by Corot in the light of his words, 'I am only a skylark, singing little songs in my gray clouds.' Look at the 'Oeufs Cassés' or 'Danae' painted by Greuze with his statement in mind, 'If you cannot be true, at least be piquant.'

"Find in 'The Garden of Georges Sand at Nohant' by Delacroix his idea that 'Nature is like a dictionary; we look up our words in it, their derivation, their etymology, all the elements in fact that go to compose a sentence or a story. But no one has even considered the dictionary as a composition in the poetical sense of the word.'

"Stand before Millet's 'Autumn' in the realization of his words, 'A peasant I was born and a peasant I will die; I will say what I feel, and paint things as I see them. . . . It is necessary to make what is trivial express what is divine.'

"A great many people who know little about art stand before a picture and say, 'I like that; it's so realistic.' If that's all it is, the picture might just as well have been a camera study. Try to think of art as a lens held up to nature rather than as a mirror of nature. By that I mean that the most valuable picture does not imitate nature too accurately.

"Go into the Metropolitan at any time and you may see a crowd around Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair.' It is a much-loved picture for its pictorial features but it is by no means the picture in the French Gallery most worthy of study. Like it by all means, but learn to love others, of which Bastien-LePage's 'Joan of Arc' ranks among the foremost in the modern movement."

"What should be our attitude to the impressionists?" I asked.

"At one time this school was greatly ridiculed. But all impressionist painters do not paint purple cows. I have seen blue shadows on snow at the end of the day, but I do not feel, therefore, that all shadows are blue. There was once, indeed, a 'blue shadow' school of painting, which was based on a scientific analysis of color. But we hear little of this school today. For the aims of science are intellectual, while the aims of art are emotional. However, there is a sane school of impressionism. Witness 'The Hermit' by John S. Sargent, in the Metropolitan Museum.

Some Great American Pictures

"BY NO means neglect our great American painters. Examine the Whistler paintings. Read his unique book, 'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies,' written after his suit against Ruskin who had written of one of the 'Nocturnes' that 'he never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face,' and added further remarks on 'works in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture.'

"Whistler won a farthing's damages and emphatically states, 'The imitator is a poor kind of creature. If the man who paints only the tree, the flower or other surface he sees before him were an artist, the king of artists would be the photographer. It is for the artist to do something beyond this, in portrait-painting to put on canvas something more than the face the model wears for that one day.'

"Other Americans hang close by—'A Connecticut Hillside' by my old critic and instructor Ben Foster; 'Autumn Oaks' by Inness; 'The Gulf Stream' by Homer, who has been said to typify in painting what Walt Whitman does in poetry and Abraham Lincoln in statesmanship. There, too, is Sargent's 'Venetian Canal,' but to really know Sargent it is necessary to make a pilgrimage to the Brooklyn Museum in order to study the eighty or more brilliant water colors of John Singer Sargent which are displayed there. In the same museum are to be found canvases of Whistler, Homer and La Farge.

"To understand La Farge at his best and how his color expressed all the emotions of the human soul it will be necessary to make further pilgrimages—to visit churches where the La Farges may be seen in their proper setting. It varies the interest, too, to see pictures in other places than the museums. The windows in Grace Church, Broadway and Tenth Street, were done by La Farge, Burne-Jones and Frederick Wilson. La Farge painted the mural decorations in the Little Church Around the Corner and some of the decorations in the Church of the Paulist Fathers.

"In the chapel of the Church of St. Bartholomew's, Park Avenue at Fiftieth Street, one can find a painting shown as paintings should be shown—not hung side by side in picture galleries much as stamps are placed in an album, but in their proper settings.

"When considering the question of the relation of paintings to their surroundings, one may have neither time nor opportunity to see all the fine work being done in this country by our mural painters—such work, for instance, as Miss Violet Oakley has placed in the State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. But those passing through New York should at least see the great hall in the Cunard Building.

"There Ezra Winter, Barry Faulkner and others, working in close cooperation with the architect, Benjamin Wistar Morris, have produced an interior which can hold its own with a number of the famous halls of Europe. In learning how to look at pictures, the Cunard Building is a good place to start. For with pictures as with other things, the surroundings are as important as the things themselves.

"Finally, I would suggest, study to what degree the picture portrays the four dimensions; examine to what heights of imagination color and drawing are raised; see a picture so far as possible in its proper setting, and, above all, realize to what degree it measures up to a sublime idea or emotion, nobly conceived. Thereby, I feel, the one who sincerely wishes to know how to look at pictures will see unfolding within his vision an ever-growing ideal of art perception and appreciation."

Tools Are His Playthings

Tim Thrift has a regular job, but in his spare time he plays with saw and hammer to good purpose. Most of the furniture in his comfortable ten-room home is the product of his own hands

by Albert Sidney Gregg

HIS eyes glowed with the fire of a true creative artist, as he led me from room to room and pointed out the products of his unique craftsmanship—chairs, tables, dressers, lamp stands, bedroom suites, and radio cabinets—all made by his own hands during his leisure hours.

IT STARTED with a box of tools that Mrs. Thrift put in her husband's Christmas stocking ten years ago. "My first thought," he says, "was that the gift was intended as a practical joke, for I have never been a handy man with tools." Mr. Thrift's first effort was a table lamp. Now he goes in for whole suites of furniture. He has found health and happiness in a useful hobby that he enjoys immensely.

Tim Thrift's regular job is to manage the advertising for the American Multigraph Co. and write books on advertising, but when he comes home at night he dons a work jacket and a cap, lights his big pipe, and spends the evening in his basement making something useful for the house or as a gift for a friend.

He lives near Shaker Boulevard in Shaker Heights, an exclusive park-like residence suburb of Cleveland, made famous by the Van Sweringens, and he travels back and forth in a Rapid Transit train that speeds along at fifty miles an hour. It is the most unlikely place in the world to find a cabinet shop and a master of the house who would rather play with a saw, a plane, a brace and bit, a turning lathe, a hammer, or a glue pot, than to swing a golf club, or visit a gymnasium in search of exercise and recreation. Eighty per cent of the furniture in Tim Thrift's comfortable house of ten rooms was made by Tim himself.

Among the maze of interesting things he showed me was a dining-room set of mahogany and quarter-sawed oak, stained walnut, that was certainly a classy affair.

"What is the value of that outfit," I inquired, in an effort to establish a basis for computing the money value of Thrift's hobby.

"I wouldn't sell it for a thousand dollars," he replied decisively.

"How long did it take you to make it?"

"Oh, I suppose I was at it about three months altogether."

This set consisted of a rectangular dining table, nine sturdy chairs, a sideboard with overhanging mirror, two china closets, a small cabinet, and a convenient arrangement for extension purposes. Three extra leaves were mounted on legs in such a way that they could be used as a side table. Two of the leaves were hinged. When additional room is needed for guests, the mounted leaves can be moved up and set at the end, instead of being laid in the table in the usual way.

"How in the world did you ever get started as a cabinet-maker," I shot at Thrift later as we sat in the living-room.

"Adam fashion, I suppose I must blame my wife," he replied with a good-natured grin, as he nodded toward Mrs. Thrift, who flashed back an understanding smile.

Just then a very intelligent Airedale came into the room, and extended a friendly greeting to each person, including the writer.

"Lucky Dog," exclaimed Tim, as he affectionately patted the animal on the head. "I named him 'Lucky Dog,' because my life has been a series of lucky happenings. One piece of good luck was when my wife put a box of tools in my stocking for Christmas ten years ago. It was an outfit that cost about forty dollars. My first thought was that the gift was intended as a practical joke, for I have never been what is known as a 'handy man with tools.' Of course I knew a grindstone from a jig saw, and I could drive a nail or saw a board, but that was about all."

I turned toward Mrs. Thrift to ask her for an explanation but she anticipated me.

"You are wondering why I did it?" she exclaimed.

"Exactly."

"Well, I wanted to give him something

different for once," she continued, "something besides the usual alternatives of dressing jacket, smoking set, handkerchiefs, socks, and endless neckties, and I guess I succeeded.

"Are you satisfied?"

"Oh, yes, but I sometimes get a little jealous," she replied, "for when he becomes absorbed in his hobby, I'm afraid he forgets my very existence."

"Yes, but look at the pretty things I have made for you," was Thrift's comeback.

"After I got the tools," he continued, "I looked them over one by one, and as I did so I felt an unexpected urge to make something out of wood. First I put up a bench in the basement, hung an electric light over it, attached my tool box to the wall, and looked about for some wood to conquer. I took it for granted that I would be able to buy a few good books on amateur carpentry and cabinet work, from which I could obtain a start, but much to my surprise I had to hunt a long time before I found anything suitable. All that I could dig up were little handbooks written more for boys than men, and the articles they described were either too simple or dealt with Mission furniture—a style which did not appeal to me. I found several other treatises, by authorities, but they were far over my head. Moreover the illustrations tended to the 'black walnut period' and did not seem to be in keeping with modern furnishings.

"The only thing left for me was to puzzle the matter out for myself. I began by laying in a supply of furniture catalogues, which I went through with great care. I analyzed the construction of furniture in my own home, and in the homes of my friends, and have managed to get along without once visiting a furniture factory or a cabinet shop.

How to Make Your Own "Heirlooms"

"THE first thing I made was a table lamp. It was a simple thing in oak, with a square base, a standard and a cap piece, fitted with four arms to support a shade. My wife made the shade, and got herself into the business of making shades for all the lamps I turn out. And I want to add that her lamp shades are real works of art. A piano lamp followed, and then came a Roman chair and couch. Six months after I began working with tools we moved into this house. Then I set out to furnish it with things I had actually made myself, and it has taken me nine years to get eighty per cent of the job done. Bit by bit and piece by piece, I am replacing store furniture with articles turned out in my own shop. And I have had a lot of fun doing it."

In his new home Thrift reserved ample space in the basement for his hobby. He has built up a very complete outfit, consisting of the original box of tools, a power saw with a one-horse-power electric motor, a lathe, a special plane with forty five combinations, a doweling jig, routers, drills, power scroll saw, glue pot, clamps, and dozens of other tools and appliances. Much of the work is designed by Thrift himself or adapted from something he has seen in a catalogue. So far he has followed conventional models, with a decided preference for square corners and straight lines, but not the ruggedness of Mission furniture. His work is very simple, and without ornamentation of any kind. Among the articles now in place, besides the dining-room set previously mentioned, are bedroom suites enameled with a delicate blue or mahogany finish, a mahogany work table, work basket, lamp stand, book case, phonograph record case, and writing desk, all revealing the smooth technique of an expert cabinet maker.

Practically all of his work is planned ahead, but seldom worked out in detail. He rarely puts anything on paper until he is ready to begin construction. Then he sketches a rough draft of the design with dimensions. By making haste slowly he has yet to make a mistake that would cause him to start over again.

He uses both mortise and dowel construction, (that is he joins the wood with a groove and tenon or pegs it) depending largely on the nature of the article. He finishes his work as neatly on the inside where it won't show, as he does on the outside where it will show. This may be unnecessary, but it is the sort of pride that marks a real cabinet-maker.

At first Thrift had his turning done by a professional wood turner; but now he turns all his pieces himself with his own lathe, and he learned merely by experimenting. In telling of the early difficulties he encountered Thrift said:

"I have met with two difficulties that were hard to overcome. The first was where to obtain suitable lumber, and the other was how to do the finishing. Now I purchase wood several months before I am ready to use it, and I store it in an open rack in a dry, warm place, where the air can reach it easily. I buy in six, eight and ten-foot lengths, one-half, three-quarters, and one inch in thickness, surfaced and sanded all ready for use. The art of properly finishing a piece of furniture is as great as the art of building it. I knew a little about finishes when I started, but I have learned a great deal more since. I am by no means satisfied with my results, and probably never will be, for I haven't the time or the patience to rub down to a piano finish. Most people would probably never notice the difference, but I see it, and know there is room for improvement. The solution is largely a matter of time, labor and more experience."

"What have I gained by becoming a cabinet-maker?

"First of all, I have a pleasurable hobby and recreation. My health is better and my

From his work bench in the basement, Tim Thrift is gradually furnishing his home with things he makes himself. In after-office hours he has perfected his skill as a craftsman to the point where he can design, construct and finish pieces as attractive and substantial as these specimens of his handiwork photographed in the Thrift dining room.

mind keener. Despite initial and subsequent expense for equipment and the cost of material, I have made a substantial saving in the cost of furnishing my home. I enjoy the satisfaction of living with the things my own hands have produced, and my family will have as heirlooms the things that 'Daddy made.' "

There is one more thing I wish you would explain, if you can," I said, "for your experience has a curious bearing on the question of 'why is a genius.' You began as a printer, and you have been engaged in the printing business and in advertising all your life. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, it is."

"And you did not have much to do with tools until after you were married?"

"Right again."

"Now how do you account for your aptitude as a cabinet-maker?"

"The only possible explanation is that it is hereditary, but I did not know I had it in me until I got my hands on the tools my wife gave me. Only recently I found out that my grandfather, who lived in Cincinnati, was originally a cabinet-maker. When he got married his father-in-law gave him a farm on condition that he would quit his cabinet shop and become a

[*Continued on page 168*]

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

Fagan, a story by Rowland Thomas, and the complete text of Eugene O'Neill's famous play, *The Emperor Jones*, are reprinted in the following pages.

EACH month this department puts before you two choice selections from literature already published and tested. One is usually a masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author, the other a more modern story of the same general character by a writer nearer our own time. This month an element of novelty is introduced by republication of the complete text of "The Emperor Jones," a play that loses none of its dramatic quality in print. It makes a most fitting companion piece for a story by an author who is "old" only in the sense that he is no longer writing fiction.

The aid of a committee of discriminating authorities lends added attraction to a series that has so far resulted in the republication of stories by

Prosper Mérimée
Edward Everett Hale
Richard Harding Davis
James B. Connolly
Edgar Allan Poe
Frank R. Stockton
Robert Louis Stevenson
O. Henry
Stephen Crane
H. G. Wells
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Wilkie Collins
Edith Wharton
Joseph Conrad
James Hopper
Donn Byrne

The selection committee comprises Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, author of "A Handbook of Short Story Writing," associate professor of English at Hunter College, and instructor in short story writing, Columbia University; Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and author of several books on the short story; and Mr. Harry Esty Dounce, author, reviewer and critic. Write them frankly, in our care, your judgment of the stories published, together with suggestions for future selections for this series.

The Authors

Rowland Thomas

TWENTY years ago *Fagan* was famous as the winner of $5,000, then the largest sum ever received by an author for one short story. The award and its announcement constituted a little romance in themselves. The prize contest was held by the *Collier's Weekly* of those days. The twelve thousand manuscripts entered included stories by many of the best known fiction writers in America. One quite unknown contestant was a newspaper man of twenty-five, who had worked on a paper in Manila. He entered two stories. With one of them he had taken the greatest pains, and he built any hopes he had of a prize on that one. The other, "dashed off" and sent in just for luck, was founded on fact, the case of a big Negro soldier deserting and joining the insurrectos.

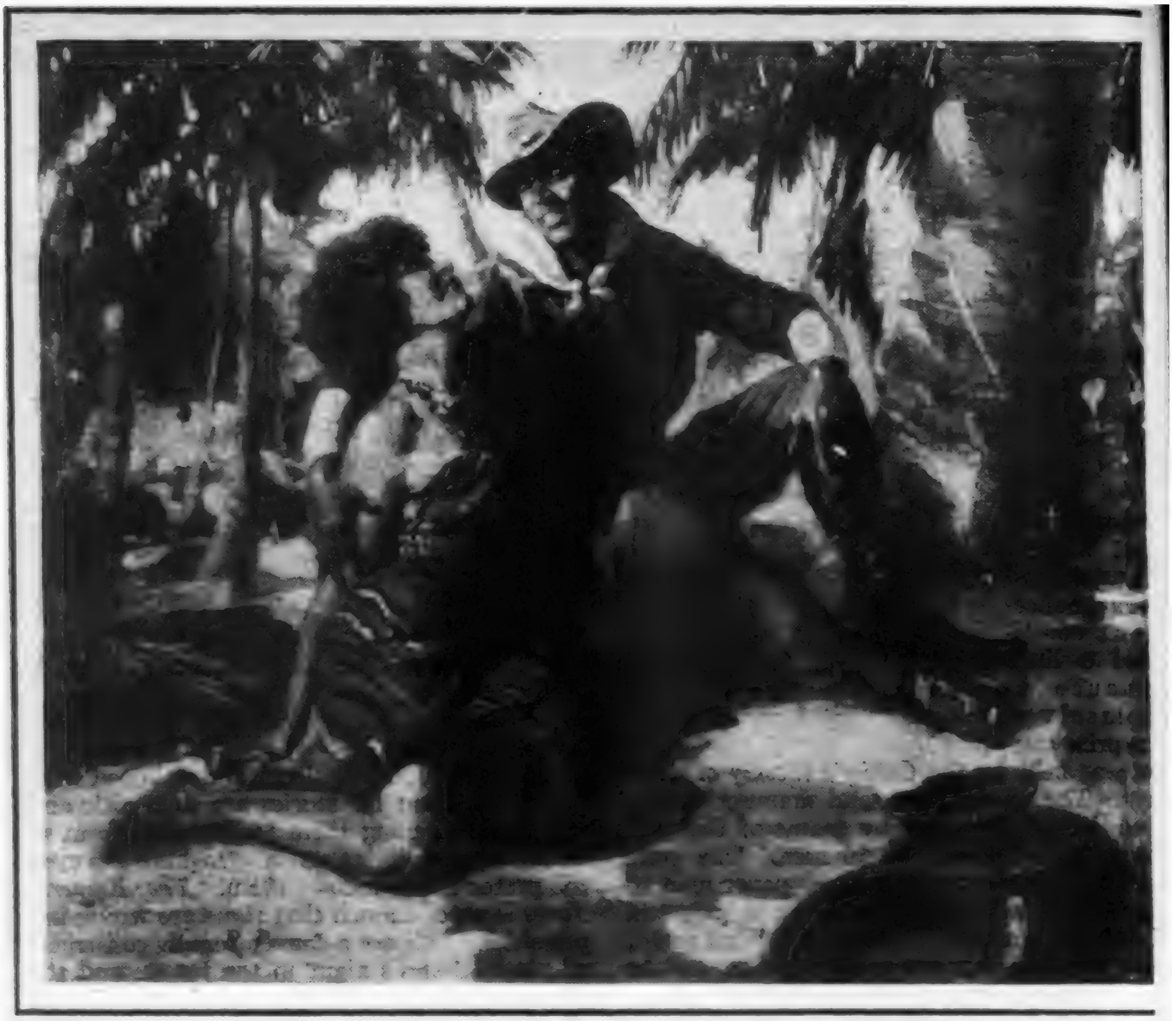
Toward the time of the announcement, the young man heard from the weekly. One of his stories was to be bought for publication, and would he come to New York and talk over writing some articles? He came. He was met and taken to the home of R. J. Collier, where he found himself sitting down to dinner with editorial and literary celebrities. Not a word was said about the contest until, when the meal was nearly over, the host rose and proposed the health of "the winner of the first prize, Mr. Rowland Thomas." His story sent in just for luck had been lucky indeed, and deservedly, even if one of the judges, Senator Lodge, had marked it zero. Subsequently Mr. Thomas returned to newspaper work. For some years he has been a staff writer for the New York *World*.

Reading *Fagan* now, we can see with clear minds how well it stands up, how very good it actually is. Its theme is similar, in a general way, to that of *The Emperor Jones*, though the childlike Fagan is a much simpler as well as a more amiable person than the sophisticated "bad coon" Brutus Jones, and his reversion to the primitive is correspondingly easier.

Eugene O'Neill

BETWEEN newspaper hearsay and hifalutin, critical discussion, many people who never have seen or read a play of Eugene O'Neill's must have gathered that his widening fame is really notoriety, due to his stock in trade being scandalous subjects and tabooed language, and that his stories are so cryptic and his ways of telling them in dramatic form so strange that it takes a "highbrow" even to pretend to follow them. *The Emperor Jones* is proof enough that these are wrong impressions. It is not a conventionally constructed play. Jones's night in the forest, and the series of visions that fear and the hypnotic throbbing of the tom-tom call up from his personal and then his racial memories, could not have been put into one. But it is a capital piece of lucid story-telling in the theater, and reads so well that even if you avoid reading plays as a rule, you can enjoy it as you would any other story in print. In the theater, by the way, the tom-tom sounds continuously from the moment when it starts till Jones dies, and through the intermissions.

Mr. O'Neill is the son of James O'Neill, the actor, remembered in *The Count of Monte Cristo*. As a youth the dramatist, now thirty-seven, toured with him, and later himself played the *Count* in a vaudeville version. He has also been a clerk, a gold prospector in Honduras, a dock laborer, and a reporter, and for several years a sailor before the mast on sailing ship, tramp and liner. He deliberately "ran away to sea" from a college education, in order to save his artistic ideas from academic influence, and to get material. When he had it, six months in a sanitarium with tuberculosis afforded him a chance to write. Some thirty-five of his plays have been produced. *The Emperor Jones*, the most successful one, dates from 1920, and has been revived, and produced in Paris and London. In the original New York production Charles Gilpin, a colored actor, gave a remarkable performance as *Jones*.



"I ain't never fought the 'Mericans. I'se got all I want heah." He reached out

Fagan

by Rowland Thomas

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 126.)

WHILE Fagan was still a kinky-haired youngster, clad only in the traditional shirt, a question forced itself on his attention. "Why ain't I got a pappy?" he asked his mother, and the great, deep-bosomed woman laughed the deep, melodious laugh of her race. "Lawszee, chile, I raickon you has. Mos' chillen has," she replied. "Who is my pappy?" persisted the child. The woman laughed again. "Lawszee, honey, how you spaik me to 'member that? I'se got other things to maimber, I raickon."

We couldn't expect much of a Fagan born of that race and class, and he learned not to expect much of us. A bit of food, a bit of clothing, and a chance to roll around on the levee with the other picaninnies, and bask in the sunshine and sniff the sweety-sour smells from the sugar-ships, sufficed him. For many years these pleasures were his for the taking. And as he grew older they still sufficed, with the addition of a little cheap tobacco and cheaper gin,

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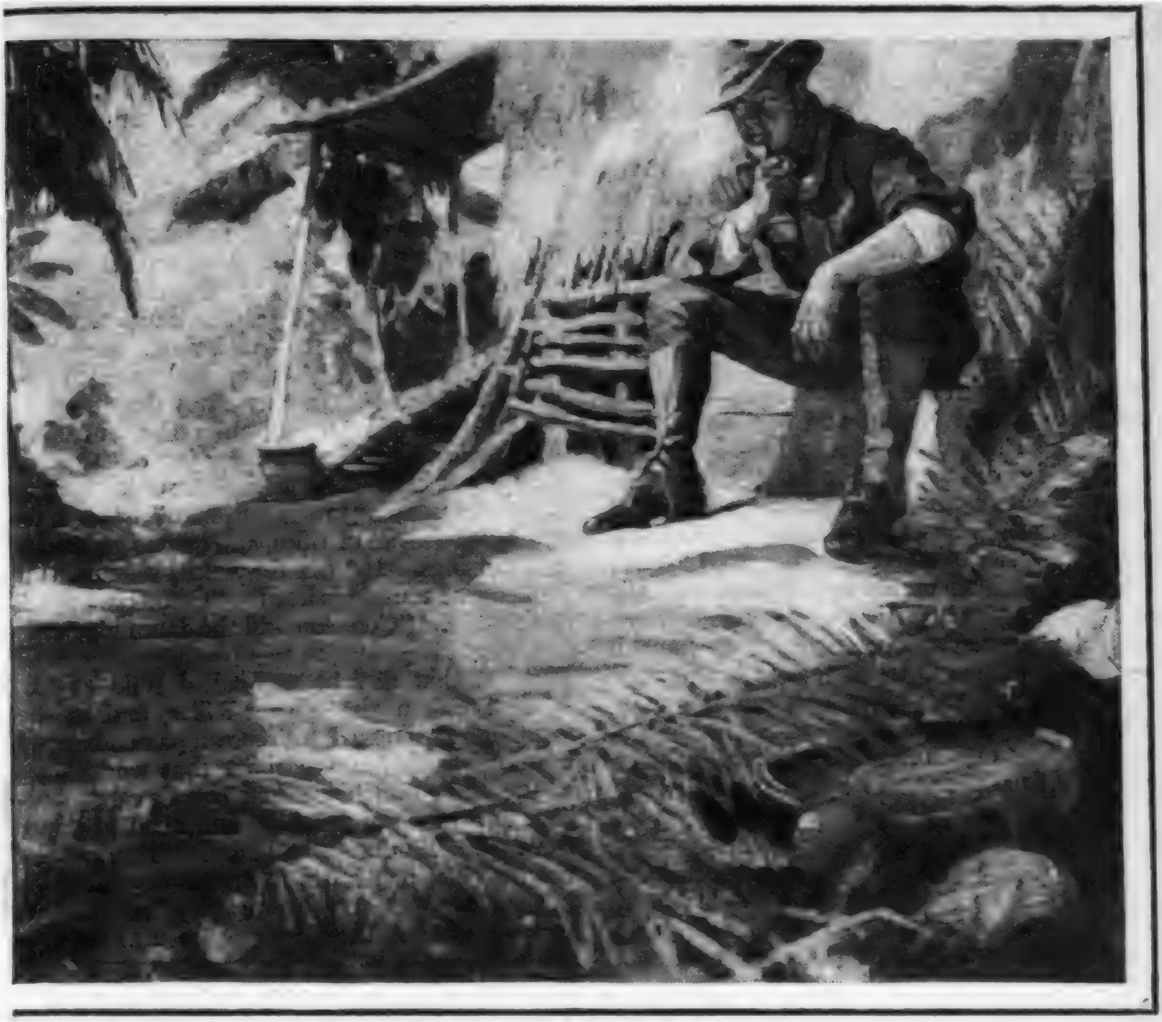


his arm and grasped Patricia around the shoulders, and they smiled at each other.

The story of a simple soul who sought relief from too much civilization

Illustrated by John R. Peirce

and he found that a modicum of labor and a care never to offend one of the heaven-born white race would procure them. The labor was easy, for the son of the deep-bosomed, supple-limbed woman had grown, as the rank free growth of a swamp shoots up, into a great, broad, graceful man, to whom the toil of others was as play. And he was of a nature so easy-going and joyous and childishly obliging that the heaven-born pointed him out with approval as "a nigger like we had before the war."

He might have lived on thus indefinitely, but one day over a lazy roll of the dice another black man took advantage of his known good nature. And Fagan, the kindly, felt a sudden, blinding desire to strike. The huge black fists shot out like lightning under the impulse of the supple, writhing muscles, and the other man dropped with a broken neck.

Then Fagan came to the Army. And the Army received him with joy. The surgeon's eye glistened with an artist's fervor as he thumped and kneaded the great, perfect animal, and the wise old recruiting-sergeant guided the pen for him to sign his name. Thus he was made welcome in that most catholic of societies, which cares not a whit for your past, your present, or your future, so long as you have mind and body sufficient to obey orders.

But even this slight requirement was much for Fagan. His careless, soapless, buttonless existence was a poor training for the rigid minutiæ of military life. And he was unfortunate in his immediate commander. Most of the officers of the Fifty-fourth were of the South, able to deal firmly yet kindly with the big black children committed to their charge. But Sharpe was new to the Army, the son of a small tradesman in the North, and had an exalted reverence for the regulations and his own rank. So when he discovered that the buttons of Fagan's blouse were uncleaned, one morning at guard-mounting, he did not announce the fact impersonally, as an officer should. And Fagan, in serene ignorance of any law against immediate explanation, replied with boyish, surprised chuckle. "Lawszee, Lootenant, I raickon I plumb forgot them buttons." "That will do," snapped the officer. "Sergeant, put this man under arrest." Fagan followed to the guard-house, mildly expostulant. "He suah'd orter give me a fairah show," he said to his guard. "I was a gwine to tell him. I didn't mean no hahm. All I wanted was a fairah show."

Thus began a series of petty persecutions. Fagan, with his good nature, tried his best, but the lieutenant would not be pleased. He was not a bad sort in intent, simply a common, weak, official bully. Such men usually resign early, or if they linger on in the service, learn to shun getting in advance of their men when there is firing going on. By the time the regiment was ordered to the Philippines, Fagan's record loomed black with five trials.

The campaigning brought relief. A man was recuired only to have his rifle in order and be on hand in condition to use it. The regiment spent weary days, dragging about like a slow snake under the burning sun, soaking and shivering in the mists of evening, till men began to sicken. But not Fagan. His melodious bellow would ring triumphant along the lines each night, "I'se been wo'okin' on the ra'alroad," and cheer the drooping men till the voices of the regimental wits were demanding, "Who's dat ar white man's got a ra'alroad?" And then one day the scouts reported that the main body of the enemy was near, that elusive body for which the regiment had been groping so long. After a while the snake broke out into a fan, and went crawling across a muddy rice-paddy toward a canebrake. Then a flight of strange drawling insects sung overhead, and, as always when firing is wild and high, some men in the reserve, 'way in the rear, lay down very suddenly. The merry bugles rattled, and the fan dissolved into a thin brown line of men who advanced swiftly to the edge of the brake, firing calmly as they went. And then all at once the brake was alive with dizzily flashing steel. A little brown man rose in front of Fagan, and a flash darted straight at his head. Instinctively his muscles reacted, and he ducked backward like a boxer. The bolo missed his head, but the sharp point, tearing downward, ripped through shirt and flesh on his breast. Fagan stared stupidly at the dripping red edges of the blue cloth till the sharp tingle of the flesh stirred him. As before, he felt a blinding impulse to strike, and whirled his heavy rifle in one hand, as a boy does a stick. He looked down at the quivering, moaning thing before him, and a mad joy of strength surged over him. A little way apart a struggling group was weaving in and out, with darts of steel and quick flashes of rifles, and hoarse gruntings and cursings. He ran toward it, swinging his broken rifle round his head. "Come on, boys," he shouted. "Come on, kill the damn niggers."

FROM that day he was called Wild Fagan, and Fagan the Nigger-Killer, and as the campaign progressed, his renown passed beyond the regiment. "Heard about that wild nigger in the Fifty-fourth?" asked the Cavalry, borrowing a pinch of Durham and a bit of paper from the Mountain Battery. "Don't sabe fire his rifle, just butts in and swats 'em with it, like he was wantin' to play golf." The story grew till the Marines, returning from shore service, told the Fleet, half seriously, of a wild regiment come straight from Africa, "what only knew how to fight with war-clubs." And jacky, ever ready to believe, swore softly in admiration, and spat over the rail, and dreamed of meeting that regiment some night in Nagasaki, when every one had had about seven drinks all round. Even the officers began to boast. "Oh, you mean our man Fagan," the colonel would say to the guests at mess. "Yes, he's a good man. Expensive—a rifle lasts him about a day when things are lively—but efficient. Yes, highly efficient. The natives are beginning to dodge the regiment. Yes, I'll let you see him after dinner. Finest build of a man you ever laid eyes on. Like a cat, you know, like a cat and a grizzly rolled into one."

And Fagan through it all was unchanged, good-natured, childlike as ever. He was even a bit ashamed of his strength. "That little scrap down by the bridge?" he would say to a group of admiring men. "Oh, that all wan't nothin'. That big Fillypeeno? Yes, I hit him. Yes, I raickon I suah smashed *him*," he would muse, with his slow smile. "Yes, I broke ma gun on him. Anybody got any tobacca? I nevah could keep no tobacca."

It was after the fighting was done and the regiment went into stations of companies in the villages the change began to come. The men, keyed to exertion and excitement, found the idleness of barrack life at first pleasant, then irksome. And they were at home in these sunny islands, far more at home than ever in the states. They read the freedom of the land in the burning sky, and the clicking palms, and the lazy air. Above all, they read it in the dark, admiring eyes of the brown, slim, soft-moving girls. The men began to be absent at check roll-call at Taps.

At such a time all the wisdom and tact of an officer is needed. Too great easiness means loss of control, harshness means desertion. For a time, Lieutenant Sharpe did very well. He overlooked what he could, and was unangered in his firmness when he must be firm. But nature and fixed habit soon overcame him, and Fagan was naturally the chief sufferer, for the officer had grown into the fixed belief that Fagan was the probable cause of every misdemeanor in the company. So it was a reprimand, and then another sharper, and then the summary court—where the lieutenant was prosecutor, and jury, and judge—sentenced Fagan to the loss of a month's pay for attempting to "run the guard" at some unearthly hour of the night. Within a week he repeated the offence, and the lieutenant, with the fear of God and the regulations in his heart, but wondrous small understanding in his head, sentenced him to "a month and a month." A month of confinement will give any man much time for reflection, and the lieutenant hoped it would prove salutary. Fagan received his sentence with ominous lack of his former protestations, and went quietly to the guard-house. But as he was neither an accomplished thinker nor an expert in moral theory, he merely sat there and brooded. "All I'm looking for is just a fairah show," he told himself over and over. "He use me right an' I'll use him right. Ain't I the best fightin' man in the regiment, ain't the kuhnel said so, plainty o' times? An' all I want is just a little good time, now there ain't any fightin'. When they's fightin' I'll be there. But that little lootenant—Lawszee, how I could smash him—all I want is jus' a straight deal." Fagan emerged at the end of his month still a child, but a sullen child, moping over a bitter sense of injustice.

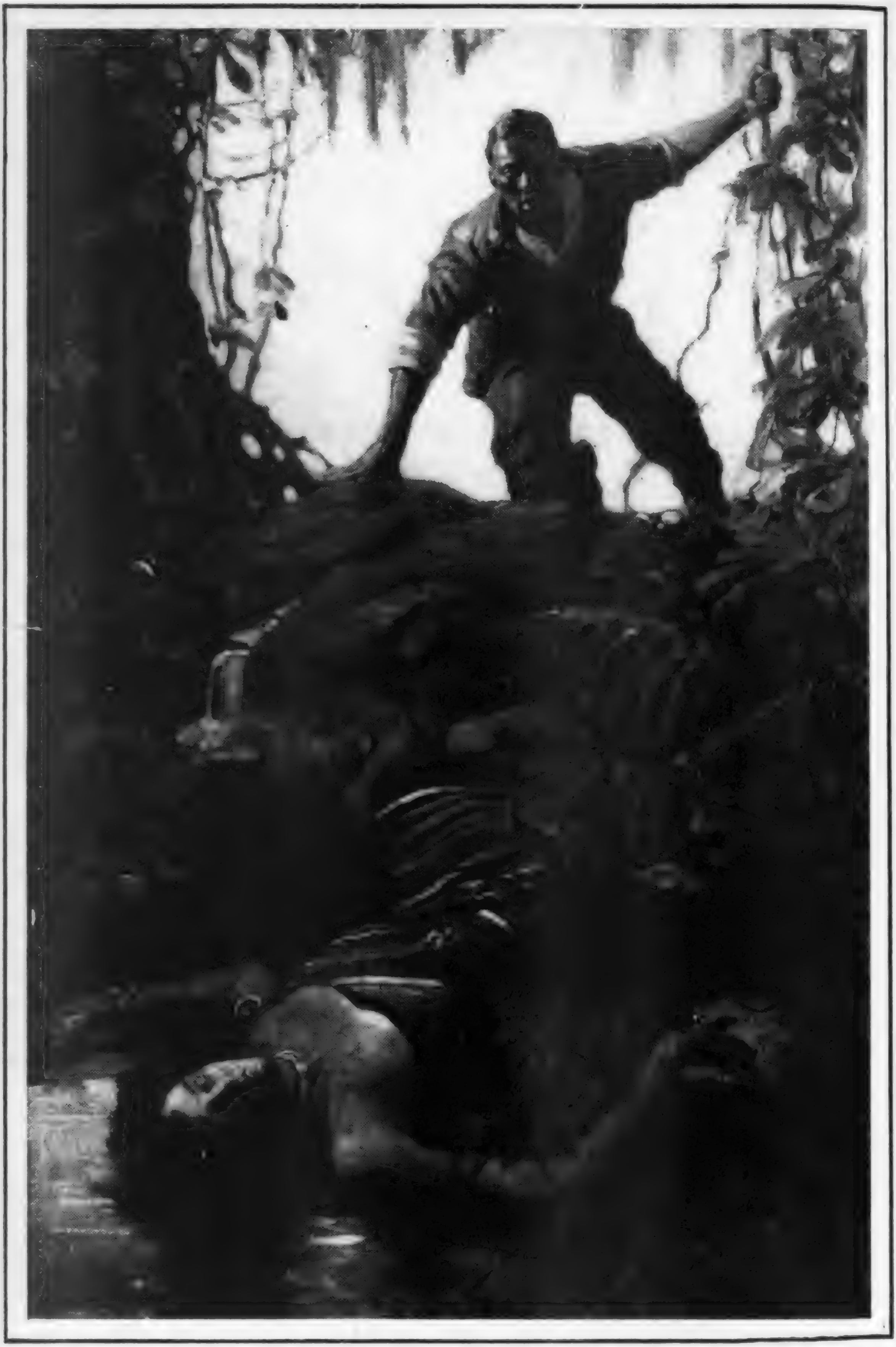
"I ain't nevah gwine to stay in theah anothah night," he told his friend the sergeant. "All I want is a fair deal, an' I'll use everybody straight, but no one ain't gwine to keep me in theah again." The sergeant, wise as most old soldiers, answered nothing. If the lieutenant and Wild Fagan wanted to fight it out, it was no affair of the sergeant's.

BUT Fagan, over the drinks, repeated his complaint to other men, who regarded it as a threat and waited joyously for the clash, and were surprised and disappointed when Fagan went quietly to the guard-house once again, placed there to await the sitting of a general court-martial. But the quietness was only because Fagan was learning to plan. When the silence of midnight came he stole over to an inner window, braced a shoulder and a knee, and the rusted bars yielded silently. He crept upstairs to his squad-room, and took the rifle and the belt, heavy with two hundred rounds of ammunition, from the head of his bunk, and crept as silently down. He tried to steal by the guard at the gate, but the man turned and leveled his rifle, hardly six feet away. "Halt! Who goes there?" he challenged, with the mechanical lilt of the sentry. "You min' you' business, Sam, an' I'll tend to mine," growled Fagan. But the man persisted, though with a tremor in his voice. "Yo halt, Fagan. Ah've got to find—" Fagan gripped his rifle by the muzzle and stepped swiftly toward the leveled one. "You git out o' heah, Sam," he said. "Git out, or I'll smash you." The sentry dropped his rifle. "Ah ain't nevah troubled youall, Fagan," he whined. "Ah'm a friend o' youall. You lait me alone." He sank to his knees. "You lait me alone. Don' you touch me, don' you *touch*—" His voice, rose to a shriek, but he was talking to empty air. Fagan had picked up the extra rifle and slipped away toward the town.

"Ah couldn't he'p it, sah, he done come up out o' the dahk with his eyes a buhnin', an' he says, 'Ah'll maash yo, Sam.' Ah couldn't he'p it. Ah've seen him maash these yere Fillypeenos." Thus the sentry to the lieutenant next morning, with heartfelt earnestness. "Ah wouldn' cared if he was gwine to shoot, but he comes a grinnin', an' he says, 'Ah'll maash you, Sam.' That's what he says, an' he'd 'a' done it," he explained later to a group of sympathizing men. "Ah don' mind gittin' shot, but Ah suah don' wanter git maashed. So Ah dropped ma rifle. Ah've seen him maash these Fillypeenos. He ain't a man, he's a plumb born devil," and Sam wiped the sweat drops from his throat with the back of his big shaking hand.

Then ensued many tentative pushings at the bars, to prove that no two mere men could spring them back into position, and many sidelong glances at Fagan's ownerless cot and the chest that stood beside it, closed and mysterious. When the men turned in no one objected that Sam placed a lighted candle on it. "They don' come roun' wheah it's light," he explained vaguely to the room, and every one knew what "they" meant. Even the sergeant, coming through at roll-call, apparently did not see the forbidden light.

And now the U. S. A. lapsed into a state of hysteria which often amused and puzzled those who witnessed it. It became haunted by a big black man who mashed people instead of



"Hoy, Patsi," he called. The forest was silent. He turned a bend in the trail, and there—Fagan gazed stupidly, and then the blind impulse of wrath swept over him.

shooting them decently. There happened to be a recrudescence of fighting, and the Army imputed it to Fagan. He, poor, stupid, brooding child, became a tactician, a strategist, a second De Wet of guerrilla warfare.

"I have the honor to report," wrote young Shavetail to the A. G. O., "a sharp engagement, wherein the enemy hindered the development of my flanking movement by . . . unusual brilliancy for native leaders . . . honor to suggest . . . deserter Fagan rumored to be in vicinity."

"Scouts report"—wired Major Oakleaf—"two hours' ride southeast of camp—huge negro—honor to request description renegade Fagan."

"We're out a-gunnin' for a big buck nigger answers to the name of Fagan," said Mountain Battery to Cavalry, borrowing back the cigaret and a match to boot. "He's seen up back here in the foothills last night."

"Wire through this mornin'," jeered Signal Corps, "reportin' him up Cagayan way, an' yesterday he was down in Batangas. He must hike light."

"Well, he's sure a lively nigger, from all I hear," said Cavalry, judicially. "Some one'll get hurt bad 'fore they get him."

"He'll maybe get hurt a bit himself, just a shade, if this old girl falls on him," laughed Mountain Battery, patting the nose of a vicious little shell in the packsaddle. "Ho' still, you old mule-horse you. Don't you try to kick me."

So the little armies matched and sweated, and the wires carried bulletins to every little post: "Inform troops and natives—renegade Fagan, deserted Fifty-fourth, a very big black negro, age twenty-one, large bolo scar on breast—five hundred dollars, alive or dead." And all the while Fagan was living quietly with the girl who had been the chief cause of all his insubordination in a little mountain village not fifty miles from the place where his ghost first rose and called for lighted candles. The reports of his evil fame brought him no joy. "Why don't they let us alone?" he complained to Patricia. "I never hurt them, and if they don't trouble us, we won't trouble them. Eh, Patsi?" and he swept the slender girl up to his shoulder. "Pooh," cried Patricia, disdainfully, from her height, "what do we care for them? You will kill them all, won't you?" She pinched the great supporting arm with a sigh of satisfaction. "Hola, there's Enrique's cock fighting with Juan's. Let's go and watch them." And as they walked down the narrow grassy street the people stepped aside with cheerful smiles, for all the world like the dusty picaninnies on the levee when one of the heaven-born passes by.

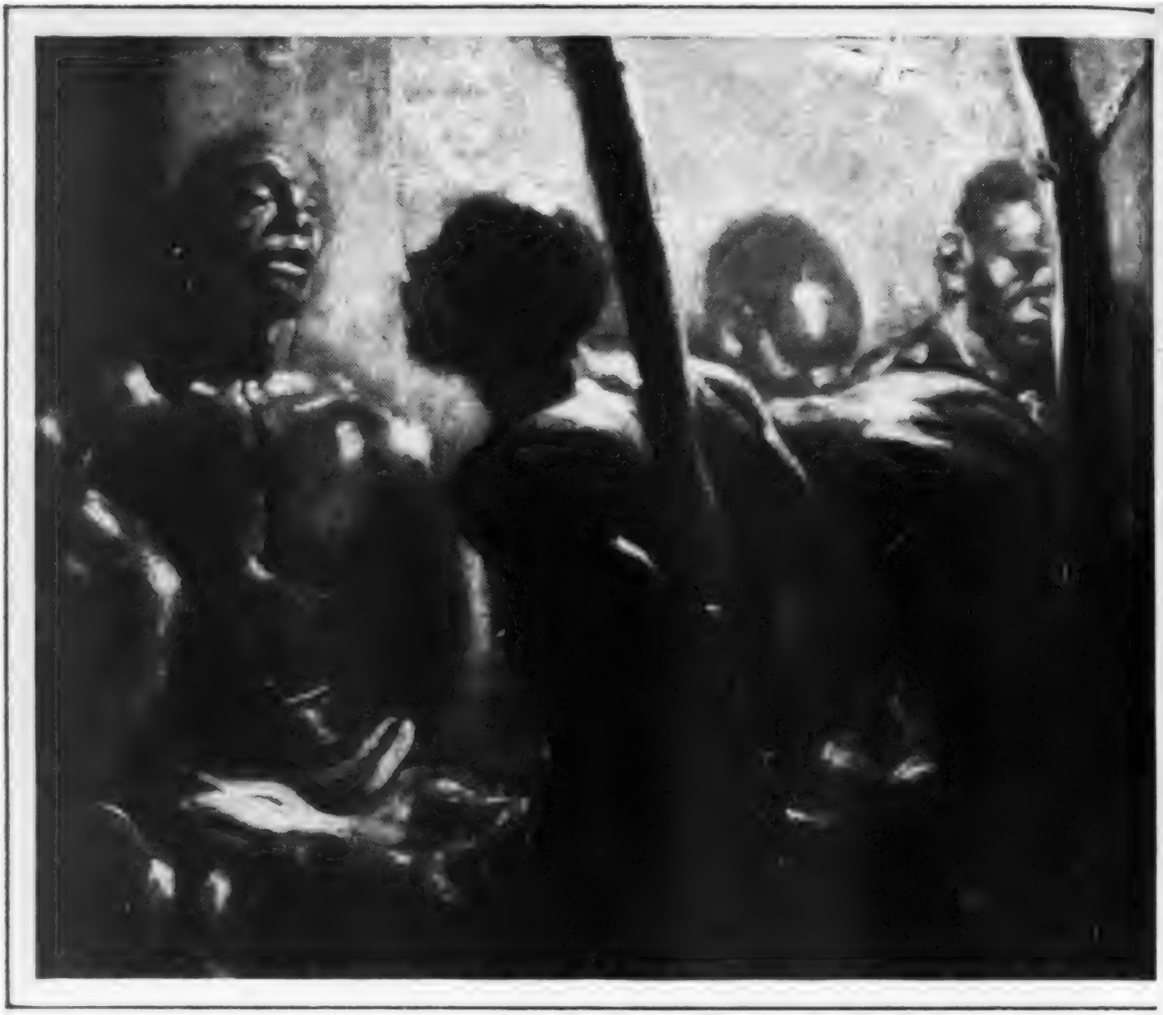
For a long time Fagan and Patricia lived on in the village, till the man was becoming a myth. A dozen enterprising hunters had brought in his head, and the papers in Manila had even ceased to give circumstantial accounts of his capture when news was short. But at last an American prisoner came to the town, the only white man who saw Fagan alive after his desertion. By a strange chance he was an officer of the regiment, and Fagan received him with sober joy.

"I'se glad to see you, Lootenant," he said "I raickoned they'd bring you up heah when I hea'd you was done capchuhed. They kind brings mos' ev'rything up to me, these days." The white man was not so joyous, but undismayed. "What are you going to do with me, now you've got me?" he asked. "Oh, don' you worry, Lootenant. I wouldn' huht you. No, sir, you nevah troubled me. You jus' sit down, Lootenant, an' have a smoke. I'se a gwine to send you down, jus' as soon as I can."

THEY sat and smoked in silence, the giant negro, the prisoner in his draggled uniform, the little guards with their naked bolos. At last Fagan said, "I raickon we could talk bettah if these guards was away. Yo git out—" he pointed to them. "Course you give you wohd, Lootenant, you won' try to 'scape." "I promise," said the officer, and fell to watching the great, quiet, unshaven, black face. It roused his curiosity for a certain non-offensive air of self-reliance which he had never seen in a black face before. "Fagan," he asked at length, "why did you do it?" "Do what, Lootenant?" "Why desert, and lead the natives against us, and all that." The negro clinched his great fist. "This yere fool talk makes me plumb riled," he said, thumping the rude table. "I ain't nevah fought the 'Mericans. Why, I'se a 'Merican myself. What'd I want to go yampin' round the country for, anyway? I'se got all I want right heah, chickens an' yams, an' a good dry house an'—" He reached out his arm and grasped Patricia around the shoulders, and they smiled at each other. "No, sir, I don't want no mo' fightin'. I'se got a good home an' I goes to sleep when I wants to, an' I gets up when I wants to, an' I has good clean cloes ev'ry day. You tell the kuhnel, Lootenant, you tell him I nevah want to huht no 'Merican, an' nevah will, less'n he goes to huht me first. You believe that, don' you, Lootenant?" And the officer gravely nodded "Yes."

" 'Bout that desertin', now. I'se thought a whole lot about that, an' I raickon I did it jus' 'cause I had to have mo' room. I'se so big, I raickon"—he let his eye travel slowly down his body, and chuckled—"seems like I has to have a whole plainty o' room. Seems like there wasn't room for me an' Lootenant Sha'ap

[*Continued on page 159*]



Gradually it seems to grow lighter, and two rows of seated

NOTE: No amateur or professional use permitted of "The Emperor Jones" without written authorization from the American Play Company, Inc.

The Emperor

A complete reading version of

Illustrated by

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 126.)

CHARACTERS

BRUTUS JONES, EMPEROR.
HENRY SMITHERS, A COCKNEY TRADER.
AN OLD NATIVE WOMAN.
LEM, A NATIVE CHIEF.
SOLDIERS, AHHERENTS OF LEM.
THE LITTLE FORMLESS FEARS; JEFF; THE NEGRO CONVICTS.
THE PRISON GUARD; THE PLANTERS; THE AUCTIONEER.
THE CONGO WITCH-DOCTOR;
THE SLAVES;
THE CROCODILE.

The action of the play takes place on an island in the West Indies as yet not self-determined by White Marines. The form of native government is, for the time being, an Empire.

SCENE

The audience chamber in the palace of the Emperor—a spacious, high-ceilinged room with bare, white-washed walls. The floor is of white tiles.

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figures can be seen. All are negroes, naked save for loin cloths.

Jones

By Eugene O'Neill

a famous American drama

Harold von Schmidt

In the rear, to the left of center, a wide archway giving out on a portico with white pillars. The palace is evidently situated on high ground, for beyond the portico nothing can be seen but a vista of distant hills, their summits crowned with thick groves of palm trees. In the right wall, center, a smaller arched doorway leading to the living quarters of the palace. The room is bare of furniture with the exception of one huge chair made of uncut wood which stands at center, its back to rear. This is very apparently the Emperor's throne. It is painted a dazzling, eye-smiting scarlet. There is a brilliant orange cushion on the seat and another smaller one is placed on the floor to serve as a footstool. Strips of matting, dyed scarlet, lead from the foot of the throne to the two entrances.

It is late afternoon but the sunlight still blazed yellowly beyond the portico and there is an oppressive burden of exhausting heat in the air.

As the curtain rises, a native negro woman sneaks in cautiously from the entrance on the right. She is very old, dressed in cheap calico, bare-footed, a red bandanna handkerchief covering all but a few stray wisps of white hair. A bundle bound in colored cloth is carried over her shoulder on the end of a stick. She hesitates beside the *doorway, peering back as if in extreme dread of being discovered. Then she begins to glide noiselessly, a step at a time, toward the doorway in the rear. At this moment,* SMITHERS *appears beneath the portico.*

SMITHERS *is a tall, stoop-shouldered man about forty. His bald head, perched on a long neck with an enormous Adam's apple, looks like an egg. The tropics have tanned his naturally pasty face with its small, sharp features to a sickly yellow, and native rum has painted his pointed nose to a startling red. His little, washy-blue eyes are red-rimmed and dart about him like a ferret's. His expression is one of unscrupulous meanness, cowardly, and dangerous. He is dressed in a worn riding suit of dirty white drill, puttees, spurs, and wears a white cork helmet. A cartridge belt with an automatic revolver is around his waist. He carries a riding whip in his hand. He sees the woman and stops to watch her suspiciously. Then, making up his mind, he steps quickly on tip-toe into the room. The woman, looking back over her shoulder continually, does not see him until it is too late. When she does* SMITHERS *springs forward and grabs her firmly by the shoulder. She struggles to get away, fiercely but silently.*

SMITHERS (*tightening his grasp—roughly*): Easy! None o' that, me birdie. You can't wriggle out now. I got me 'ooks on yer.

WOMAN (*seeing the uselessness of struggling, gives way to frantic terror, and sinks to the ground, embracing his knees supplicatingly*): No tell him! No tell him, Mister!

SMITHERS (*with great curiosity*): Tell 'im? (*Then scornfully.*) Oh, you mean 'is bloomin' Majesty. What's the gaime, any 'ow? What are you sneakin' away for? Been stealin' a bit, I s'pose. (*He taps her bundle with his riding whip significantly.*)

WOMAN (*shaking her head vehemently*): No, me no steal.

SMITHERS—Bloody liar! But tell me what's up. There's somethin' funny goin' on. I smelled it in the air first thing I got up this mornin'. You blacks are up to some devilment. This palace of 'is is like a bleedin' tomb. Where's all the 'ands? (*The woman keeps sullenly silent.* SMITHERS *raises his whip threateningly.*) Ow, yer won't, won't yer? I'll show yer what's what.

WOMAN (*coweringly*): I tell, Mister. You no hit. They go—all go. (*She makes a sweeping gesture toward the hills in the distance.*)

SMITHERS—Run away—to the 'ills?

WOMAN—Yes, Mister. Him Emperor—Great Father. (*She touches her forehead to the floor with a quick mechanical jerk.*) Him sleep after eat. Then they go—all go. Me old woman. Me left only. Now me go, too.

SMITHERS (*his astonishment giving way to an immense, mean satisfaction*): Ow! So that's the ticket! Well, I know bloody well wot's in the air—when they runs orf to the 'ills. The tom-tom'll be thumping out there bloomin' soon. (*With extreme vindictiveness.*) And I'm bloody glad of it, for one! Serve 'im right! Puttin' on airs, the stinkin' nigger! 'Is Majesty! Gawd blimey! I only 'opes I'm there when they takes 'im out to shoot 'im. (*Suddenly.*) 'E's still 'ere all right, ain't 'e?

WOMAN—Yes. Him sleep.

SMITHERS—'E's bound to find out soon as 'e wakes up. 'E's cunnin' enough to know when 'is time's come. (*He goes to the doorway on right and whistles shrilly with his fingers in his mouth. The old woman springs to her feet and runs out of the doorway, rear.* SMITHERS *goes after her, reaching for his revolver.*) Stop or I'll shoot! (*Then stopping—indifferently.*) Pop orf then, if yer like, yer black cow. (*He stands in the doorway, looking after her.*)

(JONES *enters from the right. He is a tall, powerfully-built, full-blooded negro of middle age. His features are typically negroid, yet there is something decidedly distinctive about his face—an underlying strength of will, a hardy, self-reliant confidence in himself that inspires respect. His eyes are alive with a keen, cunning intelligence. In manner he is shrewd, suspicious, evasive. He wears a light-blue uniform coat, sprayed with brass buttons, heavy gold chevrons on his shoulders, gold braid on the collar, cuffs, etc. His pants are bright red with a light-blue stripe down the side. Patent-leather laced boots with brass spurs, and a belt with a long-barreled, pearl-handled revolver in a holster complete his make-up. Yet there is something not altogether ridiculous about his grandeur. He has a way of carrying it off.*)

JONES (*not seeing anyone—greatly irritated and blinking sleepily—shouts*): Who dare whistle dat way in my palace? Who dare wake up de Emperor? I'll git de hide frayled off some o' you niggers sho'!

SMITHERS (*showing himself—in a manner half-afraid and half-defiant*): It was me whistled to yer. (*As* JONES *frowns angrily.*) I got news for yer.

JONES (*putting on his suavest manner, which fails to cover up his contempt for the white man*): Oh, it's you, Mister Smithers. (*He sits down on his throne with easy dignity.*) What news you got to tell me?

SMITHERS (*coming close to enjoy his discomfiture*): Don't yer notice nothin' funny today?

JONES (*coldly*): Funny? No. I ain't perceived nothin' of de kind!

SMITHERS—Then yer ain't so foxy as I thought yer was. Where's all your court? (*Sarcastically.*) The Generals and the Cabinet Ministers and all?

JONES (*imperturbably*): Where dey mostly runs to minute I closes my eyes—drinkin' rum and talkin' big down in de town. (*Sarcastically.*) How come you don't know dat? Ain't you sousin' with 'em most every day?

Smithers (*stung but pretending indifference—with a wink*): That's part of the day's work. I got ter—ain't I—in my business?

Jones (*contemptuously*): Yo' business!

Smithers (*imprudently enraged*): Gawd blimey, you was glad enough for me ter take yer in on it when you landed here first. You didn' 'ave no 'igh and mighty airs in them days!

Jones (*his hand going to his revolver like a flash—menacingly*): Talk polite, white man! Talk polite, you heah me! I'm boss heah now, is you fergettin'? (*The Cockney seems about to challenge this last statement with the facts but something in the other's eyes holds and cowes him.*)

Smithers (*in a cowardly whine*): No 'arm meant, old top.

Jones (*condescendingly*): I accepts yo' apology. (*Lets his hand fall from his revolver.*) No use'n you rakin' up ole times. What I was den is one thing. What I is now's another. You didn't let me in on yo' crooked work out o' no kind feelin's dat time. I done de dirty work fo' you—and most o' de brain work, too, fo' dat matter—and I was wu'th money to you, dat's de reason.

Smithers—Well, blimey, I give yer a start, didn't I—when no one else would. I wasn't afraid to 'ire yer like the rest was—'count of the story about your breakin' jail back in the States.

Jones—No, you didn't have no s'cuse to look down on me fo' dat. You been in jail you'self more'n once.

Smithers (*furiously*): It's a lie! (*Then trying to pass it off by an attempt at scorn.*) Garn! Who told yer that fairy tale?

Jones—Dey's some tings I ain't got to be tole. I kin see 'em in folk's eyes. (*Then after a pause—meditatively.*) Yes, you sho' give me a start. And it didn't take long from dat time to git dese fool, woods' niggers right where I wanted dem. (*With pride.*) From stowaway to Emperor in two years! Dat's goin' some!

Smithers (*with curiosity*): And I bet you got yer pile o' money 'id safe some place.

Jones (*with satisfaction*): I sho' has! And it's in a foreign bank where no pusson don't ever git it out but me no matter what come. You didn't s'pose I was holdin' down dis Emperor job for de glory in it, did you? Sho'! De fuss and glory part of it, dat's only to turn de heads o' de low-flung, bush niggers dat's here. Dey wants de big circus show for deir money. I gives it to 'em an' I gits de money. (*With a grin.*) De long green, dat's me every time. (*Then rebukingly*). But you ain't got no kick agin' me, Smithers. I'se paid you back all you done for me many times. Ain't I pertected you and winked at all de crooked tradin' you been doin' right out in de broad day. Sho' I has—and me makin' laws to stop it at de same time! (*He chuckles.*)

Smithers (*grinning*): But, meanin' no 'arm, you been grabbin' right and left yourself, ain't yer? Look at the taxes you've put on 'em! Blimey! You've squeezed 'em dry!

JONES (*chuckling*): No, dey ain't *all* dry yet. I'se still heah, ain't I?

Smithers (*smiling at his secret thought*): They're dry right now, you'll find out. (*Changing the subject abruptly*). And as for me breakin' laws, you've broke 'em all yerself just as fast as yer made 'em.

Jones—Ain't I de Emperor? De laws don't go for him. (*Judicially.*) You heah what I tells you, Smithers. Dere's little stealin' like you does, and dere's big stealin' like I does. For de little stealin' dey gits you in jail soon or late. For de big stealin' dey makes you Emperor and puts you in de Hall o' Fame when you croaks. (*Reminiscently.*) If dey's one thing I learns in ten years on de Pullman ca's listenin' to de white quality talk, it's dat same fact. And when I gits a chance to use it I winds up Emperor in two years.

Smithers (*unable to repress the genuine admiration of the small fry for the large*): Yes, yer turned the bleedin' trick, all right. Blimey, I never seen a bloke 'as 'ad the bloomin' luck you 'as.

Jones (*severely*): Luck? What you mean—luck?

Smithers—I suppose you'll say as that swank about the silver bullet ain't luck—and that was what first got the fool blacks on yer side the time of the revolution, wasn't it?

Jones (*with a laugh*): Oh, dat silver bullet! Sho' was luck! But I makes dat luck, you heah? I loads de dice! Yessuh! When dat murderin' nigger ole Lem hired to kill me takes aim ten feet away and his gun misses fire and I shoots him dead, what you heah me say?

Smithers—You said yer'd got a charm so's no lead bullet'd kill yer. You was so strong only a silver bullet could kill yer, you told 'em. Blimey, wasn't that swank for yer—and plain, fat-'eaded luck?

Jones (*proudly*): I got brains and I uses 'em quick. Dat ain't luck.

Smithers—Yer know they wasn't 'ardly liable to get no silver bullets. And it was luck 'e didn't 'it you that time.

Jones (*laughingly*): And dere all dem fool, bush niggers was kneelin' down and bumpin' deir heads on de ground like I was a miracle out o' de Bible. O Lawd, from dat time on I has dem all eatin' out of my hand. I cracks de whip and dey jumps through.

Smithers (*with a sniff*): Yankee bluff done it.

Jones—Ain't a man's talkin' big what makes him big—long as he makes folks believe it? Sho', I talks large when I ain't got nothin' to back it up, but I ain't talkin' wild just de same. I knows I kin fool 'em—I *knows* it—and dat's backin' enough fo' my game. And ain't I got to learn deir lingo and teach some of dem English befo' I kin talk to 'em? Ain't dat wuk? You ain't never learned ary word er it, Smithers, in de ten years you been heah, dough you knows it's money in yo' pocket tradin' wid 'em if you does. But you'se too shiftless to take de trouble.

Smithers (*flushing*): Never mind about me. What's this I've 'eard about yer really 'avin' a silver bullet molded for yourself?

Jones—It's playin' out my bluff. I has de silver bullet moulded and I tells 'em when de time comes I kills myself wid it. I tells 'em dat's 'cause I'm de on'y man in de world big enuff to git me. No use'n deir tryin'. And dey falls down and bumps deir heads. (*He laughs.*) I does dat so's I kin take a walk in peace widout no jealous nigger gunnin' at me from behind de trees.

Smithers (*astonished*): Then you 'ad it made —'onest?

Jones—Sho' did. Heah she be. (*He takes out his revolver, breaks it, and takes the silver bullet out of one chamber.*) Five lead an' dis silver baby at de last. Don't she shine pretty? (*He holds it in his hand, looking at it admiringly, as if strangely fascinated.*)

SMITHERS—Let me see. (*Reaches out his hand for it.*)

Jones (*harshly*): Keep yo' hands whar dey b'long, white man. (*He replaces it in the chamber and puts the revolver back on his hip.*)

Smithers (*snarling*): Gawd blimey! Think I'm a bleedin' thief, you would.

Jones—No, 'tain't dat. I knows you'se scared to steal from me. On'y I ain't 'lowin' nary body to touch dis baby. She's my rabbit's foot.

Smithers (*sneering*): A bloomin' charm, wot? (*Venemously.*) Well, you'll need all the bloody charms you 'as before long, s' 'elp me!

Jones (*judicially*): Oh, I'se good for six months yit 'fore dey gits sick o' my game. Den, when I sees trouble comin', I makes my getaway.

Smithers—Ho! You got it all planned, ain't yer?

Jones—I ain't no fool. I knows dis Emperor's time is sho't. Dat why I make hay when de sun shine. Was you thinkin' I'se aimin' to hold down dis job for life? No, suh! What good is gittin' money if you stays back in dis raggedy country? I wants action when I spends. And when I sees dese niggers gittin' up deir nerve to tu'n me out, and I'se got all de money in sight, I resigns on de spot and beats it quick.

Smithers—Where to?

Jones—None o' yo' business.

Smithers—Not back to the bloody States, I'll lay my oath.

Jones (*suspiciously*): Why don't I. (*Then with an easy laugh.*) You mean 'count of dat story 'bout me breakin' jail back dere? Dat's all talk.

Smithers (*skeptically*): Ho, yes!

Jones (*sharply*): You ain't 'sinuatin' I'se a liar, is you?

Smithers (*hastily*): No, Gawd strike me! I was only thinkin' o' the bloody lies you told the blacks 'ere about killin' white men in the States.

Jones (*angered*): How come dey're lies?

Smithers—You'd 'ave been in jail if you 'ad, wouldn't yer then? (*With venom.*) And from what I've 'eard, it ain't 'ealthy for a black to kill a white man in the States. They burns 'em in oil, don't they?

Jones (*with cool deadliness*): You mean lynchin' 'd scare me? Well, I tells you, Smithers, maybe I does kill one white man back dere. Maybe I does. And maybe I kills another right heah 'fore long if he don't look out.

Smithers (*trying to force a laugh*): I was on'y spoofin' yer. Can't yer take a joke? And you was just sayin' you'd never been in jail.

Jones (*in the same tone—slightly boastful*): Maybe I goes to jail dere for gettin' in an argument wid razors ovah a crap game. Maybe I gits twenty years when dat colored man die. Maybe I gits in 'nother argument wid de prison guard was overseer ovah us when we're wukin' de roads. Maybe he hits me wid a whip and I splits his head wid a shovel and runs away and files de chain off my leg and gits away safe. Maybe I does all dat an' maybe I don't. It's a story I tells you so's you knows I'se de kind of man dat if you evah repeats one word of it, I ends yo' stealin' on dis yearth mighty damn quick!

Smithers (*terrified*): Think I'd peach on yer? Not me! Ain't I always been yer friend?

Jones (*suddenly relaxing*): Sho' you has—and you better be.

Smithers (*recovering his composure—and with it his malice*): And just to show yer I'm yer friend, I'll tell yer that bit o' news I was goin' to.

Jones—Go ahead! Shoot de piece. Must be bad news from de happy way you look.

Smithers (*warningly*): Maybe it's gettin' time for you to resign—with that bloomin' silver bullet, wot? (*He finishes with a mocking grin.*)

Jones (*puzzled*): What's dat you say? Talk plain.

Smithers—Ain't noticed any of the guards or servants about the place today, I 'aven't.

Jones (*carelessly*): Dey're all out in de garden sleepin' under de trees. When I sleeps, dey sneaks a sleep, too, and I pretends I never suspicions it. All I got to do is to ring de bell and dey come flyin', makin' a bluff dey was wukin' all de time.

SMITHERS (*in the same mocking tone*): Ring the bell now an' you'll bloody well see what I mean.

JONES (*startled to alertness, but preserving the same careless tone*): Sho' I rings. (*He reaches below the throne and pulls out a big, common dinner bell which is painted the same vivid scarlet as the throne. He rings this vigorously—then stops to listen. Then he goes to both doors, rings again, and looks out.*)

SMITHERS (*watching him with malicious satisfaction, after a pause—mockingly*): The bloody ship is sinkin' an' the bleedin' rats 'as slung their 'ooks.

JONES (*in a sudden fit of anger flings the bell clattering into a corner*): Low-flung, woods' niggers! (*Then catching* SMITHERS' *eye on him, he controls himself and suddenly bursts into a low chuckling laugh.*) Reckon I overplays my hand dis once! A man can't take de pot on a bob-tailed flush all de time. Was I sayin' I'd sit in six months mo'? Well, I'se changed my mind den. I cashes in and resigns de job of Emperor right dis minute.

SMITHERS (*with real admiration*): Blimey, but you're a cool bird, and no mistake.

JONES—No use'n fussin'. When I knows de game's up I kisses it good-by widout no long waits. Dey've all run off to de hills, ain't dey?

SMITHERS—Yes—every bleedin' man jack of 'em.

JONES—Den de revolution is at de post. And de Emperor better git his feet smokin' up de trail. (*He starts for the door in rear.*)

SMITHERS—Goin' out to look for your 'orse? Yer won't find any. They steals the 'orses first thing. Mine was gone when I went for 'im this mornin'. That's wot first give me a suspicion of wot was up.

JONES (*alarmed for a second, scratches his head, then philosophically*): Well, den I hoofs it. Feet, do yo' duty! (*He pulls out a gold watch and looks at it.*) Three-thuty. Sundown's at six-thuty or dereabouts. (*Puts his watch back—with cool confidence.*) I got plenty o' time to make it easy.

SMITHERS—Don't be so bloomin' sure of it. They'll be after you 'ot and 'eavy. Old Lem is at the bottom o' this business an' 'e 'ates you like 'ell. 'E'd rather do for you than eat 'is dinner, 'e would!

JONES (*scornfully*): Dat fool no-count nigger! Does you think I'se scared o' him? I stands him on his thick head more'n once befo' dis, and I does it again if he comes in my way—*fiercely*). And dis time I leave him a dead nigger fo' sho'!

SMITHERS—You'll 'ave to cut through the big forest—an' these blacks 'ere can sniff and follow a trail in the dark like 'ounds. You'd 'ave to 'ustle to get through that forest in twelve hours even if you knew all the bloomin' trails like a native.

JONES (*with indignant scorn*): Look-a-heah, white man! Does you think I'se a natural bo'n fool? Give me credit fo' havin' some sense, fo' Lawd's sake. Don't you s'pose I'se gone out in dat big forest, pretendin' to hunt, so many times dat I knows it high an' low like a book. I could go through on dem trails wid my eyes shut. (*With great contempt.*) Think dese ig'nerent bush niggers dat ain't got brains enuff to know deir own names even can catch Brutus Jones? Huh, I s'pects not! Not on yo' life! Why, man, de white men went after me wid bloodhounds where I come from an' I jes' laughs at 'em. It's a shame to fool dese black trash around heah, dey're so easy. You watch me, man! I'll make dem look sick, I will. I'll be 'cross de plains to de edge of de forest by time dark comes. Once in de woods in de night, dey got a swell chance o' findin' dis baby! Dawn tomorrow I'll be out at de oder side and on de coast whar dat French gunboat is stayin'. She picks me up, takes me to the Martinique when she go dar, and dere I is safe wid a mighty big bankroll in my jeans. It's easy as rollin' off a log.

SMITHERS (*maliciously*): But s'posin' somethin' 'appens wrong an' they do nab yer?

JONES (*decisively*): Dey don't—dat's de answer.

SMITHERS—But, just for argyment's sake—what'd you do?

JONES (*frowning*): I'se got five lead bullets in dis gun good enuff fo' common bush niggers—and after dat I got de silver bullet left to cheat 'em out o' gittin' me.

SMITHERS (*jeeringly*): Ho, I was fergettin' that silver bullet. You'll bump yourself orf in style, won't yer? Blimey!

JONES (*gloomily*): You kin bet yo' whole roll on one thing, white man. Dis baby plays out his string to de end and when he quits, he quits wid a bang de way he ought. Silver bullet ain't none too good for him when he go, dat's a fac'! (*Then shaking off his nervousness—with a confident laugh.*) Sho'! What is I talkin' about? Ain't come to dat yit and I never will—not wid trash niggers like dese yere. (*Boastfully.*) Silver bullet bring me luck anyway. I kin outguess, outrun, outfight, an' outplay de whole lot o' dem all ovah de board any time o' de day er night! You watch me! (*From the distant hills come the faint, steady thump of a tom-tom, low and vibrating. It starts at a rate exactly corresponding to normal pulse beat—72 to the minute—and continues at a gradually accelerating rate from this point uninterruptedly to the very end of the play.*)

(JONES *starts at the sound. A strange look of apprehension creeps into his face for a moment as he listens. Then he asks, with an attempt to regain his most casual manner.*) What's dat drum beatin' fo'?

SMITHERS (*with a mean grin*): For you.

That means the bleedin' ceremony 'as started. I've 'eard it before and I knows.

Jones—Cer'mony? What cer'mony?

Smithers—The blacks is 'oldin' a bloody meetin', 'avin' a war dance, gettin' their courage worked up b'fore they starts after you.

Jones—Let dem! Dey'll sho' need it!

Smithers—And they're there 'oldin' their 'eathen religious service—makin' no end of devil spells and charms to 'elp 'em against your silver bullet. (*He guffaws loudly.*) Blimey, but they're balmy as 'ell!

Jones (*a tiny bit awed and shaken in spite of himself*): Huh! Takes more'n dat to scare dis chicken!

Smithers (*scenting the other's feeling—maliciously*): Ternight when it's pitch black in the forest, they'll 'ave their pet devils and ghosts 'oundin' after you. You'll find yer bloody 'air 'll be standin' on end before termorrow mornin'. (*Seriously.*) It's a bleedin' queer place, that stinkin' forest, even in daylight. Yer don't know what might 'appen in there, it's that rotten still. Always sends the cold shivers down my back minute I gets in it.

Jones (*with a contemptuous sniff*): I ain't no chicken-liver like you is. Trees an' me, we'se friends, and dar's a full moon comin' bring me light. And let dem po' niggers make all de fool spells dey'se a min' to. Does yo' s'pect I'se silly enuff to b'lieve in ghosts an' ha'nts an' all dat old woman's talk? G'long, white man! You ain't talkin' to me. (*With a chuckle.*) Doesn't you know dey's got to do wid a man was member in good standin' o' de Baptist Church? Sho' I was dat when I was porter on de Pullmans, befo' I gits into my little trouble. Let dem dry deir heathen tricks. De Baptist Church done pertect me and land dem all in hell. (*Then with more confident satisfaction.*) And I'se got little silver bullet o' my own, don't forgit:

SMITHERS—Ho! You 'aven't give much 'eed to your Baptist Church since you been down 'ere. I've 'eard myself you 'ad turned yer coat an' was takin' up with their blarsted witch-docters, or whatever the 'ell yer calls the swine.

Jones (*vehemently*): I pretends to! Sho' I pretends! Dat's part o' my game from de fust. If I finds out dem niggers believes dat black is white, den I yells it out louder 'n deir loudest. It don't git me nothin' to do missionary work for de Baptist Church. I'se after de coin, an' I lays my Jesus on de shelf for de time bein'. (*Stops abruptly to look at his watch—alertly.*) But I ain't got de time to waste no more fool talk wid you. I'se gwine away from heah dis secon'. (*He reaches in under the throne and pulls out an expensive Panama hat with a bright multi-colored band and sets it jauntily on his head.*) So long, white man! (*With a grin.*) See you in jail sometime, maybe!

Smithers—Not me, you won't. Well, I wouldn't be in yer bloody boots for no bloomin' money, but 'ere's wishin' yer luck just the same.

Jones (*contemptuously*): You're de frightenedest man evah I see! I tells you I'se safe's 'f I was in New York City. It takes dem niggers from now to dark to git up de nerve to start somethin'. By dat time, I'se got a head start dey never kotch up wid.

Smithers (*maliciously*): Give my regards to any ghosts yer meets up with.

Jones (*grinning*): If dat ghost got money, I'll tell him never ha'n't you less'n he wants to lose it.

Smithers (*flattered*): Garn! (*Then curiously.*) Ain't yer takin' no luggage with yer?

Jones—I travels light when I wants to move fast. And I got tinned grub buried on de edge o' de forest. (*Boastfully.*) Now say dat I don't look ahead an' use my brains. (*With a wide, liberal gesture.*) I will all dat's left in de palace to you—and you better grab all you kin sneak away wid befo' dey gits here.

Smithers (*gratefully*): Righto—and thanks ter yer. (*As* Jones *walks towards the door in rear—cautioningly.*) Say! Look 'ere, you ain't goin' out that way, are yer?

Jones—Does you think I'd slink out de back door like a common nigger? I'se Emperor yit, ain't I? And de Emperor Jones leaves de way he comes, and dat black trash don't dar stop him—not yit, leastways. (*He stops for a moment in the doorway, listening to the far-off but insistent beat of the tom-tom.*) Listen to dat roll-call, will you? Must be mighty big drum carry dat far. (*Then with a laugh.*) Well, if dey ain't no whole brass band to see me off, I sho' got de drum part of it. So long, white man. (*He puts his hands in his pockets and with studied carelessness, whistling a tune, he saunters out of the doorway and off to the left.*)

Smithers (*looks after him with a puzzled admiration.*) 'E's got 'is bloomin' nerve with 'im, s'elp me! (*Then angrily*). Ho—the bleedin' nigger—puttin' on 'is bloody airs! I 'opes they nabs 'im an' gives 'im what's what! (*Then putting business before the pleasure of this thought, looking around him with cupidity.*) A bloke ought to find a 'ole lot in this palace that'd go for a bit of cash. Let's take a look, 'Arry, me lad. (*He starts for the doorway on right as the curtain falls.*)

Scene Two: Nightfall

The end of the plain where the Great Forest begins. The foreground is sandy, level ground dotted by a few stones and clumps of stunted bushes cowering close against the earth to escape the buffeting of the trade wind. In the rear the forest is a wall of darkness dividing the world. Only when the eye becomes accustomed to the gloom can the outlines of separate trunks of the *nearest trees be made out, enormous pillars of deeper blackness. A somber monotone of wind lost in the leaves moans in the air. Yet this sound serves but to intensify the impression of the forest's relentless immobility, to form a background throwing into relief its brooding, implacable silence.*

(JONES *enters from the left, walking rapidly. He stops as he nears the edge of the forest, looks around him quickly, peering into the dark as if searching for some familiar landmark. Then, apparently satisfied that he is where he ought to be, he throws himself on the ground, dog-tired.*)

WELL, heah I is. In de nick o' time, too! Little mo' an' it'd be blacker'n de ace of spades heah-bouts. (*He pulls a bandanna handkerchief from his hip pocket and mops off his perspiring face.*) Sho'! Gimme air! I'se tuckered out sho' 'nuff. Dat soft Emperor job ain't no trainin' for a long hike ovah dat plain in de brilin' sun. (*Then with a chuckle.*) Cheah up, nigger, de worst is yet to come. (*He lifts his head and stares at the forest. His chuckle peters out abruptly. In a tone of awe.*) My goodness, look at dem woods, will you? Dat no-count Smithers said dey'd be black an' he sho' called de turn. (*Turning away from them quickly and looking down at his feet, he snatches at a chance to change the subject—solicitously.*) Feet, you is holdin' up yo' end fine an' I sutinly hopes you ain't blisterin' none. It's time you git a rest. (*He takes off his shoes, his eyes studiously avoiding the forest. He feels of the soles of his feet gingerly.*) You is still in de pink—on'y a little mite feverish. Cool yo'-selfs. Remember you done got a long journey yet befo' you. (*He sits in a weary attitude, listening to the rhythmic beating of the tom-tom. He grumbles in a loud tone to cover up a growing uneasiness.*) Bush niggers! Wonder dey wouldn' git sick o' beatin' dat drum. Sound louder, seem like. I wonder if dey's startin' after me? (*He scrambles to his feet, looking back across the plain.*) Couldn't see dem now, nohow, if dey was hundred feet away. (*Then shakes himself like a wet dog to get rid of these depressing thoughts.*) Sho', dey's miles an' miles behind. What you gittin' fidgetty about? (*But he sits down and begins to lace up his shoes in great haste, all the time muttering reassuringly.*) You know what? Yo' belly is empty, dat's what's de matter wid you. Come time to eat! Wid nothin' but wind on yo' stumach, o' course you feels jiggedy. Well, we eats right heah an' now soon's I gits dese pesky shoes laced up. (*He finishes lacing up his shoes.*) Dere! Now le's see! (*Gets on his hands and knees and searches the ground around him with his eyes.*) White stone, white stone, where is you? (*He sees the first white stone and crawls to it—with satisfaction.*) Heah you is! I knowed dis was de right place. Box of grub, come to me. (*He turns over the stone and feels in under it—in a tone of dismay.*) Ain't heah! Gorry, is I in de right place or isn't I? Dere's 'nother stone. Guess dat's it. (*He scrambles to the next stone and turns it over.*) Ain't heah, neither! Grub, whar is you? Ain't heah. Gorry, has I got to go hungry into dem woods—all de night? (*While he is talking he scrambles from one stone to another, turning them over in frantic haste. Finally, he jumps to his feet excitedly.*) Is I lost de place? Must have! But how dat happen when I was followin' de trail across de plain in broad daylight? (*Almost plaintively.*) I'se hungry, I is! I gotta git my feed. Whar's my strength gonna come from if I doesn't? Gorry, I gotta find dat grub high an' low somehow! Why it come dark so quick like dat? Can't see nothin'. (*He scratches a match on his trousers and peers about him. The rate of the beat of the far-off tom-tom increases perceptibly as he does so. He mutters in a bewildered voice.*) How come all dese white stones come heah when I only remembers one? (*Suddenly, with a frightened gasp, he flings the match on the ground and stamps on it.*) Nigger, is you gone crazy mad? Is you lightin' matches to show dem whar you is? Fo' Lawd's sake, use yo' haid. Gorry, I'se got to be careful! (*He stares at the plain behind him apprehensively, his hand on his revolver.*) But how come all dese white stones? And whar's dat tin box o' grub I hid all wrapped up in oilcloth?

(*While his back is turned, the* LITTLE FORMLESS FEARS *creep out from the deeper blackness of the forest. They are black, shapeless, only their glittering little eyes can be seen. If they have any describable form at all it is that of a grubworm about the size of a creeping child. They move noiselessly, but with deliberate, painful effort, striving to raise themselves on end, failing and sinking prone again.* JONES *turns about to face the forest. He stares up at the tops of the trees, seeking vainly to discover his whereabouts by their conformation.*)

Can't tell nothin' from dem trees! Gorry, nothin' 'round heah look like I evah seed it befo'. I'se done lost de place sho' nuff! (*With mournful foreboding.*) It's mighty queer! It's mighty queer! (*With sudden forced defiance—in an angry tone.*) Woods, is you tryin' to put somethin' ovah on me?

(*From the formless creatures on the ground in front of him comes a tiny gale of low mocking laughter like a rustling of leaves. They squirm upward toward him in twisted attitudes.* JONES *looks down, leaps backward with a yell of terror, yanking out his revolver as he does so—in a quavering voice.*) What's dat? Who's dar? What is you? Git away from me befo' I shoots you up! You don't?—

(*He fires. There is a flash, a loud report, then silence broken only by the far-off, quickened throb of the tom-tom. The* FORMLESS CREATURES *have scurried back into the forest.* Jones *remains fixed in his position, listening intently. The sound of the shot, the reassuring feel of the revolver in his hand, have somewhat restored his shaken nerve. He addressed himself with renewed confidence.*)

Dey're gone. Dat shot fix 'em. Dey was only little animals—little wild pigs, I reckon. Dey've maybe rooted out yo' grub an' eat it. Sho', you fool nigger, what you think dey is—ha'nts? (*Excitedly.*) Gorry, you give de game away when you fire dat shot. Dem niggers heah dot fo' su'tin! Time you beat it in de woods widout no long waits.

(*He starts for the forest—hesitates before the plunge—then urging himself in with manful resolution.*) Git in, nigger! What you skeered at? Ain't nothin' dere but de trees! Git in! (*He plunges boldly into the forest.*)

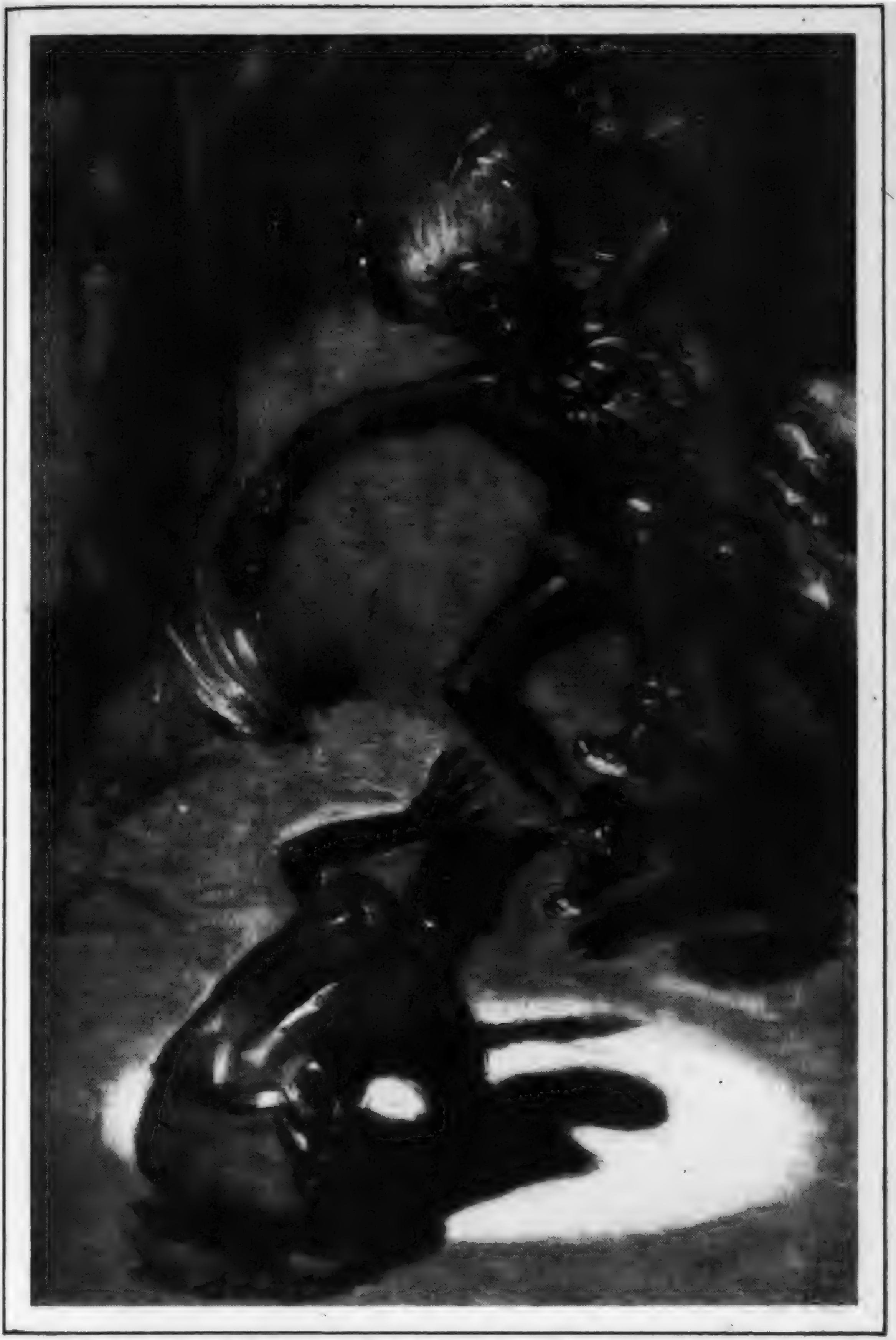
Scene Three

Nine o'clock. In the forest. The moon has just risen. Its beams, drifting through the canopy of leaves, make a barely perceptible, suffused, eerie glow. A dense low wall of underbrush and creepers is in the nearer foreground, fencing in a small triangular clearing. Beyond this is the massed blackness of the forest like an encompassing barrier. A path is dimly discerned leading down to the clearing from left, rear, and winding away from it again toward the right. As the scene opens nothing can be distincly made out. Except for the beating of the tom-tom, which is a trifle louder and quicker than in the previous scene, there is silence, broken every few seconds by a queer, clicking sound. Then gradually the figure of the negro, Jeff, *can be discerned crouching on his haunches at the rear of the triangle. He is middle-aged, thin, brown in color, is dressed in a Pullman porter's uniform, cap, etc. He is throwing a pair of dice on the ground before him, picking them up, shaking them, casting them out with the regular, rigid, mechanical movements of an automaton. The heavy, plodding footsteps of someone approaching along the trail from the left are heard and* Jones's *voice, pitched in a slightly higher key and strained in a cheering effort to overcome its own tremors.*

DE MOON'S rizen. Does you heah dat, nigger? You gits more light from dis out. No mo' buttin' yo' fool head agin' de trunks an' scratchin' de hide off yo' legs in de bushes. Now you sees whar yo'se gwine. So cheer up! From now on you has a snap. (*He steps just to the rear of the triangular clearing and mops off his face on his sleeve. He has lost his Panama hat. His face is scratched, his brilliant uniform shows several large rents.*) What time's it gittin' to be, I wonder? I dassent light no match to find out. Phoo'. It's wa'm an' dats a fac'! (*Wearily.*) How long I been makin' tracks in dese woods? Must be hours an' hours. Seems like fo'evah! Yit can't be, when de moon's jes' riz. Dis am a long night fo' yo', yo' Majesty! (*With attempted cheerfulness.*) Never min'. It's all part o' de game. Dis night come to an end like everything else. And when you gits dar safe and has dat bankroll in yo' hands you laughs at all dis. (*He starts to whisle but checks himself abruptly.*) What yo' whistlin' for, you po' dope! Want all de worl' to heah you? (*He stops talking to listen.*) Heah dat ole drum! Sho' gits nearer from de sound. Dey're packin' it along wid 'em. Time fo' me to move. (*He takes a step forward, then stops—worriedly.*) What's dat odder queer clicketty sound I heah? Dere it is! Sound close! Sound like—sound like—fo' God sake, sound like some nigger was shootin' crap! (*Frightenedly.*) I better beat it quick when I gits dem notions. (*He walks quickly into the clear space—then stands transfixed as he sees* Jeff*—in a terrified gasp.*) Who dar? Who dat? Is dat you, Jeff? (*Starting toward the other, forgetful for a moment of his surroundings and really believing it is a living man* that he *sees—in a tone of happy relief.*) Jeff! I'se sho' mighty glad to see you! Dey tol' me you done died from dat razor cut I gives you. (*Stopping suddenly, bewilderedly.*) But how you come to be heah, nigger? (*He stares fascinatedly at the other who continues his mechanical play with the dice.* Jones's *eyes begin to roll wildly. He stutters.*) Ain't you gwine—look up—can't you speak to me? Is you—is you—a ha'nt? (*He jerks out his revolver in a frenzy of terrified rage.*) Nigger, I kills you dead once. Has I got to kill you agin? You take it den. (*He fires. When the smoke clears away* Jeff *has disappeared.* Jones *stands trembling—then with a certain reassurance.*) He's gone, anyway. Ha'nt or no ha'nt, dat shot fix him. (*The beat of the far-off tom-tom is perceptibly louder and more rapid.* Jones *becomes conscious of it—with a start, looking back over his shoulder.*) Dey's gittin' near! Dey'se comin' fast! And heah I is shootin' shots to let 'em know jes' whar I is. Oh, Gorry, I'se got to run. (*Forgetting the path he plunges wildly into the underbrush in the rear and disappears in the shadow.*)

Scene Four

Eleven o'clock. In the forest. A wide dirt road runs diagonally from right, front, to left, rear. Rising sheer on both sides the forest walls it in. The moon is now up. Under its light the road glimmers ghastly and unreal. It is as if the forest had stood aside momentarily to let the road pass through and accomplish its veiled purpose. This done, the forest will fold in upon itself again and the road will be no more. Jones *stumbles in from the forest on the right. His uniform is ragged and torn. He looks about him with numbed surprise when he sees the road, his eyes blinking in the bright moonlight. He flops down exhaustedly and pants heavily for a while. Then with sudden anger.*



From behind the trunk of the tree, as if he had sprung out of it, the WITCH-DOCTOR appears. With a preliminary, summoning stamp of his foot, he begins to dance and to chant.

I'm meltin' wid heat! Runnin' an' runnin' an' runnin'! Damn dis heah coat! Like a strait jacket! (*He tears off his coat and flings it away from him, revealing himself, stripped to the waist.*) Dere! Dat's better! Now I kin breathe! (*Looking down at his feet, the spurs catch his eye.*) And to hell wid dese high-fangled spurs. Dey're what's been a-trippin' me up an' breakin' my neck. (*He unstraps them and flings them away disgustedly.*) Dere! I gits rid o' dem fripperty Emperor trappin's an' I travels lighter. Lawd! I'se tired! (*After a pause, listening to the insistent beat of the tom-tom in the distance.*) I must 'a put some distance between myself an' dem—runnin' like dat—and yet—dat damn drum sound jes' de same—nearer, even. Well, I guess I a'most holds my lead anyhow. Dey won't never catch up. Oh, I'se sorry I evah went in for dis. Dat Emperor job is sho' hard to shake. (*He looks around him suspiciously.*) How'd dis road evah git heah? Good level road, too. I never remembers seein' it befo'. (*Shaking his head apprehensively.*) Dese woods is sho' full o' de queerest things at night. (*With a sudden terror.*) Lawd God, don't let me see no more o' dem ha'nts! Dey gets my goat! (*Then trying to talk himself into confidence.*) Ha'nts! You fool nigger, dey ain't no such things! Don't de Baptist parson tell you dat many time? Is you civilized, or is you like dese ign'rent black niggers heah? Sho'! Dat was all in yo' own head. Wasn't nothin' dere. Wasn't no Jeff! You jus' get seein' dem things 'cause yo' belly's empty and you's sick wid hunger inside. Hunger 'fects yo' head and yo' eyes. Any fool know dat. (*Then pleading fervently.*) But bless God, I don't come across no more o' dem, whatever dey is! (*Then cautiously.*) Rest! Don't talk! Rest! Den you gits on yo' way again. (*Looking at the moon.*) Night's half gone a'most. You hits de coast in de mawning! Den you's all safe.

(*From the right forward a small gang of negroes enter. They are dressed in striped convict suits, their heads are shaven, one leg drags limpingly, shackled to a heavy ball and chain. Some carry picks, the others shovels. They are followed by a white man dressed in the uniform of a prison guard. A Winchester rifle is slung across his shoulders and he carries a heavy whip. At a signal from the* GUARD *they stop on the road opposite where* JONES *is sitting.* JONES, *who has been staring up at the sky, unmindful of their noiseless approach, suddenly looks down and sees them. His eyes pop out, he tries to get to his feet and fly, but sinks back, too numbed by fright to move. His voice catches in a choking prayer.*)

Lawd Jesus!

(*The* PRISON GUARD *cracks his whip—noiselessly—and at that signal all the convicts start to work on the road. They swing their picks, they shovel, but not a sound comes from their labor. Their movements, like those of* JEFF *in the preceding scene, are those of automatons—rigid, slow, and mechanical. The* PRISON GUARD *points sternly at* JONES *with his whip, motions him to take his place among the other shovelers.* JONES *gets to his feet in a hypnotized stupor. He mumbles subserviently.*)

Yes, suh! Yes, suh! I'se comin'.

(*As he shuffles, dragging one foot, over to his place, he curses under his breath with rage and hatred.*)

GOD damn yo' soul, I gits even wid you yit, some time.

(*As if there were a shovel in his hands he goes through weary, mechanical gestures of digging up dirt, and throwing it to the roadside. Suddenly the* GUARD *approaches him angrily, threateningly. He raises his whip and lashes* JONES *viciously across the shoulders with it.* JONES *winces with pain and cowers abjectly. The* GUARD *turns his back on him and walks away contemptuously. Instantly* JONES *straightens up. With arms upraised as if his shovel were a club in his hands he springs murderously at the unsuspecting* GUARD. *In the act of crashing down his shovel on the white man's skull,* JONES *suddenly becomes aware that his hands are empty. He cries despairingly.*)

What's my shovel? Gimme my shovel 'till I splits his damn head! (*Appealing to his fellow convicts.*) Gimme a shovel, one o' you, fo' God's sake!

(*They stand fixed in motionless attitudes, their eyes on the ground. The* GUARD *seems to wait expectantly, his back turned to the attacker.* JONES *bellows, with baffled, terrified rage, tugging frantically at his revolver.*)

I kills you, you white debil, if it's de last thing I evah does! Ghost or debil, I kill you agin!

(*He frees the revolver and fires point blank at the* GUARD'S *back. Instantly the walls of the forest close in from both sides, the road and the figures of the convict gang are blotted out in an enshrouding darkness. The only sounds are a crashing in the underbrush as* JONES *leaps away in mad flight and the throbbing of the tom-tom, still far distant, but increased in volume of sound and rapidity of beat.*)

SCENE FIVE

One o'clock. A large circular clearing, enclosed by the serried ranks of gigantic trunks of tall trees whose tops are lost to view. In the center is a big dead stump worn by time into a curious resemblance to an auction block. The moon floods the clearing with a clear light. JONES *forces his way in through the forest on the left. He looks wildly about the clearing with hunted, fearful glances. His pants are in tatters, his shoes cut and misshapen, flapping about his feet. He slinks cautiously to the stump in the center and sits down in a tense position,* *ready for instant flight. Then he holds his head in his hand and rocks back and forth, moaning to himself miserably.*)

Oh Lawd, Lawd! Oh Lawd, Lawd! (*Suddenly he throws himself on his knees and raises his clasped hands to the sky—in a voice of agonized pleading.*) Lawd Jesus, heah my prayer! I'se a po' sinner, a po' sinner! I knows I done wrong, I knows it! When I cotches Jeff cheatin' wid loaded dice my anger overcomes me and I kills him dead! Lawd, I done wrong. When dat guard hits me wid de whip, my anger overcomes me, and I kills him dead. Lawd, I done wrong! And down heah whar dese fool bush niggers raises me up to the seat o' de mighty, I steals all I could grab. Lawd, I done wrong! I knows it! I'se sorry! Forgive me, Lawd! Forgive me, Lawd! Forgive dis po' sinner! (*Then beseeching terrifiedly.*) And keep dem away, Lawd! Keep dem away from me! And stop dat drum soundin' in my ears! Dat begin to sound ha'nted, too. (*He gets to his feet, evidently slightly reassured by his prayer—with attempted confidence.*) De Lawd'll preserve me from dem ha'nts after dis. (*Sits down on the stump again.*) I ain't skeered o' real men. Led dem come. But dem odders—(*He shudders—then looks down at his feet, working his toes inside the shoes—with a groan.*) Oh, my po' feet! Dem shoes ain't no use no more 'ceptin' to hurt. I'se better off widout dem. (*He unlaces them and pulls them off—holds the wrecks of the shoes in his hands and regards them mournfully.*) You was real, A-one patin' leather, too. Look at you now. Emperor, you'se gittin' mighty low!

(*He sighs dejectedly and remains with bowed shoulders, staring down at the shoes in his hands as if reluctant to throw them away. While his attention is thus occupied, a crowd of figures silently enter the clearing from all sides. All are dressed in Southern costumes of the period of the fifties of the last century. There are middle-aged men who are evidently well-to-do planters. There is one spruce, authoritative individual—the* Auctioneer. *There are a crowd of curious spectators, chiefly young belles and dandies who have come to the slave-market for diversion. All exchange courtly greetings in dumb show and chat silently together. There is something stiff, rigid, unreal, marionettish about their movements. They group themselves about the stump. Finally a batch of slaves are led in from the left by an attendant—three men of different ages, two women, one with a baby in her arms, nursing. They are placed to the left of the stump, beside* Jones.

The white Planters *look them over appraisingly as if they were cattle, and exchange judgments on each. The dandies point with their fingers and make witty remarks. The belles titter bewitchingly. All this is silence save for the ominous throb of the tom-tom. The* Auctioneer *holds up his hand, taking his place at the stump. The groups strain forward attentively. He touches* Jones *on the shoulder peremptorily, motioning for him to stand on the stump—the auction block.*

Jones *looks up, sees the figures on all sides, looks wildly for some opening to escape, sees none, screams and leaps madly to the top of the stump to get as far away from them as possible. He stands there, cowering, paralyzed with horror. The* Auctioneer *begins his silent spiel. He points to* Jones, *appeals to the* Planters *to see for themselves.*) Here is a good field hand, sound in wind and limb as they can see. Very strong still in spite of his being middle-aged. Look at that back. Look at those shoulders. Look at the muscles in his arms and his sturdy legs. Capable of any amount of hard labor. Moreover, of a good disposition, intelligent and tractable. Will any gentleman start the bidding? (*The* Planters *raise their fingers, make their bids. They are apparently all eager to possess* Jones. *The bidding is lively, the crowd interested. While this has been going on,* Jones *has been seized by the courage of desperation. He dares to look down and around him. Over his face abject terror gives way to mystification, to gradual realization—stutteringly.*)

What you all doin', white folks? What's all dis? What you all lookin' at me fo'? What you doin' wid me, anyhow? (*Suddenly convulsed with raging hatred and fear.*) Is dis a auction? Is you sellin' me like dey uster befo' de war? (*Jerking out his revolver just as the* Auctioneer *knocks him down to one of the* Planters—*glaring from him to the purchaser.*) And *you* sells me? And *you* buys me? I shows you I'se a free nigger, damn yo' souls! (*He fires at the* Auctioneer *and at the* Planter *with such rapidity that the two shots are almost simultaneous. As if this were a signal the walls of the forest fold in. Only blackness remains and silence broken by* Jones *as he rushes off, crying with fear—and by the quickened, ever louder beat of the tom-tom.*)

SCENE SIX

Three o'clock. A cleared space in the forest. The limbs of the trees meet over it forming a low ceiling about five feet from the ground. The interlocked ropes of creepers reaching upward to entwine the tree trunks give an arched appearance to the sides. The space thus enclosed is like the dark, noisome hold of some ancient vessel. The moonlight is almost completely shut out and only a vague wan light filters through. There is the noise of someone approaching from the left, stumbling and crawling through the undergrowth. Jones' *voice is heard between chattering moans.*

Oh, Lawd, what I gwine do now? Ain't got no bullet left on'y de silver one. If mo' o' dem ha'nts come after me, how I gwine skeer dem away? Oh, Lawd, on'y de silver one left—an' I gotta save dat fo' luck. If I shoots dat one

I'm a goner sho'! Lawd, it's black heah! Whar's de moon? Oh, Lawd, don't dis night evah come to an end? (*By the sounds, he is feeling his way cautiously forward.*) Dere! Dis feels like a clear space. I gotta lie down an' rest. I don't care ef dem niggers does cotch me. I gotta rest.

(*He is well forward now where his figure can be dimly made out. His pants have been so torn away that what is left of them is not better than a breech cloth. He flings himself full length, face downward on the ground, panting with exhaustion. Gradually it seems to grow lighter in the enclosed space and two rows of seated figures can be seen behind* JONES. *They are sitting in crumpled, despairing attitudes, hunched, facing one another with their backs touching the forest walls as if they were shackled to them. All are negroes, naked save for loin cloths. At first they are silent and motionless. Then they begin to sway slowly forward toward each and back again in unison, as if they were laxly letting themselves follow the long roll of a ship at sea. At the same time, a low, melancholy murmur rises among them, increasing gradually by rhythmic degrees which seem to be directed and controlled by the throb of the tom-tom in the distance, to a long, tremulous wail of despair that reaches a certain pitch, unbearably acute, then falls by slow graduations of tone into silence and is taken up again.* JONES *starts, looks up, sees the figures, and throws himself down again to shut out the sight. A shudder of terror shakes his whole body as the wail rises up about him again. But the next time, his voice, as if under some uncanny compulsion, starts with the others. As their chorus lifts he rises to a sitting posture similar to the others, swaying back and forth. His voice reaches the highest pitch of sorrow, of desolation. The light fades out, the other voices cease, and only darkness is left.* JONES *can be heard scrambling to his feet and running off, his voice sinking down the scale and receding as he moves farther and farther away in the forest. The tom-tom beats louder, quicker, with a more insistent, triumphant pulsation.*)

SCENE SEVEN

Five o'clock. The foot of a gigantic tree by the edge of a great river. A rough structure of boulders, like an altar, is by the tree. The raised river bank is in the nearer background. Beyond this the surface of the river spreads out, brilliant and unruffled in the moonlight, blotted out and merged into a veil of bluish mist in the distance. JONES' *voice is heard from the left rising and falling in the despairing wail of the chained slaves, to the rhythmic beat of the tom-tom. As his voice sinks into silence, he enters the open space. The expression of his face is fixed and stony, his eyes have an obsessed glare, he moves with a strange deliberation like a sleep-walker or one in a trance. He looks around at the tree, the rough stone altar, the moonlit surface of the river beyond, and passes his hand over his head with a vague gesture of puzzled bewilderment. Then, as if in obedience to some obscure impulse, he sinks into a kneeling, devotional posture before the altar. Then he seems to come to himself partly, to have an uncertain realization of what he is doing, for he straightens up and stares about him horrifiedly—in an incoherent mumble.*

WHAT—what is I doin? What is—dis place? Seems like—seems like I know dat tree—an' dem stones—an' de river. I remember—seems like I been heah befo'. (*Tremblingly.*) Oh, Gorry, I'se skeered in dis place! I'se skeered. Oh, Lawd, pertect dis sinner!

(*Crawling away from the altar, he cowers close to the ground, his face hidden, his shoulders heaving with sobs of hysterical fright. From behind the trunk of the tree, as if he had sprung out of it, the figure of the* CONGO WITCH-DOCTOR *appears. He is wizened and old, naked except for the fur of some small animal tied about his waist, its bushy tail hanging down in front. His body is stained all over a bright red. Antelope horns are on each side of his head, branching upward. In one hand he carries a bone rattle, in the other a charm stick with a bunch of white cockatoo feathers tied to the end. A great number of glass beads and bone ornaments are about his neck, ears, wrists, and ankles. He struts noiselessly with a queer prancing step to a position in the clear ground between* JONES *and the altar. Then with a preliminary, summmoning stamp of his foot on the earth, he begins to dance and to chant. As if in response to his summons the beating of the tom-tom grows to a fierce, exultant boom whose throbs seem to fill the air with vibrating rhythm.* JONES *looks up, starts to spring to his feet, reaches a half-kneeling, half-squatting position and remains rigidly fixed there, paralyzed with awed fascination by this new apparition. The* WITCH-DOCTOR *sways, stamping with his foot, his bone rattle clicking the time. His voice rises and falls in a weird, monotonous croon, without articulate word divisions. Gradually his dance becomes clearly one of a narrative in pantomime, his croon is an incantation, a charm to allay the fierceness of some implacable deity demanding sacrifice. He flees, he is pursued by devils, he hides, he flees again. Ever wilder and wilder becomes his flight, nearer and nearer draws the pursuing evil, more and more the spirit of terror gains possession of him. His croon, rising to intensity, is punctuated by shrill cries.* JONES *has become completely hypnotized. His voice joins in the incantation, in the cries, he beats time with his hands and sways his body to and fro from the waist. The whole spirit and meaning of the dance has entered into him, has become his spirit. Finally the theme of the pantomime halts on a howl of despair, and is taken up again in a note of savage hope. There is a salvation. The forces of evil demand sacrifice. They must be appeased.*

The WITCH-DOCTOR *points with his wand to the sacred tree, to the river beyond, to the altar, and finally to* JONES *with a ferocious command.* JONES *seems to sense the meaning of this. It is he who must offer himself for sacrifice. He beats his forehead abjectly to the ground, moaning hysterically.)*

Mercy, O Lawd! Mercy! Mercy on dis po' sinner.

(*The* WITCH-DOCTOR *springs to the river bank. He stretches out his arms and calls to some god within its depths. Then he starts backward slowly, his arms remaining out. A huge head of a crocodile appears over the bank and its eyes, glittering greenly, fasten upon* JONES. *He stares into them fascinatedly. The* WITCH-DOCTOR *prances up to him, touches him with his wand, motions with hideous command toward the waiting monster.* JONES *squirms on his belly nearer and nearer, moaning continually.*)

Mercy, Lawd! Mercy!

(*The* CROCODILE *heaves more of his enormous hulk onto the land.* JONES *squirms toward him. The* WITCH-DOCTOR'S *voice shrills out in furious exultation, the tom-tom beats madly.* JONES *cries out in a fierce, exhausted spasm of anguished pleading.*)

Lawd, save me! Lawd Jesus, heah my prayer!

(*Immediately, in answer to his prayer, comes the thought of the one bullet left him. He snatches at his hip, shouting defiantly.*)

De silver bullet! You don't git me yit!

(*He fires at the green eyes in front of him. The head of the* CROCODILE *sinks back behind the river bank, the* WITCH-DOCTOR *springs behind the sacred tree and disappears.* JONES *lies with his face to the ground, his arms outstretched, whimpering with fear as the throb of the tom-tom fills the silence about him with a somber pulsation, a baffled but revengeful power.*)

SCENE EIGHT

Dawn. Same as scene two, the dividing line of forest and plain. The nearest tree trunks are dimly revealed but the forest behind them is still a mass of glooming shadow. The tom-tom seems on the very spot, so loud and continuously vibrating are its beats. LEM *enters from the left, followed by a small squad of his* SOLDIERS, *and by the Cockney trader,* SMITHERS. LEM *is a heavy-set, ape-faced old savage of the extreme African type, dressed only in a loin cloth. A revolver and cartridge belt are about his waist. His* SOLDIERS *are in different degrees of rag-concealed nakedness. All wear broad palm-leaf hats. Each one carries a rifle.* SMITHERS *is the same as in Scene One. One of the* SOLDIERS, *evidently a tracker, is peering about keenly on the ground. He grunts and points to the spot where* JONES *entered the forest.* LEM *and* SMITHERS *come to look.*

SMITHERS (*after a glance, turns away in disgust*): That's where 'e went in right enough. Much good it'll do yer. 'E's miles orf by this an' safe to the coast damn 's 'ide! I tole yer yer'd lose 'im, didn't I?—wastin' the 'ole bloomin' night beatin' yer bloody drum and castin' yer silly spells! Gawd blimey, wot a pack!

LEM (*gutturally*): We cotch him. You see. (*He makes a motion to his* SOLDIERS *who squat down on their haunches in a semi-circle.*)

SMITHERS (*exasperatedly*): Well, ain't yer goin' in an' 'unt 'im in the woods? What the 'ell's the good of waitin'?

LEM (*imperturbably—squatting down himself*): We cotch him.

SMITHERS (*turning away from him contemptuously*): Aw! Garn'! 'E's a better man than the lot o' you put together. I 'ates the sight o' 'im but I'll say that for 'im. (*A sound of snapping twigs comes from the forest. The* SOLDIERS *jump to their feet, cocking their rifles alertly.* LEM *remains sitting with an imperturbable expression, but listening intently. The sound from the woods is repeated.* LEM *makes a quick signal with his hand. His followers creep quickly but noiselessly into the forest, scattering so that each enters at a different spot.*)

SMITHERS (*in the silence that follows—in a a contemptuous whisper*): You ain't thinkin' that would be 'im, I 'ope?

LEM (*calmly*): We cotch him.

SMITHERS—Blarsted fat 'eads! (*Then after a second's thought—wonderingly.*) Still an' all, it might 'appen. If 'e lost 'is bloody way in these stinkin' woods 'e'd likely turn in a circle without 'is knowin' it. They all does.

LEM (*peremptorily*): Sssh! (*The reports of several rifles sound from the forest, followed a second later by savage, exultant yells. The beating of the tom-tom abruptly ceases.* LEM *looks up at the white men with a grin of satisfaction.*) We cotch him. Him dead.

SMITHERS (*with a snarl*): 'Ow d' yer know it's 'im an' 'ow d' yer know 'e's dead?

LEM—My mens dey got 'um silver bullets. Dey kill him shore.

SMITHERS (*astonished*): They got silver bullets?

LEM—Lead bullet no kill him. He got um strong charm. I cook um money, make um silver bullet, make um strong charm, too.

SMITHERS (*light breaking upon him*): So that's wot you was up to all night, wot? You was scared to put after 'im you'd molded silver bullets, eh?

LEM (*simply stating a fact*): Yes. Him got strong charm. Lead no good.

SMITHERS (*slapping his thigh and guffawing*): Haw-haw! If yer don't beat all 'ell! (*Then recovering himself—scornfully.*) I'll bet yer it ain't 'im they shot at all, yer bleedin' looney!

LEM (*calmly*): Dey come bring him now

(*The* Soldiers *come out of the forest, carrying* Jones's *limp body. There is a little reddish-purple hole under his left breast. He is dead. They carry him to* Lem, *who examines his body with great satisfaction.* Smithers *leans over his shoulder—in a tone of frightened awe.*) Well, they did for yer right enough, Jonsey, me lad! Dead as a 'erring! (*Mockingly.*) Where's yer 'igh an' mighty airs now, yer bloomin' Majesty? (*Then with a grin.*) Silver bullets! Gawd blimey, but yer died in the 'eight o' style, any'ow! (Lem *makes a motion to the* Soldiers *to carry the body out left.* Smithers *speaks to him sneeringly.*)

Smithers—And I s'pose you think it's yer bleedin' charms and yer silly beatin' the drum that made 'im run in a circle when 'e'd lost 'imself, don't yer? (*But* Lem *makes no reply, does not seem to hear the question, walks out left after his men.* Smithers *looks after him with contemptuous scorn.*) Stupid as 'ogs, the lot of 'em! Blarsted niggers!

(Curtain Falls.)

Next month's offerings in the Old or New series will be stories of the Western plains, "Specimen Jones," by Owen Wister, and "The Last Choice of Crusty Dick," by William D. Williams.

Other People's Letters

THE cream of a collection of hundreds of interesting personal letters will be a feature of next month's Everybody's.

From the contributors to our prize contest for "The Best Letter I Ever Read" came treasured letters of every sort from attic trunks and cedar chests, from scrapbooks and pocket wallets, from sailors' ditty bags and soldiers' uniforms folded since Armistice Day.

Even in fiction you would have to search far and wide to match the story interest in these original human documents that open up so many windows into living hearts.

Among them, for instance, is a farewell message to a wife from a soldier in the Argonne who had a premonition of impending death a few hours before he went into action for the last time.

There is a note to a rejected suitor from a girl about to enter a religious order.

There is the reply of a mother of two children to her husband's curt notification that he was about to divorce her so he could marry another woman.

There is even an unidentified letter from an office building waste-basket, sent in by the waste-paper dealer who rescued it.

The letters selected run the whole gamut of human feelings from pain to pleasure. They have the fascination of spontaneous expression inspired by love and friendship, deaths and partings, defeats and victories.

This feature alone is enough to make it well worth your while to look forward to Everybody's for May.

"Ride 'em, Montana Kid!"

DONALD D. HAYFORD, Montana's champion broncho-buster has crammed into his thirty-three years more adventures than ten average persons do in fifty. Texas ranger, rodeo rider, trooper during the war in the "Grizzlies," dead shot with a six-gun, straw-boss for Buffalo Bill, he has "sure seen life," as they say along Powder River. Now he is a rising young business man, but he has been down to bed-rock in the past when he sometimes had to straddle "twisters," "sun-fishers," and every other kind of outlaw horse, just to get the price of a meal. The worst ride he ever had was down in New Mexico. He tried to stay with Indian Joe's blue roan stallion. This happened before the war, and as Hayford tells it:

"I blew into Tucumcari in a boxcar without a cent in my jeans. I sure had to do something. I hadn't heard any mess-call for twenty-four hours. So I tried a grandstand bluff, and the way I got away with it ain't nothing short of a miracle to me now.

"I registered at the leading hotel, and told the clerk that I wasn't going to pay till in the evening, 'cause I didn't know whether or not I could use the room. I knew well enough that my chances of sleeping there were pretty slim, flat broke as I was. Then I had it put in the paper, as news, of course, that I would give two hundred and fifty dollars to anybody who'd fetch in a horse that could throw me off. Next I rented me some lumber and hired some men to set up a grandstand. Likewise I borrowed some canvas to make an arena. I told everybody that they would have to wait for their pay until the show was over, but only after I had done some mighty tall talking did they see things my way.

"Well, here come the day of the exhibition. A lot of mean horses were brought in. I charged an admission fee of fifty cents. 'Fore long the gate receipts amounted to four hundred and thirty-five dollars. So far I was sitting right pretty. If only now I wouldn't get bucked off, and have to shell out them two hundred and fifty dollars, I thought to myself. But I really wasn't worried much about that. All the horses that were brought in were tough enough looking customers, but they weren't vicious. Besides I hadn't met up with one yet that I couldn't stick to.

"Then at the last minute—who should show up, but Indian Joe with that blue roan stallion of his! Joe had won the Nevada state championship at Nevo, Nevada, the year before. He claimed that no man could ride his blue roan, and offered to double the bet with me, making it five hundred dollars. One look at the roan put those thoughts out of my head pretty pronto, neither did it leave me any doubts as to Joe's claims. Facts were I got right worried, then. That stallion had already killed one man.

"Crash! and all I could see was stars"—read what Injun Joe's blue roan stallion did to the Montana Kid way down in Tucumcari.

"I opened the show by taking my saddle into the middle of the arena, and there I waited. Indirectly that blue roan helped me. The boys decided that if I rode the roan, they'd take it for granted that I could ride all the rest, and so the others were all ruled out.

"Wasn't but a minute and in come Indian Joe with the stallion, blindfolded and squealing mad, in charge of a half a dozen punchers. Pronto the boys began to put the saddle on him and Joe began to chaff me. The roan was a killer, yes, but he really wasn't as bad as he looked. Still I had better be playing my cards loose as far as riding him went. I didn't do much back-talking because I felt it in my bones that the next half hour was going to be a busy

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Marie, the Indian Pottery Maker

A FEW years ago Marie Martinez and her husband, Julian, were living embodiments of "Lo, the poor Injun." Their romantic names in the Pueblo tongue, Poh-ve-cah, Blue Flower Petal, and Poho-kah-no, Rippling Water, contrasted miserably with their life in a two-room adobe hut, and their ramshackle wagon drawn by two raw-boned ponies. By tribal custom they were allowed a twelve-month's supply of corn, a few strings of chilli peppers, a sack of beans, together with several tons of alfalfa for their two horses. And like their poverty-stricken neighbors, they lived economically, digging a scant living from the unproductive soil of the Pueblo reservation at San Ildefonso, New Mexico, not far from Santa Fé.

Now they are living in a modern four-room house, equipped with bedsteads, chairs and other "store" furniture, and enjoying the privileges that are made possible by the unheard of income of two thousand dollars a year. The two dilapidated ponies have given place to a fully equipped Dodge sedan, and Marie and her husband, when not engaged in the work that has made them outstanding figures in the world of native art, are able to take life easy. No, this is not a story of oil wells.

Ceramics wrought the fairy tale transformation. Almost overnight they have changed from unknown people to the position of recognized craftmen among connoisseurs of pottery making. Marie's mother had fashioned pots of hard-baked clay for her own household. And Marie's grandmother, and her great-grandmother before her, made pots and bowls in their own time. From time immemorial, the Indian women of the Southwest have baked marvelous pottery for their own use. And always there has been great rivalry among them as to whose pots were the most cunningly shaped.

It was a tradition among the Pueblos, and each small discovery in the domestic art was carefully guarded and handed down as a family heirloom. Secretly each housewife worked to excel all others. Marie's grandmother had won distinction among her neighbors for the beauty of her jars and taught her daughters and grand-daughters the secrets of her skill.

But of all this the outside world knew nothing, and the handicraft of these earliest citizens of America counted for little in their unequal struggle for existence. There was no market for their works of art.

Frantic demand for this gorgeous pottery she fashions has carried Pohvecah of the Pueblos from a 'dobe hut to a Dodge sedan.

Gradually, however, as the Pale Faces' materialism and industrialism drew nearer to the Pueblo Indian communities, the value of their pots began to be recognized. Simultaneously with the white man's desire for possession grew the demand for a larger supply. Immediately the younger women, many of whom had gone away to school and neglected the arts and crafts of their grandmothers, began to make pots of all shapes, sizes, and designs. But from the beginning of this renaissance Marie Martinez was the most skilful of them all. With a clay saucer for a potter's wheel she turns out jars, bowls, candlesticks, plates, saucers, ash trays, cigar and cigaret boxes with precisely fitting lids, sugar bowls, pitchers and trays of perfect symmetry. So accurate are they in contour, so satiny in sheen, and so gracefully shaped, that those who know anything of the art of ceramics can pick out Marie's work among that of a score of the best Indian craftswomen.

The process of making these much sought-after utensils, is, from the start, one of painstaking care and discriminating selection of

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Hotcakes for Nine Thousand Trout

"YES, sir, I bake 'em myself," declared B. D. Prentice, owner of the Prentice Trout Farm that is located on Puget Sound's largest island. "Hotcakes for nine thousand trout! Sour-milk cakes, they are, with just as many eggs in 'em, as if I made 'em for myself. And for year in and year out the trout thrive on those cakes, and like 'em."

As he spoke Mr. Prentice threw a handful of the chopped pancakes on to the surface of the grass-edged pool. A hundred rainbow trout immediately flashed and churned the placid water to foam in eager proof that they liked the cakes. A second handful increased the disturbance and the third provoked a frenzy that threatened a riot call.

"There's five hundred of those rainbows," continued Mr. Prentice, "and in the eight other pools up the drawer all together there's two thousand eastern brook trout, and seven thousand cut-throat trout. At feeding time you'd think there were twice as many. Just throw them some ground hotcakes and, *Whish*, the sport starts. The rainbows aren't as good jumpers as the cut-throats but they're fighters."

"In spawning season, especially," Mr. Prentice continued, "these rainbows are great fighters. The big males protect the eggs. A male will put his taboo on a section of water maybe ten feet square around the female and then keep out the other fish. Sometimes a couple of big males will get to fighting to see who's boss. Let me tell you, it's worth seeing, although," he paused to smile humorously, "it doesn't help my business. They get a death grip on each other's tails and hang on until one is killed."

They're just as active, too," he said reminiscently, "as the wild trout. Lots of fishermen who find the lake fishing disappointing, and hate to face the wife with an empty creel, stop in here on their way home. All they have to do is bait the hook with a piece of hotcake and drop it to about six inches from the surface. Then the fun starts. A feller never has to take a chance like the tenderfoot fisherman who stopped at the fish market on the way home and bought some beauties for his wife. You remember how she cast one look at his fish and then drawled sarcastically, as he strutted about with his thumbs in his vest pockets, 'Well, it's the first time I ever heard of mackerel being caught in a mountain stream.'"

For such guaranteed trout fishing, anglers pay at the rate of seventy-five cents a pound for the trout they catch, which means, in the rainbow pool, an average of a dollar and a half for every cast.

Thousands of rainbow trout churn his pool for hotcakes while B. D. Prentice scoops this "mess o' fish" for a big Seattle hotel.

Mr. Prentice gets the same price for every pound of fish he cares to dip out for the restaurant trade in Seattle and Everett. Since he is privileged under the state law to take his home-grown trout at any time of the year, business is best during the winter months. The restaurants want trout that weigh from one-quarter to one-third of a pound—seven to eight inches in length—and it takes eight months of feeding to bring them to that size.

The chief profit at this trout farm however does not come from selling the fish at so much a pound. It comes from marketing the spawn from the older fish at two and three dollars a thousand eggs. This means close to two and a half dollars income from each fish stocked, and leaves the trout ready for the market or for another year in the stock pool. Many county game commissioners purchase eggs from Mr. Prentice for their hatcheries.

Mr. Prentice has a hatchery of his own which he uses to keep his pools stocked. After the

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A Texan Who Makes the U. S. Sing

A LITTLE brown-eyed girl in the small school-house in Albany, Texas, sat looking thoughtfully at the blackboard on which were arithmetic problems, penmanship models, and language questions. Her thoughts, however, were not centered entirely upon the problems before her. The longer she thought, the more resentful she began to feel. Why couldn't she and the rest of the children in that schoolroom study music as well as reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic.

All morning a strain of music had been going through her mind. The muscles in her throat almost ached to sing, and her small fingers moved about beneath her desk as if over a keyboard. It just didn't seem right that she should have to wait until after school hours to play or sing, when there was so much time during school to read or memorize poems, solve problems or learn to spell.

She felt the loveliness of that springtime morning and the beauty of those vast rugged prairies that sweep up westward to the ragged escarpments of the Llano Estacado. Childlike, she recognized the grandeur in her surroundings. The changing colors of the prairies and the beauty in the brilliant sunsets were all quite strangely tangled with her love for music. There was a feeling, too, that the other children in that schoolroom might somehow have the same idea, that music in some way interpreted these things. She resolved that when she grew up, she would see to it that boys and girls should have the opportunity to study music, and that all people, men and women and boys and girls, during leisure hours should hear the great songs of the world.

This happened years ago. The actual date has been forgotten, but the memory of that resolve stands out with vivid clarity. The little girl grew to be a woman and in time became a wife, a mother and a home maker. But her idea remained through the years when she was going to school, teaching school, and busied with the activities of a home. And eventually, little by little, her ideas of making good music more available to people began to take definite shape. Now, through various music organizations she has brought music into the lives of men and women and boys and girls everywhere in her state. This woman is Mrs. John F. Lyons, today the head of one of America's greatest musical organizations.

On the day of my interview with her, she told her own story in vivid fashion after a day's work which would have worn out a woman of less vitality and energy. That morning she had attended to the routine duties of running the home for her husband and two boys. Then she had dictated some twenty letters that required her careful attention as president of the National Federation of Music Clubs, had had three interviews, answered innumerable telephone calls, arranged an important conference, made preparations for a trip in the interest of her work, even had her picture taken for some organization, and then at four o'clock appeared untired and quite ready to talk of her work in the world of music.

Love of music and young people developed a small town girl into this well-poised president of the National Federation of Music Clubs.

"The love of music has always been a part of me. No, I didn't become a professional musician," she continued with almost a tone of regret. "I had what opportunities my small town afforded and I worked and studied to learn all I could about music and musicians, but opportunities in the music world were few and uncertain then. So I turned to academic work and after going to Tennessee, to Peabody College, I came back to Texas to teach.

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Everybody's Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree" enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

The Peacemaker

An old gentleman from the California hinterland, on his first visit to San Francisco, went to the Presidio, where he had his first glimpse of soldiers going about their mysterious affairs. His attention was caught by the spectacle of two sentries passing and repassing each other in silence.

He watched them intently for several minutes, with growing compassion. Finally it was too much for his kindly instincts. He stepped up to them as they were passing once more and said, "Come on now, boys, why don't you make up and be friends?"

Fair Warning to Whelps

The following spirited notice appeared recently in one of the small Western papers. Bulletins from the buck-board seat of war are hourly expected.

"Several times recently the life of my wife and self have been placed in jeopardy by reckless road hogs, regardless of the safety of no one's hide and limb but their own. To all such miserable whelps I wish to say, with all the emphasis which the law will permit me to use in print, that I have provided myself with a .48 caliber revolver and have it loaded. When I drive out behind my old family mare, and any wooden-headed resident of this or any other community tries recklessly to run me down, I will, to the best of my ability, endeavor to perforate his tires and his legs. This is no idle threat, as any one who tests the matter will find to his sorrow. Things have come to a pretty pass when a law-abiding, tax-paying citizen cannot use the highway except at the risk of his life at the hands of some long-eared lout with a 2 x 4 brain and a 10 x 12 gall. I mean business. Jim. Mullins."

Sleep It Off

"Why is it, Sam, that one never hears of a darky committing suicide?"

"Well, you see, it's disaway, boss. When a white pusson has any trouble he sets down and gits a-studyin' an' a-studyin' an a-worryin' an a-worryin'. Then firs' thing, bang! he's done killed hisse'f. But when a nigger sets down to think 'bout his troubles, why, he jes' nacherly goes to sleep."

Wearing Him Down

Thirty years ago Steve Rowan was a first-class cop in Chicago. He hated to make arrests and went to great lengths to avoid the necessity. On one occasion, while Rowan was on night duty, he found a decently dressed but very intoxicated man staggering along a snow-covered sidewalk at 4 A.M. He picked the fellow up and took him to the second floor of a near-by rooming house, opened a door in the rear of the hall and shoved the man through it. Then he went down to the street to resume his patrol. Almost at once he saw another drunk, somewhat disheveled, stumbling frantically down the street. He hauled him, protesting loudly, to the same door in the upper hall of the rooming house. In a half hour he carried up two more men each a little more dilapidated than the others. The last man broke into bitter tears and pleaded to be left alone, but Steve was adamant. As he started off again, it occurred to him that the room must be pretty full of drunks by now. So he went back, flung the door open and flashed a light in. Before him was a ten-foot drop to a snow-drift in the street where the drunk was sprawled. He had thrown the same man out the door four times! The man looked up at Steve and yelled feebly, "Thang God, hesh gotta fresh one!"

He Hoped Wrong

Schram, who had run out of gas on the outskirts of a New Hampshire town, saw a young boy coming along the road carrying a big tin can.

"Say, boy," he yelled, "I hope that's gasoline you have in that can."

"Well, I hope it ain't," returned the boy, with some heat. "It would taste like hell on Ma's pancakes."

Cherchez le Pup

He dashed into the police station at midnight, explaining that his wife had been missing since eight o'clock that morning, and asking that search be made for her.

"Her description?" said the sergeant. "Height?"

"I—I don't know!"

"Weight?"

The husband shook his head vaguely.

"Color of eyes?"

"Er—average, I expect."

"Do you know how she was dressed?"

"I expect she wore her coat and hat. She took the dog with her."

"What kind of a dog?"

"Brindle bull-terrier, weight fourteen and a half pounds, four dark blotches on his body, shading from gray to white. Round, blackish spot over the left eye, white stub tail, three white legs and right front leg brindled, all but the toes. A small nick in the left ear, a silver link collar, with—"

"That'll do!" gasped the sergeant. "We'll find the dog!"

Plenty of Bur-r-rds

Dugald, north of Scotland game-keeper, was much disgusted at his new boss, a loud-waistcoated, cigar-smoking foreigner who had come up from London and announced that he had bought Dugald's precious moor and would be up for the August shooting.

He showed obvious lack of knowledge of shooting, understood the term "guns" to mean weapons when it really means those who carry them, and otherwise incurred the Scot keeper's disdain.

On the day of the shoot the new lord of the moor appeared in a cross-word-puzzle set of tweeds and with two dozen guns. A small army of beaters and underkeepers and a long string of dogs followed him forth to the fray.

He banged away all morning.

About noon Dugald announced acidly: "Weel, ah thenk we'll be gooin' hame noo."

"Why, what's the matter?" sharply queried the new owner, "Aren't there any more birds?"

"Aye, they's plenty of bur-r-rds," said Dugald, "but yon's the last dog!"

Where Is Here?

A crew of French-Canadians were rafting logs on Lake Champlain. Darkness overtook them and they had to tie the raft up for the night.

While they were asleep a big wind came up. The raft broke loose and was drifting, when Pete, one of the crew, awoke and saw what had happened.

"Hey, Joe! Joe Lego!" he called to the boss.

Joe rolled over and grumbled, "What you wake me for?"

PETE—We are not here, no more, Joe.

JOE—Where are we?

PETE—Ten mile below.

JOE—Then tie 'er up.

Breaking It Gently

It happened aboard the diner on a Southeastern train. The chief figure was a coal-black, exceedingly polite waiter, whose manner was most gratifying from every angle.

"George," said a lone traveler, as he sat himself down at one of the little tables, "bring me grapefruit, hot toast, coffee and two poached eggs."

"Jedge," said the waiter, bending forward confidentially and speaking under his breath, "'scuse me, suh, but effen Ah wuz you Ah'd tek somethin' else dis mawnin' fo' breakfas'. Ah'm feared Ah cain't reckermend dem aigs."

"What's wrong with them—aren't they fresh, or what?" asked the traveler.

"Well," said the darky, "Dey mought be fresh so fur as Ah knows. But, to tell you de truf, jedge, we ain' got no aigs today."

Too Many Rooms

When Fred Prout was staying at a hotel in Atlantic City he was awakened one night by a grating sound at his door. Some one was trying to fit a key into the lock. Rising from his bed and opening the door, he saw before him a stout, red-faced gentleman who evidently had been indulging in strong drink.

"I beg your pardon, sir," apologized the man with a smile. "I thought this was my room."

Prout went back to bed and after a short interval he was again disturbed. Again someone was trying to fit a key into the lock. When he opened the door he found the same man there a second time.

"Oh, I certainly beg your pardon," smiled the inebriated one again, "I thought this was my room."

Once more Prout went back to bed and after a time he again heard the same noise at his door. A third time he opened the door, and again he saw before him the same large red-faced individual. But this time the man's good humor had fled. He was in a rage.

"Look here!" he stormed, "have you got every confounded room in the house?"

It's Easy to Make Money but Hard to Enjoy It

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might otherwise be imprisoned in charitable asylums are happily thriving in their own homes, thanks to the Mothers' Pension system. Here in America, as in England, the credit should go chiefly to one man—to that same Henry Neil, who began work at five dollars a week as a poor boy on a grocer's wagon, who fought his way upward to business prosperity, and who abandoned his business at the peak of its affluence, that he might devote his energies to a humanitarian crusade.

Henry Neil was born sixty-three years ago in Lawrence, Massachusetts, the son of mill workers who had come to America from Scotland. When he was ten years old a crisis in the New England textile industry drove his father to seek new employment in Philadelphia. The boy Henry profited by two years of public schooling there—and then hard times hit the calico trade and his father was once more out of a job. That ended public school for young Neil. He found work with a Frankfort grocer, at five dollars a week, with hours beginning at six o'clock in the morning and lasting until nine o'clock at night. His first task each day was to haul the plain pine counters out onto the sidewalk, set them up on boxes, and then lug out the entire stock for display to passers-by. All morning the twelve-year-old boy helped his employer wait on the customers who passed through their sidewalk store; they kept no books, but simply pocketed the receipts and turned them into the till at night.

Every afternoon the boy drove the rattly old delivery wagon, returning to the shop late in the evening for a meager supper of bread and milk. Later he would drag the entire stock back into the store to be locked up for the night —and next morning with the dawn he was pulling it all out onto the sidewalk again. He breakfasted as he worked, on an apple, a bit of cheese, some crackers, or a raw carrot. Saturday evenings, after the store had closed at ten o'clock, he made deliveries with the wagon until one in the morning. Then belated passers-by would see the tired horse plodding home to the stable, with the reins lying slack in the hands of a small boy curled up asleep on the seat.

But tired and dazed as young Neil was by the drudgery of his first job, his boyish curiosity was always on the alert. He asked countless questions about the business, and whenever he could think of nothing else to ask, he asked for a raise. Finally he got it—because his employer found the boy could make change faster than he could himself.

"And that," says Judge Neil today, "was the first recipe for success that I learned. If you do your work well and can do just one thing better than the boss himself, you are sure of your job and your future. Later I discovered something else. Since my employer never kept any books, he had no idea where his business stood from week to week. At that time I didn't know anything at all about bookkeeping, or even that there was such a thing. But I had heard about business colleges, and I thought that the things they taught might help me to show the boss how to run his business so he could make a real profit, and maybe some time give me another raise.

"But it was really a tally-ho that fired my ambition to study business. One day as I was driving our shabby old wagon past the Washington Hotel in Homesburg a wild commotion caught my eye. Amid the blaring of trumpets and the cheering of other ragged urchins like myself a glorious, shining tally-ho, belonging to the Vanderbilts of the day, had dashed up to the inn. Footmen in gorgeous red liveries jumped down. Here was gaudiness and inspiring commotion to thrill any juvenile soul. Six foam-flecked horses were unharnessed, six dancing fresh ones were led out, liveried flunkies leaped back to their places—and the rig vanished with another musical flourish from brazen throats, leaving only a cloud of dust to mark its final dash into Philadelphia.

"All the way from New York, with relays of horses along the route, that marvelous tally-ho had come. It hadn't even stopped at the toll gates that lined the pikes in those days. The tolls had been paid in advance, to clear the way for the ninety-mile race between the two cities. I surveyed my nag and my tumble-down vehicle, and I resolved that some day I, too, would drive a golden tally-ho like the Vanderbilts'.

"For years thereafter, as I whipped myself on toward business success, a glinting picture of a tally-ho and red uniforms hovered ahead of me as the symbol of my goal."

This story doesn't run true to type at all. Judge Neil never has owned any six-horse vehicle, or even its equivalent in 60-horsepower cars. He has a flivver out in Hollywood, but he travels around in trains—coaches half the time—and today, since his family is married and scattered, he hasn't even much of a home, except his trunk and the hotel room where he happens to be.

But in those early days his tally-ho dream inspired young Henry Neil to save in its entirety the five-dollar raise that he got in the grocery store, and before the next year was up he had accumulated more than two hundred dollars with which to enter business college. Six months later he was made a student-teacher of bookkeeping at a salary that equaled his tuition. From then on it was easier sailing. At the age of eighteen he was a full-fledged public accountant, and he never went back to the old store until he had the pleasure of being called in to show his former employer what was wrong with his way of doing business.

Then along came the offer of a job with a Philadelphia firm that published family Bibles.

"By the time I was twenty-one," says Neil, "I had been supporting myself for nine years, and although I now had a respectable clerical job, I was earning only nine hundred dollars a year. Later there were months in which I averaged more than that per day.

"When my resignation was turned in, on the day of my wedding with Florence Scheetz, I knew exactly what I was doing. I had discovered a second recipe for success. Whether you are bookkeeper, office boy or department executive, learn the elements of the business you are working for. Whatever else you lose, hang onto the healthy curiosity of childhood. Find out what makes the wheels go round.

"In my own case I had managed to find out enough about the publishing business to make me sure I could succeed in it for myself. So my honeymoon trip was spent as a traveling salesman for a book of my own—a book which hadn't even been printed, but for which I had a dummy copy. I traveled through all the big cities of the country, with my bride on one arm and my dummy book under the other—and I secured fifteen thousand orders for that non-existent work. What is more to the point, I took in enough cash with those orders to finance the preparation and printing of the volume when our honeymoon was over.

"From that day on my business grew each year merely by repetition of the same process, until I had a score of books on the market, which have sold by the hundred thousand and even by the million. I moved my office to New York, and then to Chicago. I found that it's one of the easiest things in the world to make money, if you slash through routine habits of thought and traditional methods, and get right down to the essence of the game—which is just buying and selling. Only I reversed the normal order, selling first and buying afterwards. That way you need no capital, and can't lose any money. But you can lose your soul. I nearly did.

"At the time of the dastardly assassination of President McKinley I employed seven Chicago newspaper men to collaborate on a biography of the dying man. They worked night and day in my office, with steaming cups of black coffee at their elbows, while I stood over them driving them on. Each did a single portion of the research and writing, and that life of McKinley was on the presses when the world heard the tragic news of the martyr President's death. So great was the public demand for an account of his career that over a million copies of this volume were called for.

"Soon I discovered that my policy of trying to get out the first published work on every striking current event was leading me to chronicle chiefly the more spectacular catastrophes, for these are the things that most stir the human imagination. So here I was: the owner of a highly remunerative business, yet increasingly at odds with the game I was playing—the game of success for its own sake. The doors of a prosperity that I had never dreamed possible for myself were thrown open to me. Why was it, I wondered, that now that I could have afforded a golden tally-ho, or at least a gleaming car and a chauffeur, I seemed farther away from true happiness than in my early days, when, barefoot and carefree, I had watched that dashing rig of the Vanderbilts race into Philadelphia.

"Then one day I met death face-to-face, and learned the answer to my problem. I was speeding southward on an express train bound from San Francisco to Santa Barbara, bent only on the sale of still more books. We were running on the cliffs along the coast, and the engineer was making up lost time. Over my supper in the dining-car I was calculating how much profit I would make out of the deal I hoped to put over the next morning, and I was only vaguely aware that we were rounding the curves at high speed. Suddenly I was startled by a terrific lurch, an instant of bumping and grinding, and then the floor of the car seemed to fall away from me, and in a crashing turmoil, pierced by the shrieks of passengers tossed about like peas in a baby's rattle, we went hurtling through space. When I regained consciousness I was lying under a jumble of wreckage on the floor of the car, half paralyzed, soaked in blood, with low moans echoing in my ears out of the darkness.

"Somehow I was able to pull myself up to the level of the shattered window and, peering out into the gloom, to take stock of our situation. When the train leaped the rails on a sharp curve, our car had ripped loose from the trucks, and had tumbled two hundred feet down the cliff, landing right-side-up on the beach. The tide was coming in, and I could hear the threat of the waves lapping ever closer and closer on the sand. Pinned down by one leg, and stunned by some blow that had crushed the right side of my head and face, I felt dimly that I was hopelessly trapped, and doomed to slow torture when the incoming tide should creep through the car and rise about me, until death by drowning ended my terror with a bath.

"It was, indeed, unadulterated terror I suffered at that moment," the Judge says. "I wasn't ready to die. In an instant all the values of life seemed to come crashing down and then to crystallize in a new form. I realized that here I was at the end of my days, with no single accomplishment to be truly proud of. I had served nobody but myself and family. I felt that I had wasted my life doing nothing but accumulate money that was as useless as the sand over which the waves were relentlessly approaching.

"In a sort of spiritual revelation that dominated the dull pain of my injury, I made one of those profound resolutions that one is sometimes fortunate enough to be able to keep afterward. I determined that I would shape my life anew, if I escaped from this extremity, and would somehow live to serve others—not merely to exploit their morbid interest in catastrophes like this one of which I was now a victim.

"It was several years later before the opportunity came, but I recognized it when it did. And my resolve that night must have given strength to my crushed body. Somehow I extricated my leg and tumbled out through the window onto the sand. Four hours later, at midnight, they found me lying, unconscious, at the foot of the cliff—above high tide mark. For a year after the surgeons had patched me up the whole right of my face was grotesquely paralyzed, but there was new life in my soul."

The Judge paused a moment.

"Three times since then," he remarked, "I have again faced death close at hand. Once was in 1917, when I saw a U-boat's torpedo driving through a shower of its own spray straight upon our ship as we were passing almost directly over the graveyard of the *Lusitania*. Once was in the streets of London when a Gotha bomb killed two hundred people in a Covent Garden building under the very doorway of which I had taken shelter from the anti-aircraft shrapnel. And once was beneath a rain of machine-gun bullets from a German plane that raided the French observation post from which I was watching a battle.

"In those experiences I had no recurrence of the terror that I felt on that night of the wreck. Each time I was sure the end had come, but I never gave my past life a moment's thought. I was keenly interested in the adventure of the moment—nothing more. The reason was that I had long since been giving my services, for what they were worth, to a cause that I believed worth more than any man's life. I could have let my own go without worry as to whether it had been wasted."

Fifteen years ago the term "Mothers' Pensions" meant nothing to most people, and Judge Neil was still preoccupied with his publishing business in Chicago. He was prospering so that he could lavish luxuries upon a family of eight children. He was regularly reelected Justice of the Peace in Oak Park, Illinois, and was altogether a distinguished local citizen. But his business prosperity had brought him only spiritual dissatisfaction.

Today Neil is a citizen of the world. The Mothers' Pension system, for which he has been the most tireless campaigner, is keeping thousands of families together and saving taxpayers money in all but six states of the Union.

"The idea of a state-wide system of Mothers' Pensions came to me first," he says, "while I was still traveling back and forth across the country as my own book salesman. From the train windows I used to see, on the outskirts of every city, great red brick buildings surrounded by iron fences, and behind the fences I caught glimpses of uniformed children, drilling or peering through the gates.

"I wondered where the parents of those children were. I asked questions, and learned that in many cases only the father was dead. The mother was still alive, but deprived of her children because her earnings would not support them.

"Then one day I chanced to be in the juvenile court in Chicago when the case of a certain Mrs. Grey was called. She had broken down under the strain of caring for a family of five children left fatherless by the death of her husband, whose place as breadwinner she had had to take. The court was solemnly deciding to take Mrs. Grey's five children away from her and split them up among different institutions.

"This was the other side of the picture I had first seen when I noticed those great buildings on the outskirts of the cities.

"'Who is going to pay for the support of those children in the institutions?' I asked.

"'The state pays the institution a fee for each child,' I was told.

"Then I asked if there was anything against Mrs. Grey as a mother, and found that there was not.

"So it occurred to me to ask whether the institutions could make the children any happier, or raise them to be better citizens, than their own mother could; and I found nobody who would maintain that institutions were better for children than their own mothers.

"'Then if the taxpayers are going to have to pay for the support of these five children, anyhow,' I said, 'why not give them back to their own mother and pay *her* to raise them instead of paying an institution to do so?'

"Nobody could answer that except with the statement that the law wouldn't allow it. I thought to myself that it was a foolish law and we'd better change it. I went down to Springfield and talked it over with the lawmakers there, and the legislature of Illinois promptly changed the law. That was in 1911.

"Then I discovered that every state in the Union was doing the same thing that we had been doing in Illinois. And I realized that the dream of some worth-while work to do in the world, which first came to me as I lay in the wreckage of that dining-car on the California coast, was now calling for fulfilment. From that moment I thought no more of book publishing except as a means of acquiring funds for my campaign.

"I had never even reached the eighth grade in school," he says, "yet now I had to appear before cultured audiences, with eminent people around me on the platform. But I decided my problem was only salesmanship—selling an idea to a group instead of a book to a store owner.

"As a salesman I had never entertained my prospects. I used to ask them to do me a personal favor instead, if it was only to get me a glass of water before I started talking. This won their interest and sympathy, and put them in a much better mood to hear my canvass. The same way with an audience. I threw myself on their mercy. I soon took to insisting that there should be no fortifications of important people around me on the platform, and that I should be introduced not *by* somebody of importance *as* somebody of importance, but as 'Henry Neil, who will now speak to you.'

"Then I made it a point to get a laugh with my first sentence, and to make the audience laugh and cry alternately every ten minutes thereafter. I found I could make them laugh or cry at the very same words, depending on the tones of voice I used. I always said at the start that I was going to give them just a few simple facts, and then I started right in to play on their emotions.

"Facts make people think, but it stops there; their emotions make them act; I wanted action."

Action followed rapidly. In 1913, after Judge Neil had spoken in New York, a state legislative committee was appointed to investigate a Mothers' Pension plan. It reported favorably, and in 1915 New York and sixteen other states adopted Mothers' Pensions.

"By the time the plight of the war orphans drew me overseas in 1917," Judge Neil recalls, "the plan had been adopted in thirty-six states, and I found that interest in it had preceded me to England. In my old days of book publishing I had made each book pay its own way in advance. So, in England, I was able to make the Mothers' Pension plan pay its own way. When I reached London I had only fifty dollars left. I had left my family very well provided for at home, but I brought next to nothing for myself.

"I had a big campaign ahead of me, requiring expensive travel—and I hadn't the least idea where the necessary money was coming from. But I knew it would come. It always does. If you stop scrambling after money only for its own sake, and turn to doing the one thing that you want to do and that the world wants done, the money you need will turn up.

"Remember I had taken a bigger chance once before, when I got married and threw up my job on the same day. You see, 'playing safe' is one of the riskiest things you can do in life. It goes without saying that you must believe in yourself—but besides that you must be willing to take a chance on yourself, when the opportunity that comes once to every man comes to you. I approve of just one form of gambling—and that is staking your life and fortune on a turn of the Wheel of Progress."

The Wheel of Progress turns slowly in England, but Neil's truly phenomenal campaign in 1917 gave it the initial push in the direction of Mothers' Pensions. Able lieutenants who took up his ideas over there have kept their shoulders to the wheel ever since, and this winter has seen the official adoption in England of the project he urgently advocated. The government measure just passed by Parliament provides approximately $2.50 a week for each widowed mother until her oldest child reaches the age of fourteen, and in addition $1.75 a week for her first child and seventy-five cents a week for each additional child. Claims have already been entered by 120,000 widows and it is estimated that ultimately some 230,000 will receive the pension annually.

Today, at the age of sixty-three, when most successful business men are ready to retire, Judge Neil is still energetically carrying on the work that to him has meant more than business.

"I never knew how to enjoy money while I was making it," he says. "It was not until I went out of business for myself and into business for mankind that I discovered, to my own satisfaction at least, a guiding principle of contentment."

The story of Neil's own mother has dramatic bearing on what has thus become his life work. "Not until my plan for the state pensioning of unfortunate children had swept over America," he told me the other day, "and had conquered early opposition to become a widely accepted form of governmental activity, did I realize its relationship to my own family history. Then one day in Scotland I met a man who had known my mother during her childhood among the bleak, smoky streets of Glasgow. From him I heard what my mother had never told me. When she was a tiny, undernourished, fatherless lassie she used to get up regularly at three o'clock in the cold, dark mornings, and peddle milk from house to house, dipping it out of the heavy pail she carried, into pitchers left on the doorsteps. Thus she earned a few pence a day that would help buy food for her family.

"From the day that story was told me, my own mother's life became to me a symbol of the cause for which I had been working. After all, it is merely so that fatherless children may henceforth escape drudgery like that, in order to save the health and schooling that society requires—it is for that purpose only that the Mothers' Pension system has been enacted."

Fagan

[*Continued from page 133*]

in one ahmy, no, sir. An' then, I dunno, Lootenant, maybe you nevah felt how a woman can make you 'shamed o' yousaif? This Patricia heah, maybe she don' seem like much to you, but she's a heap to me—yes, sir—an' she kept sayin', 'What for you go calabozo, Fagan?' She ain't easy goin' like me, Lootenant, she's got a plainty o' ginger in her. 'What for you go calabozo? Kill the little pig of a teniente,' she says. 'Kill everybody. You're big enough.' An' then she laughs at me—'Is you afraid, big man?' she says. 'Lend me you' revolvah, big man. I'se little, but I'se not afraid.' She jus' made me plumb scaired o' mysaif, an' we come away 'cause Patsi an' me needed mo' room 'an what Lootenant Sha'ap could give us. 'Pears like you couldn' understan'. I'se no good at 'splainin' things, but I raickon that's the way it was. I jus' had to desert or huht somebody bad. That's how it was, Lootenant."

He stopped, and the woman began to speak to him. The white man watched her, and a great light burst upon him. She was glorious, this slim brown thing with the dusky hair and the straight, slender neck, and—"I'm little, but I'm not afraid," mused the lieutenant. Ages of civilization dropped from him as he gazed, and with a somewhat graceless pity he compared the pale fettered women he had known with this free, wild, perfect thing whose feeling was her life. She was talking with her tongue, and eyes and hands, and Fagan answered a few words and laughed, and she laughed too, a sound as natural and sweet as the ripple of a stream, and then her great eyes lighted with earnestness as she went on. The lieutenant felt a pang of something almost shame. He could never bring fire to those eyes, he was not a man to her, only a thing, not to be compared with this black giant.

Fagan turned to him with an amused chuckle. "She's full o' ginger," he said. "I raickon it's lucky I was heah when you come. She was askin' me when I was goin' to kill you. 'You must,' she says, 'or else he'll lead soldiers up heah'—that's all right, Lootenant," he said, as the officer moved uneasily. "That's you' duty, an' it's all right, only she don' understan' that. 'Let's kill him now,' she says. 'You talk with him, an' I'll put a knife into him from behind. It won' be no trouble at all.' Lawszee," he chuckled, admiringly, "I raickon she'd 'a' done it, too. She's got mo' ginger." The lieutenant smiled with him, but he soon rose unobtrusively and seated himself with his back to the solid corner-post of the house. Patricia watched the maneuver with unfathomable eyes, and suddenly the men burst into laughter, and then she hung her head like a child caught in some mischief. The gesture was adorable, and a great sadness suddenly stifled the white man's laughter.

"I'm sorry about reporting your presence here," he said. "I understand, I think, and I believe you don't want to make unnecessary trouble."

"Don' you worry about that," Fagan broke in. "I'se a gwine to send you down to the regiment this afternoon. An' now Patsi's gwine to give us some dinner."

"Fagan," said the lieutenant, yet more earnestly, while his guard was waiting for him to mount. "I'm right sorry about this. But—why don't you come down with me now and surrender?" he asked, impulsively. "That will help, and I can explain things to the court, and you'll only get six months or so for desertion. Only six months and then—you can come back to Patricia," he ended almost enviously. He was a very young lieutenant.

The negro seemed to swell before the white man's astonished eyes. "I'se sorry, too. It's been mighty pleasant livin' here," he said, simply. "An' thank you for askin' me to come down. I know you means it straight. But you can' see it like I do. Down theah I'se a niggah-soldier, up heah I'se—Nobody ain't got any right to try me," he burst out. "I nevah troubled them. You tell the kuhnel that, I want he should understand. I don't want to huht no one, but I'se nevah gwine to no guard-house again. Good-by, Lootenant, an' good luck to you. I don' raickon we'll evah meet up again."

SO FAGAN and Patricia must needs leave the snug little brown house at the end of the sleepy grass-grown street, and go out on the High Trail, the unknown of the people of the plains, a broad highway to things with hoofs and claws and wings, and to men little less wild than these, the men of the hills. At times the little brown thread was twined amid the giant roots of trees, and they wandered in a cool twilight, alone with the long creepers and the ferns and the bright birds that played about some opening in the matted roof, far above their heads, where the sun stole through for a brief hour. Sometimes it clung to the massive walls of a canyon, where a river boiled so far below that the sound of its torment came to their ears like the babble of a brook. Sometimes it shot upward to the realm of the clouds, and from a bare grassy height they peered out through shifting mistwreaths over all the cities and fields of the plains to the blue hint of the distant sea.

Fagan and Patricia followed the trail steadily but leisurely, day after day. There was no call for haste, no white pursuer knew that road. So they laughed and played, and lay for hours beside some cool spring, basking in the warm sunshine, and the thin, sharp air, and camped at night in little valleys under a pall of cloud. Once Fagan shot a deer, and they delayed for days, drying the meat over pungent wood smoke. But as their muscles hardened to the trail they insensibly made greater progress, in spite of their dallying. Two weeks brought them to the land of the Unknown, had they but known it. The mountains were higher and wilder, the cloudcaps more frequent. Often the forest on some huge hill, towering black above the trail, was thin and pointed at the top, as if it had been torn, and there, unseen of them, was a village perched high on the trunks of trees, whence keen-eyed men watched their progress, but they were children of the plains and could not know, so they walked undismayed. And the keen-eyed men walked with them, unseen, frisking alone above them over ground where others would have crept—short, huge-limbed men, whose stiff black hair flowed over their shoulders and was tied out of their eyes with a fillet, men who squatted naked in the mists of evening and did not shiver, men who brought their sweethearts hideous dowries of human heads. They hung about the trail, watching these strange creatures who walked openly and undismayed in the land of Fear. Often, when the campfire was lighted, they stole noiselessly up, their muscles twitching like a cat's before she springs, and then halted as a great voice rang over the forest—"I'se been wo'okin' on the ra'alroad"—and they clawed their way up the slopes to the long-legged villages and held council together in the queer fire-shadows.

One evening as they camped Patricia missed a little bundle of venison, and strolled back along the trail to look for it. Fagan kindled the fire and then strolled back, too. "Hoy, Patsi," he called. The forest was silent. He turned a bend in the trail, and there—Fagan gazed at it stupidly and then the blind impulse of wrath swept over him again. But there was naught to strike. The long shadows of the trees lay across the trail, the creepers swayed lazily in the evening breeze, far up a crow called petulantly for her belated mate. Fagan swung his arm helplessly at the forest. "Come out," he moaned, "come out wheah I can see you. Come out, you cowards, you snakin' dogs that kill women from behind. I'se not afraid of you. Oh I'll mash you. Come—" with a soft chug a lance stuck quivering in a tree beside him. Otherwise the forest was silent, even the crow had ceased to scold. He looked down. A darker shadow was stealing among the lengthening ones on the trail. The spirit of the forest gripped Fagan like an icy hand, the spirit of Dread, and he ran blindly to the fire, seized his rifle, and took up the trail alone.

For three days and nights he hurried on. The empty pain of his stomach, the dizzying, numbing lack of sleep, could not hold him against the dread of that unseen escort. It gave little sign, simply the rustling of a fern now and then, the swaying of one creeper when others were still, but he felt its presence and staggered on. On the evening of the third day he stepped suddenly from the forest into a little theater among the hills. A clear brook bubbled over golden gravel, the turf beneath a great solitary tree was thick and soft. The tops of the encircling hills were ruddy with the sunset, but the dusk was growing in the hollow. The wild cocks in the wood were crowing their families to roost. Everything was quiet and peaceful, and Fagan as he gazed became quiet and peaceful too.

He flung himself on the soft turf, and drank his fill from the little brook. As always when he sought to rest, the forest became vague with life. A covey of wild chickens whirred above the opening, flushed by a sudden fright. A stone rolled somewhere close at hand, dislodged by a purposely careless foot, and Fagan grinned and shook off the clinging cartridge-belt.

"You can't bluff me," he said to the forest, a trick he had learned of late. A fern swayed uneasily not a dozen yards away, and he clicked a cartridge into his rifle and fired. "You git out," he chuckled. "I'se a gittin' tired of you' company."

WHEN he was rested a little he kindled a fire and toasted a bit of venison. Then he lay back lazily and twisted his last bit of tobacco into a cigaret. Between puffs he bellowed his evening song, and the rude melody took on the sweetness of a ballad. "Don' you heah the bugle callin'?" sang Fagan, and tossed the butt of the cigaret into the fire. It was quite dark now in the hollow, and he sat in a little circle of dancing light. He looked at the wall of darkness with quiet, unfrightened eyes that presently began to close with the pressure of a mighty drowsiness.

"I'se kind o' sleepy now," he announced at length, "an' I'se a gwine to bed. I was hopin' to sit up an' meet youall, but I cain't do it. Youall can wake me up when you wants me." The fire flickered, and he pillowed his head on his arm, and watched the dance of the shadows grow shorter. "Lawszee," he murmured, drowsily, as the great numbness of sleep stole over him, "I raickon Patricia'd think I was afraid again. That little girl did have the po'owfullest lot o' ginger in *her*." He threw his great arm over the empty ground beside him. "Goodnight, Patsi," he murmured.

The Very Good Man

[*Continued from page 15*]

When she went to her room, Sanders found an opportunity to utter a warning.

"'Ware light conversation dealing with death and destruction, you fellows," he said. "This poor girl has had a very unhappy experience."

It was no disloyalty to her confidence to outline the tragedy that shadowed this young life.

"We've got to be cautious an' entertainin', dear old sir an' excellency," said Bones, touched.

"For God's sake don't be that!"

Sanders and Hamilton spoke together.

"Maybe, insulting old superior, I could show her my curios?" suggested Bones, ruffled. "But of course, dear old sir, if you think the innocent old person would be corrupted—"

"I don't mind her being corrupted—I object to a guest being bored," said Hamilton.

"Get your curios, Bones," said Sanders good-humoredly, "but don't—er—enlarge on their history."

BONES sprinted to his hut and collected, hastily, the wherewithal of entertainment. Rosalie Marten came back to find three preternaturally solemn men who were galvanized at the sight of her into such a froth of artificial cheerfulness that she guessed the cause.

"You've been telling my sad story!" she said, almost flippantly. "I'm glad—but please don't be mysterious about it. I have an awful feeling that you are all on tenter-hooks for fear you will hurt my feelings—please don't be tactful!"

Bones looked for a moment embarrassed, for he had arranged to be very tactful indeed. His pockets bulged with curios, gathered in the dark from the big box under his bed.

"We will be sorry to lose you, dear old miss," he said, when the strain which the effort of silence made had passed off and the Arab boy had handed round the coffee. "Three lumps or four? Bless my jolly old life, don't you take sugar? You'll never get as fat as podgy old Bones!"

"Mountainous is a better word," said Sanders.

"Which reminds me." Bones fumbled in his pocket. "This may cause you endless fun an' amusement, dear old hospital walker. It's the finger ring of the fattest man in the Territories—N'peru, the Akasava man. . . ."

He brought out a handful of miscellaneous oddments, wire bangles and anklets, carved wooden spoons, two strings of wooden beads, and a steel comb or two, and laid them on the table.

"This is an N'gombi woman's dinky little vanity bag—"

He heard her little scream and looked round in affright.

She had risen from the table and was staring at the little heap on the cloth. Her face was as white as death, and her trembling hand pointed at something.

"Where . . . where did you get that?"

She was pointing to a tarnished gold bracelet that had two stones missing.

"That . . . hum . . ." Bones for the moment forgot the injunction that had been served on him. "Well, to tell you the truth, young miss, that was taken—"

At that moment he caught Sanders's eyes, cold, prohibitive, and stopped.

"He . . . he had that," she said in a hushed voice, and picked up the jewel tenderly. "I bought it when I was a child . . . daddy took me to New York and I asked him to buy it. I gave it to . . . to my boy as a keep-sake."

It was Sanders who found his voice first.

"What was the name of your—fiance, Miss Marten?"

She was fondling the battered little bracelet, a smile of infinite fondness on her lips.

"John Silwick Aliston," she breathed. "The best, the dearest man in the world."

A silence so profound that she could have heard the deep breathing of the men, were she not so absorbed in the pitiful relic she held in her hand.

"A very good chap; one of the best." Bones leaped into the breach. His voice was husky and he spoke in a jerky, breathless way. "Dear old John—what a lad!"

She looked up at him quickly; the two men found breathing difficult.

"You knew him?"

Bones nodded; his blazing eyes held the light of inspiration.

"Rather, dear old nurse. Met him up on the French border . . . real good fellow . . . fever . . ."

"You were with him when he died?"

Bones's head went up and down like an automaton.

"Yes—cheerful to the last—brave old fellow—full of pluck—dear old miss. Gave me this bracelet for his girl—never told me her jolly old name, though. One of the best, dear old John—"

He stopped, exhausted by his effort.

She looked for a long time at the trinket, then held out her hand.

"Thank you," she said in a low voice. "I shall always think of you. I am sure you were good to him—God bless you!"

Bones could have wept.

Dodging Death on the Wires

[*Continued from page 86*]

to transformers located on poles near their immediate centers of distribution where the electricity is further cut down to 110-2220 volt "secondaries" for house lighting and smaller type motor use. It is the high lines and the primaries which the linemen term "hot stuff."

The insurance companies recognize the risk incurred in the handling of "hot stuff." Their rates are almost prohibitive to the men engaged in this line of work. In fact, it is comical to note how hurriedly the insurance agent excuses himself and rushes off to find better prospects, when he inadvertently broaches his wares to a lineman.

Now before I go on to tell you about some of the curious things that happen to the boys who flirt with high voltage death, let me give you some "don'ts." These don'ts are for the average man or woman who never thinks about the menace that may lurk in the electricity that twists and twines all about you. Sometimes in the big cities, where the trolley power transmission is through an underground slot, people will stand, after a sleet or snow-storm watching some street cleaner digging out this slot with a wooden bar. Suddenly there is a sizzling flash in the slot and the man who has been straddling it jumps up in the air about a yard. "Stay with it, kid," yells the crowd, laughing at the expression of terror on the poor chap's face. They just don't know what it means to face this menace close up.

Yet every once in a while the time comes when almost anyone may have to handle a spitting, twisting, live wire, and it's important to know just what to do. Don't touch a fallen wire, for you can never tell what it may be in contact with. If you must remove it from your path, first secure a dry board, free from metal, then gently push the wire to one side. It is innocent looking, but there may be several hundred volts flowing through it.

DON'T, while in the bath tub, touch a light socket or anything that pertains to electricity. In the water or in a wet tub you are what is known as "solidly grounded" and should there be anything wrong with the socket or other apparatus, even the low voltage light wiring could and many times has killed. That is because, unless help arrives, you would be powerless to pull loose and the continued shock would end life.

Don't clamber up among the light wires to fasten your radio aërial way up high. Be content to string it a bit lower, for the radio aërial is a dead or solid ground and your flimsy little circuit breakers will not hold high voltage. Solid grounds are ticklish things to be carrying up among the hot stuff, since electricity has so positive an affinity for the ground.

Don't grab a wire to see if it is alive. If you must know, just tap it with the *back* of your hand. It may, if hot, knock you down or burn you, but your muscles and nerves cannot contract and hold you fast for the simple reason that your hand cannot close backwards.

Don't, above all things, let your children fly kites using small copper wire in the place of string. Boys sometimes do this very thing, either to cut the other fellow's string, or possibly in emulation of Benjamin Franklin. If the kite wire comes in contact with the high voltage it usually means—dead boy.

So much for the layman; now let me tell you some more about the hazards the lineman faces. Of course it goes without saying that there is a fascination, a game if you please, in working high voltage, due perhaps to the fact that electricity is ever unknowable. In no other trade that I know of is there so much individual pride of accomplishment displayed as amongst linemen. A man who has learned how to handle himself and his work in the air feels that he has actually won his "spurs."

The laws aim at the protection of the men by providing that a three-foot climbing space be left on each side of the pole. All too often this space exists only in the engineer's office, on the blueprint, and not out on the pole where it is needed. In the accompanying photograph the climber has to weave his way up through the maze of hot wires and circle round and round the pole in order to reach the particular lead where he will work. Contact with any two wires simultaneously, the two broken ends of the same wire, or with one wire and any metal that leads to the ground, will send the current through him.

Sometimes, too, new poles are green and water soaked and will conduct electricity. A short time ago there had been a fire on a busy corner and my gang was sent to replace a pole which had been badly burned. The new pole which we were to set was wet and green, the street was still wet from the firemen's hose, and overhead was a high line carrying 33,000 volts. We hooked our block and tackle onto the old burnt pole and were, by the aid of it, hoisting our new pole up through the wires until it could be dropped into the hole dug for it. I had thoughtlessly seized the butt end of the new pole as it swung clear of the ground and was guiding it into place when, suddenly, one of our boys made a run for me and knocked me winding. I arose from the sloppy street, wet, muddy and ready for fight, although for the life of me I could not see why "Slim" had hit me. I remembered no previous trouble with him.

When I turned on him, there he was grinning at me and shaking his forefinger much in the manner the teacher uses on naughty boys. Then he pointed aloft to where I saw the new pole had hit the lower high line wire. I also saw instantly that had he not taken such quick action in knocking me clear of the pole I would have been a "goner." When it and the high line wire came in contact with one another, the 33,000 volts would have raced down the pole and through my body into the ground, and that would have spelled for me—Finis.

Storms play havoc with the lines and it is then that linemen have to watch their step, for everything is wet and will conduct electricity. The winds, or sleet and snow break the wires down, or rubbing against wet tree limbs they burn down and must be repaired as quickly as possible. To be sure, rubber gloves, boots, slickers, etc., are to be had as well as rubber blankets to insulate the wires. But just picture going aloft on a wet pole in the middle of a stormy night when every volt in the wires is sparkling and crackling to get at you.

Often in wet weather, due to faulty insulators, the pole gets so charged that it is a matter of impossibility to stand on the ground and start the climb up, for to stab the pole with a spur (climber) will knock the lineman down. Under such a condition it is necessary to take a long running jump and spear the pole with both spurs at the same time. Once clear of the ground the climber may proceed on up unharmed.

The power companies endeavor at all times to keep their other wires (primaries and secondaries) at least eight feet from their high lines but even then lines running parallel to high lines for any great distance are liable to gather to themselves so much of the static electricity thrown off by the high line that they may have voltage enough to kill. It is in handling such seemingly innocent wires as these parallel lines, that linemen often get burned when they fail to take proper precautions.

A year or so ago two men were badly burned while working on one of the intercommunication telephone lines. It had been ordered removed from its position just below a 66,000-volt high line. A take-up reel had been set up in the rear end of a truck where one man, ostensibly safe, was busy reeling in the wire which was lying loose on the cross-arms. The end of the telephone wire caught in passing over a cross-arm and the strain when it released whipped it up into the 66,000-volt line and down sizzled the 66,000 volts over the telephone wire, through the man in the truck, and along the truck to the bookkeeper who was standing with one foot on the fender and the other on a street car track. It passed through the bookkeeper and into the car track. Of course the loose end of the telephone line dropped away from the high line immediately afterwards, but in the instant of contact the man at the reel got a hole as big as a tea cup burned in his leg and the bookkeeper had half his foot blown away and a hole burned in his side where his metal backed ledger touched the truck and his side. Both men were rushed to the hospital and as far as I know both recovered. The poor bookkeeper was the unwitting cause of the accident, for the pneumatic tires of the truck would have protected the lineman from being grounded had the bookkeeper not leaned against the truck while writing.

THE law provides that in working hot stuff no man shall work on the pole alone. There must be two men up there at all times, and it is customary for one to work while the other watches and corrects him if he sees him about to make a mistake. Also he is there to pull the worker loose from the wires should anything happen.

Recently an old timer in the game said as we stood watching two young linemen making a hot connection on a 4400-volt line. "Do you know what I do when I'm on the pole with a man? Well, if he is going to make a hot cut or tap one hot wire on to some other wire, I realize that he may get caught, so I put on my rubber gloves for protection the same as he does. Also I figure out beforehand just what I am going to do if such a thing happens. Maybe I'm going to pull him loose, or, if I can't reach him, maybe I'm going to cut this wire so as to stop the flow of juice (electricity). All right, now suppose he does get hung up in the hot stuff; I don't have to stop and waste precious seconds thinking what to do, for I've doped it all out beforehand. I act. And by acting quick I've saved many a man in my time.

"Burned? Oh, yes. I got it once, all right," said he. "You see I was up on a pole where the fire alarm people had run an iron wire from their underground to their wires overhead and my spur must have been touching this pipe. I had started to release a steel guy rope when some one in the lead down the street a long ways let a 2200-volt line slack down across the guy wire I had hold of and it sure got me—froze me so fast to it I couldn't turn loose. Do you know," he mused, "it is a funny thing how the human mind retains things. Why, while I was sizzling up there on that wire I remembered everything I'd ever done, things I had not thought of for years. My whole life passed before my conscious mind in those three or four minutes. I promised myself a hundred times in that interval that if I ever got down off of there alive I'd never climb another pole. My boy was just a baby then, and I thought how his mother was sure a widow now, and I wondered what they were to do without me.

"I was powerless. Everything was rigid. Only my hands kept drawing tighter and tighter to the wire and there was a terrible burning in my leg where I was in contact with that pipe. Every faculty was acute, so acute that I heard, as plain as day, a man in the laundry over a block away calling the police department and telling them that a lineman was being burned to death up on the pole. He was frantically calling on them to help me. I was listening, waiting, hoping against hope, and growing weaker and weaker each passing second, when the crew down the street must have pulled the slack in the 2200-volt line up again and I was released." He paused a moment, then added,

"I thought I got off lucky, but there was 'Big Bill' Smith. Why he got such a load that it melted the spurs off of his climbers and the nails out of his shoes and yet he lives and climbs poles every day. Man! when the boys let him down that pole the very shoes dropped from his feet, not a bit of metal left in them

"Electricity does play some funny tricks and we have all got our theories about it. Sometimes you can slap two wires together and they will not do a thing, and then again they may burn down and not even be touching one another. Personally," he conjectured, "I think it is due to weather conditions, the atmosphere and all that. Now in a high, dry country like the desert you can handle 6600 volts barehanded, but down here at sea level you just try to handle 2200 without your rubber gloves on and see if you don't get stung good fashion.

"YOU are a youngster and I've grown old in this work, so let me tell you a thing or two. Don't let any man send you up where your judgment tells you not to go. If it looks bad, just you pull off your belt and climbers and invite him to take them and go up to do the work himself. Then, first, last, and all the time, remember to be sure you are in the clear before you take hold of the hot stuff."

"Sweet Stepping Baby"

[*Continued from page 33*]

"You like him, don't you, Daddy? I mean, you think he's all right; a pretty square-shooter and—and, don't you?"

"Where is he?"

"He's fliv-ing over here. He'll arrive in ten or fifteen minutes. That is, if he doesn't run out of gas."

"Has he said he wants to marry you?" asked Mr. St. John.

"If this wasn't so terrifically vital, I'd resent that hotly," Picks flared. "But I've simply got to prepare you for the impending interview he's coming for."

"Why?" Mr. St. John asked, coldly curious.

"Because he's got an inferiority complex."

"You mean he's afraid of me?"

PICKS shook her head vigorously, and not without pity. "It's me; I'm the reason for it. He thinks I'm the grand—er, if he crashed impetuously in on you and began telling you what he really thinks of me, how wonderful I am, and all that, you'd probably ha-ha right in his face. And then he'd get sore, and the first thing you know there'd be a fierce battle raging and—and what's the use? All I'm asking is that you listen politely while he tells you his prospects."

"What are they?"

"Inconceivable! You know of course that Showberg's new piece has made a cyclonic hit on Broadway. It'll run all season, and the hit of the show is 'Gray Eyes.' That means that Lefty can't avoid making ten thousand dollars at least this year on it, and half as much again from 'Stepping Baby.' Showberg has commissioned him to compose the score for a new play and, oh, he's had all sorts of glorious offers."

"Have you talked this over with your mother?" Mr. St. John inquired after a moment of deliberation.

"Oh, Mother will do anything you say."

"Ha!" exploded Mrs. St. John's husband.

Through the open window came the clatter and squeak of a serious purposed flivver hustling down the street.

"Eighteen, last month," Picks's father mused aloud. Tenderly he raised her face until her lovely eyes looked straight into his. "You love him, Picks? More than any other person and thing in the world?"

"Ever since I was fifteen, Daddy dear." Her voice quivered. "He's a blazing, burning genius, and I love him so hard it hurts. And, Dad," she pulled his ear closer to whisper, "I honestly believe he needs me."

Through the window Picks and her father watched Lefty alight from his car; saw him raise the front seat and plumb the gas-tank with a broken stick; saw him raise the stick to his nose, sniff it, toss it into the street and walk toward the house without replacing the cap on the tank.

"Maybe you're right," St. John said, regretfully releasing Picks. "Lord knows he's in a bad way now."

With winging heart, Picks hurried to let Lefty take her in his arms in the corner of the veranda where the shadows were softest.

Fifty Years Among Wild Beasts

[*Continued from page 34*]

the chair and tried to pull it through the bars. This, to my mind, clearly evidences that Tarzan used his power of reasoning. Surely it wasn't what some persons choose to call instinct.

"Then we screwed a lock onto the back of the monkey's cage and gave him a ring with three keys on it. He would try those keys, one at a time, until he got the one that released the tumbler. Then he would triumphantly leer at us as if to say, 'I did it, didn't I?'

"A carpenter went into the cage to nail down several boards that had worked loose from the floor. Some one called the man outside when he had half-finished his job; he left, neglecting to take the hammer with him. Tarzan picked up the hammer and finished the task himself. The wonder of it is that he drove the nails into the exact holes where they belonged. What is more wonderful, he drove the nails straight. That is more than many men and women can do.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pat Rooney, also chimpanzees, were our guests for seven years, long before Tarzan's time. Pat died. Mrs. Pat bore the blow bravely at first, but grief got her at last. She just sat in a corner and rocked herself in her tiny chair for hours, like some old woman whose man has passed on. We did everything we could to console her. We even brought baby monkeys to the cage, hoping she would become interested in them. She only threw herself on the floor and drew a covering of straw over her head to hide the look of suffering on her face. We tried cooking all kinds of fancy dishes, to help her forget her loss; she proved she appreciated that by cheering up for a few moments. But she would just 'pick at' the food without eating much, and then begin to mope again.

"A month later she died. It was of grief, I tell you, and nothing else! We had her dissected to see if she had died of a broken heart as the novelists would say. The veterinarian reported that her organs were in perfect condition, all but the heart, which was soft and flabby. The healthy heart is firm, in animals as well as humans. Mrs. Pat had never been ill a day in her life until Pat went to monkey-heaven.

"I have seen that happen to some birds that have mated together for many years. One dies and the other pines away and soon follows.

"Elephants likewise reason, but as in the case of people some are smarter than others. Lil, our ninety-year-old trunk-swinger, is impressed into service at every outing given by certain organizations, to engage in a tug of war with a team of husky men. At first she used to like it. Gradually, though, the stunt grew tiresome—to Lil. Today, at sight of a crowd of muscular males, the elephant, at other times extremely good natured, commences to get sullen and her keeper has to force her to enter the contest."

Whenever the wolves hear church bells they set up an awful howling. Any other kind of bells do not bother them, Stephan declares, and adds, "Can it be that these sinners are repentant?"

The peafowl care less than nothing for grand opera. Their run is near the open-air theater where operatic warblers tincture with golden melody the aromatic breeze of summer nights. "It's fine and everything is under control with the peafowl when the baritones, the bassos and contraltos are singing, but as soon as the sopranos and tenors hit their high notes, those peafowl simply go crazy," says Sol. "Maybe the shrill noise vibrates some nerve within them; or it may be that they believe they can outsing the vocalists—anyway, I know that the peacocks and their hens shriek unceasingly, making it necessary for us to send in a riot call for keepers to take them to remote parts of the grounds where they cannot disturb the artists and patrons."

Sol announces that he has a big Barbary lion, which would make a first-rate ballyhooer for a circus. Nero, the lion, will remain perfectly quiet when there are few people around. But when he sees a crowd coming along, not looking at him particularly, he will start roaring to attract their attention. Stephan says the trick never fails. The spectators, the majority of whom generally come from the country, hurry over and gawk; then Mr. Nero, having accomplished his purpose, strides majestically away. In summer, when he has an outdoor and indoor cage in the same building, he will go outdoors and roar. The instant the crowd gathers there he will walk inside and roar again, whereupon the concourse will come pelting into the building. Seeing the visitors pushing up close to his interior cage, Nero, sarcastically flipping his tail, will walk outside again.

Nero pretends not to like attention, but has a passion for personal publicity, Stephan insists.

Sol Stephan is renowned the world over as a practical "animal man." He protests vehemently that he knows nothing of science, that his knowledge of zoology never came from books. He was born on a farm near Dayton, Ohio. His mother died when he was two years old and his father went to California to live. A Cincinnati packer took the boy to raise. At the age of fourteen, Sol was so delicate that he was sent out West to work on a ranch at Kent Station, Illinois. Few persons thought the weakling would live. But he did live, this sickly urchin, and several years ago, at seventy, Stephan weathered an attack of double pneumonia which would have killed a much younger man unaccustomed to "roughing it."

Sol herded cattle and fought off the prairie wolves that molested them. Even at that early age the "kid cowboy" took an unusual interest in wild animals. His brother Tom, three years his elder, was with a circus; perhaps this accounted for Sol's eagerness to be around untamed things. On the prairie one day, Sol captured a fawn and a few days afterward, four baby wolves and a crane. When his employer heard about Stephan's miniature zoo, he remarked, "That boy's got to pay for them critters' board!"

"I'll have to take that board money out of your pay," the man said to Sol.

"You will not," replied the youngster. "I quit right now!"

"Oh, come on; I don't want you to quit," said the boss.

"Well, I quit, anyhow," insisted Sol.

Next morning the lad hitched his pony to his buckboard and drove off to find a new place to work. Reaching a small town, he was approached by the proprietor of an animal show exhibiting there, who asked him if he would sell his menagerie for thirty-five dollars. "I will not," answered Sol, whipping up the pony and striking out for the next town. Eventually arriving at Lafayette, Indiana, he felt a thrill of hope when the billboards stated that a similar exhibition was being presented there. The owner quickly made him an offer of a hundred dollars for his collection, which was eagerly accepted. Then Sol went inside to see the performance. Let him describe what happened:

"I nearly tumbled over with astonishment when the ringmaster declared that Professor Thomas Stephans, the 'Lion King,' was about to appear, and the band let go a crash, and out stepped my brother, Tom, wearing six or seven big, shiny medals. Tom cracked a whip a couple of times. Up trotted a toothless old 'King of Beasts.' Tom made the 'King' go through a few tricks and ended with sticking his head in the lion's mouth. The lion was too old even to have an appetite. Tom could have bought a life insurance policy from every company on earth. But the public didn't know the difference. Amid great applause, Tom bowed himself out of the ring. After the show was over, I hustled to Tom and blurted, 'Say, where didja get th' medals?'

"'Hush up!' he hissed. 'Bought three of 'em in town here and the rest before I got here.'

"'Are you really a lion tamer?' I inquired.

"'Sure! If not—why not?' he demanded.

"I couldn't answer that argument. But I decided then and there that if Tom could tame lions, I could tame elephants or anything on four legs."

Whereupon, Stephan joined the American Hippodrome, in that period a circus not to be sneezed at, and realized his ambition in part by becoming an elephant keeper.

The circus went into winter quarters at Lebanon, Ohio. Sol wrote Tom that he had been placed in charge of Conqueror, respectfully referred to by circus folk as a "mean" elephant. "Twice as fierce as any old lion with the rheumatism," Sol notified Brother Thomas. Conqueror had injured numerous other keepers. Yet this twenty-year-old Stephan person had "a way" of handling pachyderms and Conqueror readily learned to respect his authority. Sol was good to his charge and at the same time kept him under control.

Stephan and Conqueror later went with the Great Eastern Show and the American Racing Association Circus. "The latter outfit disbanded at Ogdensburg, New York. You can blame it on bad business and P. T. Barnum," Sol chuckles. "Barnum—*there* was a showman! At the end of our parade in Ogdensburg, Barnum's bill wagon tagged along. Handbills thrown from the wagon bore the words, 'Wait for the BIG SHOW, P. T. BARNUM'S CIRCUS.' We couldn't beat that kind of advertising, so we quit."

Back to Cincy came Sol and Conqueror. The elephant had been purchased by John Weber, a Cincinnati brewer, who leased the animal to the American Racing Association, which was staging a circus featuring chariot races in Lincoln Park, in that city.

The Cincinnati Zoological Garden was thrown open to the public for the first time on September 18, 1875. Two years earlier the Philadelphia Zoo, the oldest in the United States, had been opened. The new Cincinnati Zoo, owing to the inexperience of its officers, bought the "bad" elephant, Conqueror, under the impression that he was gentle.

When the zoo was opened the only animals on display besides the elephant were a tiger and a blind hyena. The few other specimens had not been uncrated and none of the buildings were completed.

Sol Stephan was supposed to stay at the zoo three days or until he had instructed another keeper how to care for the elephant. The first keeper grew frightened when Conqueror trumpeted and lunged at him. One by one other keepers were engaged and one by one they quit. Stephan had agreed to go to South America with a circus which was sailing from New York on September 25th. In desperation he asked a husky young laborer, who was helping dig a ditch through the zoo grounds, if he craved a "soft" job. "Bill was pretty well tired out from swinging a pick and he snapped at the opportunity," Stephan observes. "I took him over and introduced him to Conqueror. The two looked like they were going to be regular buddies. Believing I had at last found a successor, I waited until I had passed from the new keeper's sight, before throwing my hat in the air and kicking up my heels for joy. I prepared to leave for New York that night.

"Having packed my things, I returned just before dark, to see how Conqueror and Bill were getting along. Imagine my horror when I saw Bill walking out the front gate. 'Where you going?' I shouted.

"'Home,'" said he.

"'Don't you know you're supposed to stay with the elephant all the time,' I pleaded.

"'To hell with the elephant,' yelled Bill. 'I don't like those faces he makes at me!' And he was gone.

"I wired New York immediately and received a telegram stating that the circus was leaving next day at noon. I couldn't ever get to New York in time. Much against my will, I had to remain in Cincinnati. I'm glad I did."

Stephan was appointed head-keeper at the zoo, whose population presently grew to be fifty animals and birds. Shortly afterwards he was named general manager, the position which brought him international recognition.

Eli Joseph is the noted Australian animal dealer and hunter of big game, who startled the world a few years ago by catching and bringing to the Bronx Zoo, a duck-billed platypus, the curious half bird and half mammal. Incidentally this *Ornithorhyncus Paradoxus*, the only one in captivity, died after a few months of New York existence, proving whatever that proves, and creating general mourning. Joseph considers Stephan a genius at breeding wild animals in captivity. The Cincinnati expert has bred and reared lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, giraffes, monkeys, pheasants, fancy duck, five varieties of quail, white peafowl and various other kinds of birds. The surplus of the Cincinnati Zoo is sold to other zoos, dealers, circuses, and private individuals who desire wild animals and birds for pets. While the present interview was being obtained, Stephan was nailing up a box preparatory to sending a baby kangaroo to Florida. He had sold the animal to a rich woman who contemplates raising kangaroos for pets.

"Do you know"—Sol can hammer and talk simultaneously—"that nearly everyone thinks the lion is the bravest of animals. Well, that isn't so. In my opinion the fellow that shows the least fear is the rhinoceros. He'll fight anything on land or above it. That's why Teddy Roosevelt was so anxious to hunt rhinos. Teddy wasn't afraid of anything, either.

"People who read the story books imagine wolves are brave. Nothing could be more untrue. A wolf is one of the most cowardly objects you ever saw. The only time he'll fight is when he's cornered."

"During these fifty years, what particular animal or bird have you learned to like the most, Colonel Stephan?"

"I've never outgrown my first love, the elephant. Hatnee, an elephant that we bought from the Rentz Circus after it came over from Europe, was my special pet. We had her forty years and were genuinely sad when she died.

"I've always loved dogs. When I was a little lad, I never was without a pup of some kind. I believe a dog is just as smart as any animal barring possibly the chimpanzee. Maybe it's because the dog has been living with men and women so much. Including domestic animals, I'd say that the foremost exponents of the theory that animals reason are the dog, chimpanzee, and elephant. I mustn't forget that pony I had when I was a youngster on the farm. He used to see me pull out a stick of wood to unloosen the barnyard gate. Before long he learned to unloosen it himself with his nose and save me the trouble of getting down off his back.

"Many popular beliefs are shattered by association with animals," continued Stephan. "One is that lions, elephants, tigers, and other tropical creatures are not troubled by the heat. Actually, they are the ones that suffer the most. We have to turn the hose on the elephant during extremely hot weather to keep her from being overcome. We cool off the lions' and tigers' cages in the same manner. In India and Africa during the heat of the day these animals remain in the jungles where they can be comfortable, venturing out at night only. They simply can't stand the sun.

"I am happy if I can be of assistance to animals, whether they are sick or well. And I believe my fondness for animals is shared by most other folks. Grown people as well as children like to see wild creatures and that accounts for the popularity of the circus as a national institution. Every circus nowadays draws standing-room-only audiences. Between circuses people go out to the zoo. Thousands of tourists come to Cincinnati especially to explore this zoo. The railroads run excursions every Sunday and automobiles bring the rest of them. If we advertise that we have baby lions, baby tigers, or any other kind of babies, the throngs are positively tremendous. Nearly everybody enjoys looking at babies, whether they are human babies or just baby animals.

"It is good business for every big city to have a zoo. There are drawbacks, though. A zoo is a mighty costly project. Animals have monstrous appetites. They 'eat their heads off'."

The expensiveness of feeding several thousand animals and birds is attested by the fact that up to five years ago the Cincinnati Zoo invariably had a deficit at the end of each year. However, the altruism of two Cincinnati women—Mrs. Charles P. Taft and Mrs. Mary Emery—enabled the resort to be maintained as a going institution. Both women agreed to give $125,000 each to purchase the zoo, providing another $125,000 were raised by public subscription, the latter sum to be used in making permanent improvements. This plan has enabled the zoo to pay its way.

"We're doing our best to cut down expenses by raising and selling as many animals as possible," Stephan adds. "But it's funny what little progress we make with the stork family. I guess you think storks have loads of children of their own. Rot! They're supposed to be the original anti-race-suicide advocates but our storks don't practice what they preach. For years we've been endeavoring to get them to lay eggs and hatch young—but they won't."

Sol delights in spinning a yarn of the stork that escaped from the zoo several years ago and flew over a negro settlement near-by. "A score of colored women, some with too many piccaninnies already, ran from their dwellings and with awe-stricken eyes watched the bird circling above them," he continues. "One old mammy made a voodoo sign in ashes on her doorstep. The others fell to their knees and prayed to the Almighty to 'shoo dat ole stork away.' My son, Joe, caught the stork and brought him back, and the negroes felt considerably better, although they were still very uneasy."

So far Sol hadn't mentioned a word about evolution. When pinned down so there was no possible escape, however, he spoke out like a man.

"I don't place any faith in evolution," said he. "I'm inclined to agree with the late William Jennings Bryan. I don't believe man originated from the ape or any other kind of lower animal. And I can say that even as I stand and watch the chimpanzee at the dinner table, drinking her soup far less noisily than certain men and women I know, correctly using her knife and fork, daintily drawing a napkin across her lips when she has finished her meal and going back to playing with her dolls.

"It is a dark, deep mystery where we came from. And yet, it seems to my unscientifically trained mind, this mystery isn't half as important as that mystery we are all yearning to solve—

" 'Where do we go from here?' "

Tools Are His Playthings

[*Continued from page* 125]

farmer. In his early days on the farm my grandsire made several dressers which were used for many years. Only recently a relative sent me some knobs taken from those old dressers. After I had removed the paint I was amazed to find that the knobs had been beautifully inlaid, the work having been done with a pocket knife. I have since traced that little piece of art work directly back to my grandfather, who gave up cabinet-making to become a farmer, but who could not quite suppress his artistic impulses. Somehow I feel that the aptitude for wood working that existed in my grandfather has been passed on down to me. That must be the case, for I have not had any teacher or trainer, except myself."

"What do you think of hobbies in general? Of course you think it is a good thing for anybody to cultivate a hobby?"

"A hobby is helpful only as it enables a man to completely forget the strain and exasperations of his daily work. Many times I have come home all out of gear because of business worries, but an evening in the shop, sawing, planing, cutting, fitting, and hammering enables me to forget all about my troubles, and puts me in a frame of mind to dispose of them quickly and easily the next day. The thing I am doing is to revive old-time craftsmanship, by which men found artistic expression in making things with their hands. It would be fine for a lot of busy fellows and a sure cure for brain fag, if other women would give friend husband a box of tools so he could do odd jobs about the house. There is rest for the mentally jaded in putting up a shelf or fixing a leaking water faucet, and I am sure such tinkering would be a relief to many women who want such things done.

In all of the nine or ten years that Thrift has been tinkering with tools he has met with only one accident. Last winter, just before Christmas, he cut the end of his right thumb while running a power saw. The saw struck his thumb about half an inch from the end, and ran through to the nail, and it looked as if he would lose the end of his thumb, but he did not. The cut healed nicely. However, for one season his friends did not receive any hand-made Christmas gifts, but Tim says he will make up for it next year.

Each Christmas Tim Thrift makes up a lot of gifts for friends. They consist of candlesticks, table lamps, bud vases, mirrors and electric lamps, all highly finished and highly prized by the recipients. On the bottom of each piece is a neatly printed label bearing the words:

"Hand-made by Tim Thrift."

"Pick the pipe-smoking man every time"

Gilda Gray

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Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Z-27, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"TWO YEARS AGO I had a severe illness. After it was over it seemed to me I would never be myself again. I could do nothing without becoming completely fatigued. My doctor told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon began gaining strength. Ever since then I have taken Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day. I consider it a veritable gold mine of energy."

HELENE RABINOFF, Stony Point, N.Y.

"MY SKIN BROKE OUT in ugly blotches. Eating irregularly caused stomach trouble. Then I became constipated. One day a friend advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I started to eat it that day. I slept soundly that night for the first time in weeks. In a month's time I was a new person. Every blemish had vanished from my skin. My eyes sparkled. My appetite was excellent. All as the result of Fleischmann's Yeast."

ETHEL PATRICK, Boston, Mass.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Start eating it today!

The Fiddler of Crockett Ridge

[*Continued from page 16*]

station, his shift of position would agitate the crowd and ultimately register on some one down near the Congregational Church, nearly half a mile away; with all business suspended; with old and young frenziedly shouting good-wishes and farewells; we'd catch our breath between cheers and with a surprised glance question the man beside us. Every time the answer had to be, "We love them."

But one can love a person most dearly and never think of calling out the village band and closing the stores and having the high-sheriff ride a prancing horse ahead of a long procession. Nothing like it ever happened even to one of Horatio Alger's juvenile heroes.

Mr. Ford was surprised at the pother made over Mellie's departure from Norway and the banquet given in his honor at Montreal. Fiddlers galore had answered the call without displacing a single scandal from any front page. Why then such a commotion over a little man with white hair that won't behave, a fiddle under his arm, and one small suit case containing his and Emma's traveling and party togs? Mellie's sartorial preparations had consisted in buying a ninety-cent cap. He would have looked more natural to us in his red toque. Emma had laid in a twelve-dollar party gown, and they were all set. But why the snappy, keen-eyed newswriters, the determined moving-picture men, the village band, Kiwanis, Board of Trade, all the children, all the grown-ups who could walk or ride, the governor of the state?

Then came the answer: it was the supreme fitness of it all. We were celebrating the start of a honeymoon trip fifty years overdue. We were beholding a dividend on fifty years of honest fiddling (and one year Mellie cleaned up six hundred dollars with his bow). In the enthusiastic scene we were reading a new parable. The house furnished with marital fidelity, love, and good fiddling was giving a bonus. Integrity, instead of a sensational hold-up, or political earthquake, was a front-page feature. Goodness was being exploited above the Yale-Harvard game. It was uncanny, but darned good. So we shouted and cheered and meant every hoot of it, while still struggling to encompass the whole explanation.

Several exclaimed, "He hasn't changed a mite!" Nor does a mountain brook put on swank when you commend it.

JAMMED up in the front of the crowd were all the little boys and girls of Norway bearing home-made banners crudely inscribed, "Send him Safe Home, Henry" or "We'll Keep the Home Fires Burning, Mellie." And bunched up close around Mellie and Emma, like a circular stairway, were their nine grandchildren. While the governor waited to express the state's good wishes, the precious nine for the last time buried their grandparents beneath a wriggling, hugging, kissing mound of affection. Then and there Emma told the newswriters, thereby the world, that the visit at Mr. Ford's must be limited to a day or two. Beginning with the first stop in Canada came wires to the children. They must remember to take their baths. Had the younger ones had the banana-splits, promised them on the morning of the leave-taking? It required frequent wires to assure the two adventurers that all was well with the nine, and to induce them to "have their visit out."

Have their visit out, they did, to Henry Ford's delight. On his battered old violin Mellie played *Turkey in the Straw, Jingle Bells, The Campbells Are Comin', The Arkansas Traveler*, and *Pop Goes the Weasel*, just as he played them when he won the championship of Maine. The earnest little country gentleman with the flowing white mustache bowed his beloved fiddle without a tremor of nervousness in the beautiful big conservatory of the Ford home, until the quick succession of reels and jigs had created an atmosphere of swaying branches and laughing sunshine. Then Mellie played a waltz that he wrote himself called *Rippling Waves*. On his own violin he played and then on a costly Stradivarius owned by the motor magnate.

"He's just an old-fashioned fiddler, of course," said Mr. Ford, "but he played that waltz as good, to my liking at least, as any I ever heard anywhere in the world." Later on Mellie confided: "I've made up lots of tunes—hornpipes, gallops, and waltzes—just from watchin' people dance."

At first Henry Ford had not understood all the furore about the Dunhams. He even reminded the van of newswriters of the many other fiddlers who had visited him without a single beacon being lighted. Never mind. In a few days Mr. Ford pronounced the Dunhams "one of the finest couples" he had ever met. When Maine folks read of his first perplexity they dug deeper to figure out why Mellie had been the exception along the deep worn fiddle-trail to Dearborn. The data of this hurried research was arranged something like this: Mr. Ford makes the most low-priced cars. His name is in more jokes and mouths than any other name in America. Mellie makes the best snowshoes in America. That places the two on the same plane as to excellence of their respective manufactured articles. No, that is scarcely correct. Mellie made the shoes that Peary wore to the pole. He has the edge on Mr. Ford, as no automobile can make that trip. Mr. Ford has much money, great influence, and many friends. Mellie, we believe, has more simon-pure, dyed in the wool friends than any man on the continent. Count 'em. Mr. Ford likes old-time fiddling. Mellie is the best exponent of the same. Mellie never had any money and could afford to love every one and be neighborly with every one. Then came the answer: Mellie's an Institution. Send a fiddler to Michigan without acclaim? Of a certainty. But you can't ship an Institution without creating a tremendous furore.

Other discoveries followed quickly. Mellie, we began to realize, has been an Institution for years. His visit to Mr. Ford opened our eyes to what should have been a self-evident fact long ago. An Institution, but not because his fiddling has tickled the feet of three generations, nor because he made the first shoes to scuff the snow at the top of the world. It is just because in the small compass of his sprightly figure and under his boyishly rebellious white hair there is unlimited human kindness. This outstanding trait has always been accepted just as we accepted his shy little nod, the shirt always unbuttoned at the neck in sub-zero weather, and the clean wind blowing over Crockett's Ridge. We discovered what we always had known. He is the persistence of all that was best of the old order. We've drifted away from the virtues of yesterday, but not entirely, so long as we have not drifted away from Mellie.

Hospitality that does not pick and choose the guests is mighty rare. The Dunhams, without possessing much of worldly goods, have for years been asylum and sanctuary for the sick and sorry. We all knew about it. There are few grown-ups in Norway who cannot name some man or woman, broken in spirit or purse who has gone to the old farmhouse as a welcome guest until heart or fortune was mended. Just why the Dunhams should be the ones to take in the unfortunates instead of their more well-to-do townspeople and farmers doing it, no one quite knows. Doubtless it is because they would and others didn't. It seemed to be the sort of thing they were always keen to do. "Just pull up a chair and eat. You'll sleep in the room overhead." Such a simple technique and so few have mastered it!

A fox-hunter's hound is ailing. Instinctively he turns to Mellie to take the dog in and effect a cure. "Mebbe room for another," says Mellie. "Yep, I know there is." Fourteen dogs have been counted at one time at the Dunham home feeding on Mellie's bounty. Many of them were strays. No wonder they greet him with wagging tails. He is an edition de luxe of Josh Whitcomb. Denman Thompson would have loved him dearly.

No one should get the impression that Mellie is in any way flaccid, and finds it easier to say "yes" than "no." One might as well try barehanded, to uproot a pine in an upland pasture as to attempt coercing him to do anything against his own will. Even his own father, Anson Dunham, couldn't do that when he endeavored to stop the young man's experiments with snowshoes. Often the old-timers used to hear the father deplore:

"I vow, Mellie, I wouldn't do that. You're just plumb wasting your time."

IT DID seem a waste of time. There was no big demand for snowshoes, and young Mellie was using rope because he lacked rawhide. Years later his tenacity was rewarded when Peary called him to his island home off the Maine coast and explained what kind of a shoe was needed to withstand the rigors of Arctic travel. "I must have a shoe that won't sag."

"Mine wun't sag," assured Mellie.

"You understand how helpless we'd be if—"

"They wun't sag. How many you want?"

On the day the news flashed over the world that Peary had reached the pole, Mellie's shoes were vindicated. They hadn't sagged.

The demand for Dunham shoes jumped. Orders, prepaid, poured in. Post-office routine was bothered by Mellie's failure to cash money-orders within the three months' period. He was urged to come and bring them with him. On the next day he trotted in, sans orders, and explained, "It don't seem fair for me to turn those checks and money-orders into cash until I've sent the shoes. They're all safe and sound up home behind the clock."

There is no record of any other post-office in the country being similarly inconvenienced by a similar nicety of business etiquette.

The fall of 1925 completed half a century of married life for Mellie and Emma. It also witnessed their wedding-trip. They honeymooned at home for fifty years before they were able to celebrate by journeying. And such a trip! When it did come Mellie could only gasp: "It's a humdinger, Emma."

The Dunhams have always been self-dependent but you see they never have had money to spend on travel. So, denied automobile and railroad travel, they took to the woods and the lakes for their sightseeing. They found great riches in the light and shadow on mountains, in the first snow sifting over an upland pasture, in the eternal mystery of sunsets, and in the philosophy of the wild life. At the age of sixty-seven, Emma had her hair bobbed so she could travel through the bush without being snagged.

"I must let Emma have her way," said Mellie when his wife told the neighbors of her intention to cheat bushes and overhanging boughs by bobbing her hair.

Anywhere Mellie can go, Emma can go. She asks no odds and can cast a fly, or bring down a deer with the best of them. These forest outings in no degree lessen their keen oversight of home affairs. The one great sorrow of the Dunhams' lives was the death of their only daughter. They immediately took over the nine grandchildren and beyond short woods excursions they never left them until they went to fiddle for Mr. Ford.

When he returned to Boston after the visit to Detroit, Mellie cashed in on his fiddling. He made an engagement for a vaudeville tour at a handsome salary. But let no one imagine for a moment that any amount of money would tempt either of the Dunhams to remain away from the farm and grandchildren once they possessed enough means to satisfy their ambitions for the youngsters' future. Where fifty years of constant marital happiness has been enjoyed it's useless to attempt bribing the happy couple to try somewhere else. Every inclination tugged at the Dunhams to return to the ridge. For the children's sake only, Mellie stayed away to fiddle.

Newspaper headlines announced MELLIE DUNHAM HAS MADE GOOD.

Bless the lead-writers. But Mellie made good long before he became one of Ford's fiddlers. He made good when he first took in the sick and sorry. He has made good ever since he started to make or do anything.

When Emma was voted to be the best cheesemaker in New England a summer visitor wrote Fred Sanborn, owner of the local paper, praising the Dunham cheese to high heavens and all horizons. Mr. Sanborn, a life-long friend of the Dunhams, insisted on receiving a cheese. Mellie brought in a small one and charged thirty-five cents a pound. Just cheese was bringing fifty cents and upward in the local markets.

"Is this a good one, Mellie?"

"No, 't'aint. It's a fair one. A 'good' one would mean exactly all right. But it's fair."

Mr. Sanborn ate a hunk and went post-haste to find Mellie. "Bring me every cheese you can make, a hundred a week, and the more they weigh the better. I'll get you the top market price."

"There's the children," mused Mellie. "There must always be more milk and cream than they need. But I want to make more money. I need it. I'll fetch in all I can."

But he didn't. Cornered again and pressed for an explanation, he confessed, "So many friends read in the paper about the cheese, and wrote on, that I couldn't bear to dis'pint 'em." Money, *per se*, has no lure for the Dunhams.

Heretofore they had been outside the state once apiece. Now they have traveled much, have been entertained in luxurious surroundings, have met many notables, and have been deluged with offers from the stage, the screen, the radio, and canned music. Mellie is a diminutive male Cinderella, only his experiences have surpassed those of the original.

IN FICTION it would all be too implausible to pass the desk that specializes in the improbable. It could never happen; it has happened. Yet the logic of it all is as transparent as a hillside spring.

They love animals, their neighbors, and children. Their hearts remain as young as that of their youngest grandchild. This quality of loving and lovableness was the most conspicuous furnishing in the ridge farmhouse. Looking backward we discover how that possession has returned to them an overflowing measure of affection from youngster and oldster. Never a time has Mellie driven his old horse to town, but he runs a gauntlet of shrill voices crying, "Hello, Mellie." And never a time but each and every child is rewarded with a cuddling little jerk of the head to one side and a hearty response. Children's children up through the many years have thus called to him. When he alights from the wagon, dogs come forward to wag a tail to a friend. Many canine generations have done this.

Mellie hasn't the faintest idea why there should be this contagious liking, though he readily understands why every one must like Emma. While the reason for this continuing epidemic of affection is patent to old friends, it is difficult to portray in cold type. The entire development of Mellie's wholesale publicity and popularity is almost inexplicable until you come to know him. Then it's as clear as a child's love.

For seventy-two years Mellie has been as honest as sunshine. Without the waving of a single flag, this honesty has been taken for granted. Some were as surprised at the enduring publicity of the long deferred wedding-trip as though the whole press of the country had abandened divorce, politics, murders, and bootlegging, to rave over the beneficence of a May shower, or the purity of a snow-storm. Mellie was the most surprised of all.

"My stars alive! At the end of seventy-two years how does this happen to me'n Emma?"

The quaint and lovable couple have been cheered and fêted. They have seen big cities. They have lived in splendid hotel suites and have been entertained in private mansions.

And wherever they went they were as refreshing as a stand of white pine. Now they've returned home as unspoiled as when his Excellency bade them Godspeed. They have found no bed as comfy as their own bed in the low farmhouse. They have seen nothing as beautiful as the wooded shores of the island-dotted lake. They're back home to be "just folks."

Hotcakes for Nine Thousand Trout

[*Continued from page 151*]

trout leave the hatchery, they are put in a special pool for three months in order to avoid the cannibalistic tendencies of the larger fish.

"Eleven albino cut-throats, pure white, hatched out this year," said Mr. Prentice, "but they didn't last long in the pool. I guess maybe Mr. Kingfisher spotted them easier."

When Mr. Prentice bought the place five years ago there was one small pond formed by the tiny stream that hurries down the alder-choked draw. Now, a series of natural bottom pools have been made by damming the little stream at regular intervals, until there is a surface diameter close to thirty feet, and a depth of four feet. Wire netting at the spillways prevents the trout from following the stream. Grass, mint, and cat-tails edge the water. Round the shore where the smaller trout are kept are several stakes with steel traps atop to discourage the heron and the kingfisher from availing themselves of this fish paradise.

IT WAS more or less haphazard chance that first suggested to Mr. Prentice the idea of breeding trout. In the rear of his truck farm, where the farmland dipped into the valley, the small stream made the soil unfit for any produce other than cat-tails and alders.

"That land," said Mr. Prentice ruminatingly one day, "isn't fit for anything except fish."

"Then why not raise fish?" asked the practical and far-sighted Mrs. Prentice.

By throwing a series of dams across the course of the stream, small pools might be formed that would be ideal for trout. They decided that the light work would not place too great a burden on Mr. Prentice's health. Now, as Mr. Prentice puts it, "We're just getting the place where we can make money from it. So far I've never gone out and rustled a market."

When an order comes in for over seventy-five pounds of trout Mr. Prentice makes use of a small seine, but for the smaller orders he uses a pole net. Allowing the net to sink to the bottom of the pool, he tosses a handful of chopped pancakes over the spot and then lifts the net.

In cloudy weather the fish break water furiously for the food, but on bright days they wait for it to sink. Feeding the fish is a particular job on the trout farm, for if too much food is given the accumulation is a source of disease; on the other hand, too little food prevents proper growth of the trout. Beside the hotcakes, Mr. Prentice uses ground liver, chopped fish and maggots. In preparing this last article of diet the flies are partners with Mr. Prentice, for by their alchemy waste fish from a neighboring trap—flounders, skates, and dogfish—are transformed in three or four days into fat grubs that put ounces on the trout more rapidly than anything else. But flies are undependable partners in the Puget Sound country where they work only on hot days from June to September, so chopped meat and hotcakes form the regular balanced rations.

Mr. Prentice's greatest fish story, which always provokes a smile, is that the fish recognize him.

"Believe it or not," he said, "but all I have to do at feeding time is to come down by the pool and rattle a spoon against the tin pan in which I carry the food. The fish may not hear the actual sound, but they do all swim over near the shore and wait for their hotcakes and liver."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Prentice, "if you want to learn to make hotcakes, right here's the place to come. I'll teach you how, and the trout'll tell you if your cakes don't come up to what they fancy."—REED FULTON.

Ladies Behind the Scenes

[*Continued from page 93*]

producer, and actress, and she takes especial delight in designing the costumes as well. On occasion she takes over all the press-agent work for one of her productions and launches a complete publicity campaign for a show. To encourage the writing of better plays she has offered a prize for the best drama written by any college student of New York.

Here is a woman whose whole life, like that of Miss Stewart and Mrs. Harris has been motivated by a great compelling idea. True she has also a knack of doing many things well, but Jessie Bonstelle would never have arrived at her present eminence if she had not known exactly what she wanted.

The fourth woman producer on a large scale joined the ranks very recently. It was in May, 1922, to be exact, that Anne Nichols blossomed out with her own show, but she has made theatrical history ever since. She was destined to be author, manager, owner, producer of a play that has created more comment, had a longer run, and brought more money to the box-office than any other offering of recent years.

Ten years ago a shy little Southern girl took her courage in both hands and left her Baptist family in far off Columbus, Georgia, and came to New York, determined on a stage career. She had no job waiting for her, no careful professional training to back her up, no assurance of any kind.

She made the rounds of the theatrical manager's offices on the Rialto for weary week after weary week. She knew what it meant to wait hour after hour in the crowded offices of booking agents—the sole dependence of the theatrical job-hunter without influence.

Finally she got a job as a chorus girl in William A. Brady's production of "The Shepherd King." Like Patricia O'Brien of James Forbes' "Chorus Lady," this little Southerner knew what it meant to work for—and live on—eighteen dollars a week.

"My life as a trouper I recall as a series of one-night stands," she declares, "with dingy, rat-infested dressing-rooms that had squeaky floors, the same old dinners of fried steak and potatoes at all the hotels, and the constant bickerings of the nerve-wracked players. I can never forget the look of fear on each face as if its owner heard hissed in her ears:

"How long will you live if the show shuts down! How will you get back to Broadway!"

Vividly she pictures the theatrical rooming-house just off Broadway to which she always returned from the road, just when the summer's sun was beginning to beat upon its tin roof and creep into the bare rooms.

Somehow each summer she did manage to get another job and keep up the struggle. In the midst of it she married an actor and so there was companionship in her plucky fight against odds. But the worst part of it all was that there gradually began to grow in this girl the conviction that she was not a good actress.

"It was my violent protest against being a very poor actress that drove me into writing plays and producing," she frankly admitted from the depths of a luxurious chair in her charmingly appointed office in the Fulton Theater Building, New York.

There she sat, Anne Nichols, the author of fifteen successful plays and the producer of one of the most successful of them all. From the chorus to this—in ten years—it did not seem possible. What greater contrast could there be than the theatrical boarding-house Miss Nichols had just been describing and this suave room with its deep-napped French gray carpet, its smart furniture, its beautiful pictures glowing on the walls?

THERE is something impish in Anne Nichols's boyish bobbed, curly brown hair, her humorous blue-gray eyes and fascinating vivacity. Her radiant spirit has not been dimmed by her early struggles, but rather accentuated. It seemed odd to go back to those days from this luxurious room.

"The fear of failure continually urged me on," continued Miss Nichols. "This fear haunted me day and night, and I felt no assurance of its abatement until one day it came to me that I could write. When my husband and I were playing in 'Kilkenny,' I conceived the idea of making over his part into a larger and better one. Fiske O'Hara, the producer, noticed the improvement, and asked me why I didn't write a play.

"The idea almost stunned me, but I accepted the suggestion with eagerness. When the evening's performance was over, night after night, I wrote till day came tumbling in at the window. My first vaudeville sketch, 'Humanity' sold, and then the race with pad and pencil began in earnest.

"My first play, was 'Heart's Desire,' written in collaboration with Adelaide Matthews, a playwright and actress. This play of ours was produced by Fiske O'Hara. After its acceptance I worked with a mad fever of energy. I didn't dare give up my trouping, but I dashed off play after play. Dozens of them never got beyond my own waste-basket, but Mr. O'Hara produced one a year. They were all presented for 'road' consumption or on the Pacific Coast. All of these plays had success in a small way, but it was not until I wrote 'Just Married' and 'Just A Little Bit Old-Fashioned' that I felt I was really a playwright."

Then came "Abie's Irish Rose." The story of this play is a romance in itself. Although every manager in the metropolis rejected it, Anne Nichols's faith did not diminish. Finally she went ahead and produced it herself.

"Abie" had considerable growing pains during his first summer, and his diet was expensive (a mortgaged home and thirty thousand dollars in royalties saved from other plays). Miss Nichols mortgaged everything she possessed, and staked it all, like a good little gambler on "Abie." Her faith has been justified. Counting nearly four years in New York, five road companies and various stock companies, it has totaled nearly seventy-five hundred performances.

This breaks the record of "Lightnin'," the longest run on Broadway, before "Abie's" day, which ran 1,291 times.

Here is Anne Nichols's credo: "If you hate your surroundings enough to move heaven and earth and your own inertia, you can succeed.

"Life's greatest handicap is being contented. Deeply rooted discontent is a spur to success.

"You can get from life just what you want."

This persistent young woman is another proof, perhaps the most colorful of all, that women can do business in a big way in the most difficult profession in the world—the presentation of plays for a fickle public's approval.

There are other women who produce plays now and then: Mary H. Kirkpatrick, born in Montgomery, Alabama, who put on six plays of that distinguished playwright, Rachel Crothers; Grace George, who started a repertory theater entirely independently of her husband, William A. Brady, the theatrical producer; Elizabeth Marbury, the play-broker, who put on a half-dozen plays in association with the Shubert brothers; Theresa Helburn, who was born in Philadelphia, and is the producing director of the Theater Guild. Then there are the Misses Alice and Irene Lewisohn, who built the Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand Street, and who, in association with Agnes Morgan, and Helen Arthur, produce six dramatic offerings every season. Mary Shaw, the actress, has also presented several plays, including Ibsen's "Ghosts."

Play producing is a business of hair-raising risks. It is the producer who goes down into his own pocket and backs his judgment of a play with money—sometimes in terrific amounts. One bad decision may cost a producer thousands of dollars a week. And a producer must make quick, sure decisions all the time.

It is in this risky business, that the women here described have made good. Of the four first mentioned, each one came to her present place by a different road. Mrs. Harris took over the high-geared business of a husband who was one of the wizards of his time. Miss Stewart served a long, hard apprenticeship as a vaudeville booking agent. Miss Bonstelle climbed to eminence as an actress, and Anne Nichols went through the grind of play-writing and rewriting, till she could sense the public's reactions to a hair.

Yet in a sense each of these women who has proved her fitness for her chosen vocation, has traveled the same road. Asking no favors of any one, save that she be allowed to work, she has set herself one definite goal for her labors, and then plugged hard till she reached it.

"Ride 'Em, Montana Kid!"

[*Continued from page 149*]

day for me. I was likely to get a ride that I hadn't had yet.

"Saddle on, I mounted as gently as I could, eased myself down into the saddle, doing everything that I could to make myself lighter. Then I shoved both feet hard into the stirrups, took the halter rope in my left hand, quirt in right, and pointing my toes outward, I hollered: 'Let him go!'

"Well, sir, we shot into the air like a sky-rocket. After a few high dives, the roan begun to spin round like a top, with all four feet bunched together. If any outlaw horse ever knew all the tricks of the trade, that stallion sure did. The spinning trick is done to make you feel that the horse is going to topple over on you, so you'll loosen up to jump off. But instead of falling over, the critter suddenly gives a tremendous jump, and into the air you go. Being wise to it, he didn't get me that time.

"Then came more high dives and bucks, followed by the sidewise sweep that makes you feel like you was being carried on top of a wave in the ocean. That over, there came some real bucking. Looking down, I saw that the saddle and the roan were way down below me. Then first I realized what was up. The roan's bucks were coming so quick one after the other that I was floating up in the air at the end of that halter rope like a kite. Of course that wasn't what anybody would call riding him. Just sort of tethered in the same corral.

"So I reached down and put my spurs into something—I didn't know whether it was horse or leather—and pulled myself down into the saddle again. It was horse I had speared all right. Next moment there was an awful crash and all I could see was stars—stars and more stars. We had gone plumb through the grandstand. Lucky for me, I kept in the saddle.

"WHEN my senses commenced working again, I realized that we were going through open country at express train speed, straight toward some mountains in the distance. I don't know how far we went, but it must have been all of five miles. Then I realized that I would have to get off. That roan wouldn't stop till he was dead, and by the time he got to the Continental Divide or Texas, or wherever he was headed, I'd be about done for, too. So I got him to buck again and at first chance I jumped off.

"But I won the bet. Everybody was of a mind that I had ridden the blue roan. So all the gate receipts were mine. After paying off everybody, I had a tidy sum left over for myself. The only loser was Indian Joe—and he was a double loser too. He didn't win the bet money and they never saw the blue roan again."

That's Hayford's story and he sticks to it. Everybody in Laramie, Wyoming believes it, anyway. Hayford was born there in 1892 and he was trained to handle a six-gun by one of the old masters.

What old-time, dyed-in-the-wool Westerner does not know or remember old Tom Horn, if for nothing else than his lightning-like draw? In his time, Horn was the speediest and straightest shot from the hip in the West.

When Hayford was a little four-year-old shaver, Tom Horn took a great liking to the "kid." He taught him how to ride hard and shoot straight. He also imparted the secret of his speedy draw to him. Virtually, Hayford became Horn's heir-apparent. When seven years old, young Donald could shoot as straight as any of the veteran gun-toters and hold his own with a bucking horse, if the latter wasn't just too lively.

At sixteen the "kid" competed in a bucking horse contest at Miles City, Montana, and there won the all-around cowboy championship for Montana, together with a prize of a hundred and fifty dollars in cash. From that time on he was generally known as "The Montana Kid."

After the winning of the championship, wanderlust gripped the Kid and he became a rover. From Montana to Texas and through all the other Western states he roamed, working as a cowpuncher and horse wrangler. In between times he won top places right and left at broncho bucking and bulldogging contests in rodeos. At other times he was a circus man, Texas ranger, soldier, author's collaborator, stunt rider in the movies, etc.

In 1910 he joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and worked up to the busy job of assistant arena boss.

Then the call of the open range was too much for him again and he went back to cattle-punching and rodeo riding. At a rodeo held at Prescott, Arizona, there was one particularly wild-eyed contest in which Hayford took part. The competition was very high grade indeed, but the "Kid" won out. Among the frenzied spectators was one enthusiast who sought Hayford out after the contest and asked him for some advice. The contest had given him an idea for a novel of Western life, which he intended to sit right down and write. For several days the somewhat amused Kid stayed with him and poured into his entranced ears tales of life and death on the cattle ranges. The stranger was Harold Bell Wright, and the book he wrote was "When a Man's a Man." Right from the first chapter it started with the Kid.

LATER on another stranger saw Hayford in action, and he, too, caught an idea for a Western novel. The writer was Max Brand, and the book he wrote was "The Untamed." Whistling Dan, the hero, is supposed to be the Kid himself. Anyone who saw the movie made from this novel will remember how Whistling Dan, played by Tom Mix, tosses silver dollars into the air and plugs them with his six-shooter.

Hayford could probably put up a pretty stiff competition against his fictional self, even now. He shoots from the hip in the good old-fashioned way, just as Tom Horn taught him to do, and he is still one of the quickest men on the draw and one of the straightest shots in the West today.

It was at an earlier rodeo at Cheyenne that Hayford received one of the finest compliments ever tendered a cow-puncher. Watching him fork a bawling outlaw, was a thickset man in a wide-brimmed, rusty black hat whose eyes snapped behind his glasses, and who gesticulated so vigorously that his coat collar occasionally rode up above his ears. "That boy is bully!" he snapped through flashing teeth to a distinguished looking group about him. "He's the prettiest rider I've ever seen." It was Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, broadcasting.

The Kid's wandering life finally led him into the Texas Rangers. While riding a wild bull at Juarez, Mexico, Hayford got into trouble with the Mexican police over a trivial offense. He was lodged in jail, but somehow he managed to communicate with a Texas Ranger. With the latter's help he succeeded in getting out of jail and getting safely across the border. In sheer gratitude to his rescuer, the Kid rode along to headquarters with the Ranger and enlisted in the organization. The two years he spent with that body brought him his fair share of single-handed encounters with bandits who were out to get him, but he managed to get them first.

Then came America's entry into the World War. Inspired by Roosevelt's recruiting of the Rough Riders for the Spanish-American scrap, Steward Edward White and Peter B. Kyne decided to follow in the Colonel's footsteps. They organized the Grizzlies, with headquarters at San José, California.

Hayford was one of the first to "join up." His ability as a range-rider being known, the famous novelists commissioned him as a recruiter for the battery. The Montana Kid hit the trail again and succeeded in recruiting seventy-two cowboys inside of six months.

One day he rode into one of the famous Miller and Lux camps in Santa Clara County, California. Says Hayford:

"The boys were just eating dinner when I rode up. 'I'm the Montana Kid,' says I. 'I want to sign you fellers up for the Grizzlies.' The outfit stopped eating right then and there and stared at me with mouths hanging open, like I was a freak of some kind.

"Then I started in to tell them all about this war we were in and the battery that we were making up then, with a little about myself thrown in.

"They seemed to be warming up a mite after awhile, and then all at once a big rangy guy says, 'Tell ya, boys, what we'll do. If he rides Old Jassie without spurs, we'll sign up, but not before.' He thought he had me there.

" 'Bring on your horse,' I says, and off they went. Old Jassie was the toughest outlaw horse the Miller and Lux outfits had, then. He sure proved to be an ornery lookin' critter. Feller pulls me to one side and says no one had stuck on him yet.

"Well, I got on him without spurs, and he proved a hard one. But I kept on a-ridin' and after a while he sort of slowed down and begun to act as if he was right willin' to stand still if I'd quit fanning him. Inside of an hour, stranger, I was heading to San José with ten of the boys of that outfit as recruits for the Grizzlies.

"Old Jassie was a pretty bad one, but you see he was a baby compared to that Indian Joe's blue roan stallion down in New Mexico."

But the war couldn't last forever. Along came the Armistice and once more the Grizzlies were loose on a somewhat preoccupied world. But this time the Kid had an idea. Here all these writers and such had been using him for "material" as they called it. What was to stop him from putting himself out, "direct to the consumer," so to speak? He made a bee-line for Hollywood. And at Hollywood he stayed.

Yes, said the Paramount folks, they could use an extra rider or two. And they sure did! The Kid was a success right from the start. His fancy riding and daredevil stuff with "pizen-mean" outlaw cayuses proved to be just what they wanted in their Western films. Hayford's outstanding work so far was done in "Square Deal Sanderson," but he's likely to come crashing into the middle of almost any film. The next time you see a Western in the movies, watch for the meanest looking horse and who knows, perhaps you'll see, raking him fore and aft, fanning his ears with a Stetson, grinning fit to bust, and now at last "sittin' on the world"—the Montana Kid.—W. PETER SCHRAMM.

Marie, The Indian Pottery Maker

[*Continued from page 150*]

material. On the mountainsides there are two kinds of clay, both of exceedingly fine texture, one for tan and the other for terra cotta earthenware. There is a black ware, also, which is made with the same clay as the red, but is rendered black in the firing by being burnt with the air entirely excluded from it. After the clay is procured, it is dampened to proper consistency and placed upon a sun-dried clay saucer that rests upon the ground.

With one hand Marie twirls the saucer while with the other she molds the moistened lump to form the base of the article to be made. This done, she makes long ropes of damp clay which she winds around and around above the base into the desired shape, all the time keeping the saucer spinning. When the vessel has been formed in rough outline, the surfaces are wetted and smoothed with bits of dried gourd. Then the pots are baked in the sun. This process in itself demands knowledge gathered from long experience, since the pots cannot be properly sun-baked when the weather is either too cold or too hot.

Later, when they are thoroughly sun-baked, the pots are polished with a gourd or with smooth stones, decorated free-hand, without a liner of any kind, and fired in an oven. During the last process the clay wares are carefully separated by stones placed between them and baked in a kiln of cakes of dried cow dung.

When Marie's market began to develop so that she alone could not meet its requirements, her husband, Julian, was called upon for assistance in drawing the designs upon the ware. Then it was discovered that his decorations far excelled Marie's in intricacy of line, curve and symbolism, so the work was divided between them. Marie fashions, polishes, and fires the pottery and Julian paints all of the decorations.

After the pots have been formed, hardened in the sunshine, and polished with a small piece of dry desert gourd, applied with much elbow grease, Julian paints conventional figures upon them with a small brush made by chewing the end of a narrow strip of yucca—often called Spanish bayonet, or soap weed. His paint is clay mud, or, for black results, a thick syrup made by boiling the bee plant, flowers, stems, roots and all.

THESE products of the Martinez family are all the more marvelous because they are entirely free-hand work. With the simplest of home-made tools they are designed entirely without model in either shapes or drawings. Like all true artists, Marie constantly creates new types. She was the first to produce black shiny wear with figures of dull black and glossy terra cotta bowls with lusterless decorations of the same color. In each group of pots, too, there are always new adaptations of old curves. The other potters are quick to imitate, but Marie evolves new specimens as promptly as they copy the old. So there is always more of a demand for her wares than she can supply, and many would-be purchasers must content themselves with pottery made by the lesser artists.

No more beautiful are her creations, however, than the girl who, by her skill, has raised herself above the level of her Pueblo sisters. She is an oriental aristocrat of quiet dignity, modest and gracious, and possessed of a childlike reticence. Although she speaks little English, she shows her understanding of what is said by a quick, responsive smile. Even if her pots were not more desirable than every one else's, her graciousness would, no doubt, attract much trade to her house, where she "keeps store" on a set of

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shelves in one corner of her company bedroom.

Publicity and increasing popularity were given to Marie's work five years ago when the first Indian Fair and Industrial Arts and Crafts Exposition was held in connection with the Santa Fé Fiesta. This Fair, sponsored each year by the School of American Research, the Santa Fé Chamber of Commerce, the Government Indian School of Santa Fé and Miss Rose Dougan, was designed "to encourage and improve native arts and crafts among the Indians; to revive old arts and to keep the arts of each tribe and Pueblo as distinctive as possible; to locate and establish markets, and to secure proper prices for Indian handiwork." Prizes are given for these exhibits and Marie had such a monopoly upon the pottery trophies for several years that finally she declined to accept another until the work of some of her fellow craftsmen had been recognized. When the Fair opens there is always a regular bargain-counter rush for Marie's pottery.

But success has not turned the heads of Marie and Julian. They continue to be the same wholesome, typically dressed, simple-mannered Pueblo Indians, industriously turning out ceramics that are a distinct contribution to native American art.—ELIZABETH W. DE HUFF.

A Texan Who Makes the U. S. Sing

[*Continued from page 152*]

"The idea that music was good for all people remained in my mind. I felt that clubs would give people who appreciated and loved music an opportunity to study together and help others to find the same enjoyment in it. It happened that soon after I came to Fort Worth, Texas, as a bride, I was asked to join a small neighborhood club. The next year the little group made me president—an office which I held for more than twenty years. When the first little group of women was organized we just met around at one another's houses, talked music, studied, and sang together. It was with a great deal of timidity that we gave our first concert."

IT WASN'T long after the organization of the Harmony Club that they determined upon bringing to Fort Worth some artist of the concert stage. "Our difficulties, laughable now, were real tragedies then," says Mrs. Lyons. "And these difficulties would fill a small volume. Since that time we have brought most of the world's greatest artists to our own concert stage."

In 1920 they decided to bring no less a person than Enrico Caruso to Fort Worth. "The only place big enough to hold the crowd we expected from all over the state," says Mrs. Lyons, "was the Coliseum, out near the stock yards, where the cowboys hold their annual rodeo, and where the experts come each spring to judge the prize cattle of the state. We wondered what Caruso would think about the place, but he accepted our arrangements with charming enthusiasm. That night in the arena-like place, he sang to one of his largest audiences. More than eight thousand people were ranged around the huge circle,. and that concert was the greatest Caruso ever had in point of receipts."

Music clubs had begun to spring up in many other Texas cities and towns and the men and women in these clubs finally decided to form a state organization. Mrs. Lyons became the first state president in 1915.

"It was then that I had my opportunity to make my schoolgirl dreams come true," Mrs. Lyons remarked. "We women got to work to encourage the teaching of music in all the public schools of Texas. We simply couldn't let our boys and girls grow up without some capacity for enjoyment of worthwhile things during their leisure hours. Sometimes we merely had to convince the school board that it was right and necessary. Other times we had to evince our interest by helping to pay for the teaching of music. I loved this work and rejoiced whenever we were able to add the teaching of music to one more school curriculum.

Very soon Mrs. Lyons' achievements in the advancement of music in her own city of Fort Worth and throughout Texas, began to attract national attention. When the great body of music clubs representing thousands of individual clubs in the United States, the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands met in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1914, she was chosen recording secretary. This office she held until 1921, when she was made national president of the organization.

During her administration one thousand clubs composed of boys and girls, were organized. These children were guided and encouraged in the study and presentation of parts of the great operas. And it is through Mrs. Lyons' efforts that young people everywhere have found joy in hearing and knowing the world's great songs. As Mrs. Lyons says, "We are educating future concert audiences."

All the work that Mrs. Lyons has done for others has reacted upon herself just as always happens. You see in her now a charming, well-poised woman with a marked individuality. In her dress, her personality, and the interests that hold her attention, there is reflected her deep love of beautiful and worthwhile things. A love of exquisite and rare laces is

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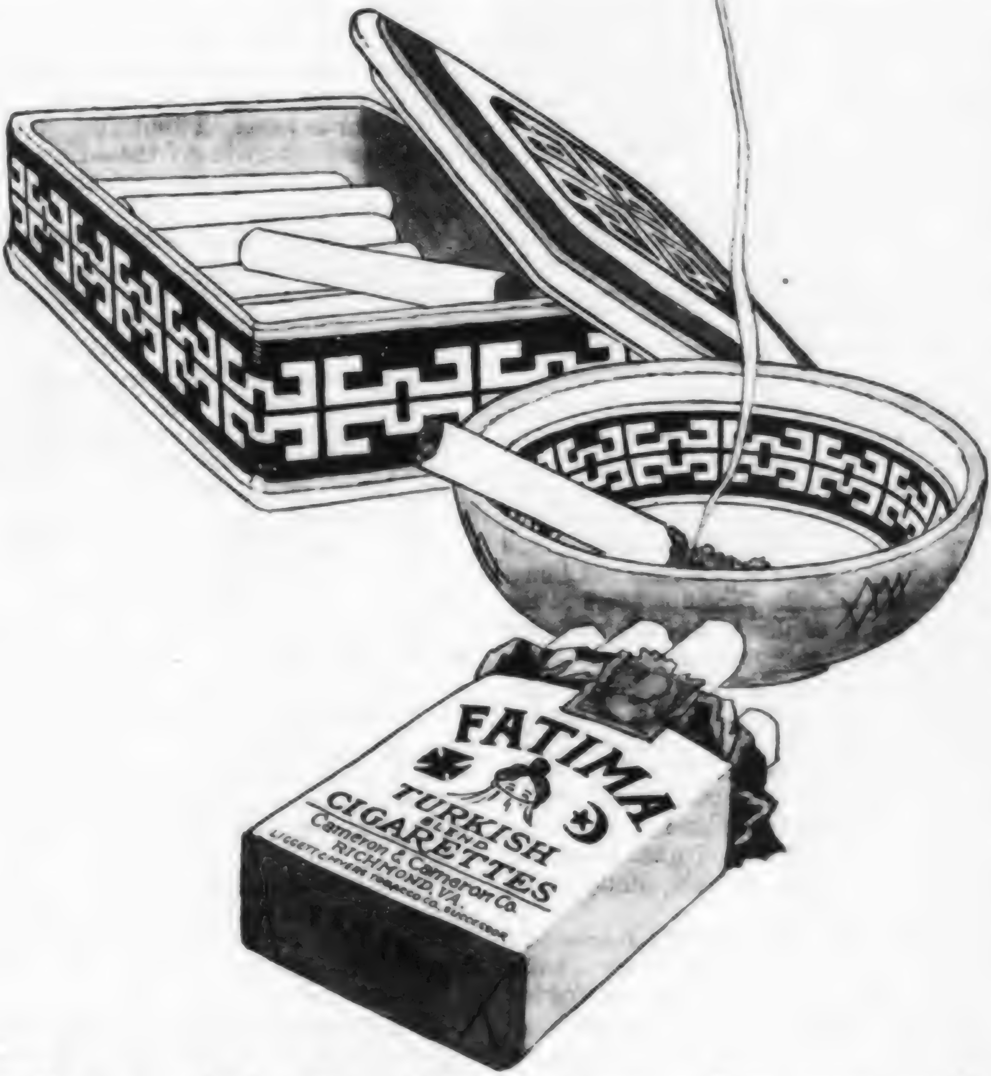
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one of her prominent characteristics, and you seldom see her without some delightful bit of lace about her dress.

Of course her work has brought her into contact with many of the most prominent musical artists of the day and she talks most vividly of her friendship and associations with them. Some one in speaking of Mrs. Lyons recently said, "She hasn't been content merely to do a woman's job with all that that implies, as mother, wife and home maker. She has in addition been musically educating her own city and state for twenty-five years and later as head of the national federation, she has bent her energies towards making America as a whole a music-loving nation."—REBECCA STEVENSON.

The Grand Old Man of the Pacific

[*Continued from page 23*]

be used for furniture making, as well as for ties.

"It happened that the Southern Pacific railroad was at that time building into Guaymas, on the West Coast of Northern Mexico. They needed ties. My samples helped me make a deal—and thus the oak tie business of Japan came into being.

"Sometimes, if I thought there might be a market, I bought whole cargoes of materials, ranging from sulphur to oak, and brought them to America, finding buyers afterward. I was satisfied if I made the freight, because I knew if I could create a demand for the products of the Orient I would get my share of the shipping business that would inevitably result."

Millions and millions of dollars worth of import commodities from the Orient have flowed into America as the result of sources tapped by Captain Dollar for the purpose of keeping his ships busy coming as well as going. There is, for instance, this story of the copra industry.

BANDIT warfare along the Yangtse had interfered with the Dollar vessels going up the river. It was necessary to reenforce the bridges of the vessels with armorplate—but even then the journey up the Yangtse was dangerous. Captain Dollar, nevertheless, had pushed his ships up the Yangtse clear to Chungking, 1600 miles inland. The operators of the junks along the river, holders of the shipping business there for immemorial centuries, knew no way to meet this strange, new, efficient competition except with bullets. That, of course, was before Captain Dollar had become the idol of the Chinese people—before he had become a partner, for instance, with the President of China in the ownership of the land on which the Y. M. C. A. now stands in Wuchang, or had engaged in any other of his innumerable philanthropies in China.

"Our vessels were fired on or interfered with, and our men were harassed," Captain Dollar said. "I decided to find some other source for ship cargoes if possible, to keep our ships busy in seasons when the fighting was most severe along the Yangtse.

"So I went to the Philippine Islands. Governor Forbes sent for me within a few minutes after I arrived.

"'I'm Governor here,' he said, 'and what I say goes. You are not going to leave the Islands for at least a week. The gunboat *Luzon* will be at your disposal in a few hours. The longer you keep it the better I will like it. I want you to look over the Islands and see if you can't discover something we can export. I want to build up our commerce.'

"Well, that was exactly what I was there for. I took the *Luzon*, and went to the southern islands. There, in one place, I found millions of cocoanuts rotting on the ground.

"'What a waste,' I thought. 'Surely there must be some way to get those things to people in the world who can use them.' Then I thought of copra.

"Copra is the dried meat of the cocoanut. From it cocoanut oil or cocoanut butter is expressed, to be used in making candles, soap, and so forth, and as an adulterant for butter and lard. It was being used in a small way in other parts of the world. Why not America?

"My next ship into the Philippines came out loaded with copra. I had wired my office in San Francisco. They had found a market—provided we would guarantee a certain tonnage of the material every year for three years.

"That meant I had to go into the copra business in order to get the cargoes. I wired back, 'Sign up! We'll bring the copra.'"

That was the beginning of the copra business in the United States. Superficially, that jaunt of a private citizen on a government gunboat might have been criticized as extravagant use of government property. But the expense of Captain Dollar's three-week cruise would not be one-thousandth of one per cent of the revenue created in the copra business as a result of the cruise.

The following year—and that was twenty-six years ago—the copra business increased a thousand per cent. Last year it amounted to twenty-two million dollars—the exports to America alone!

There is almost the same story concerning Chinese iron ore and pig iron. Captain Dollar, in his quest for cargoes, was the man who introduced American consumers to the vast iron ore possibilities in China.

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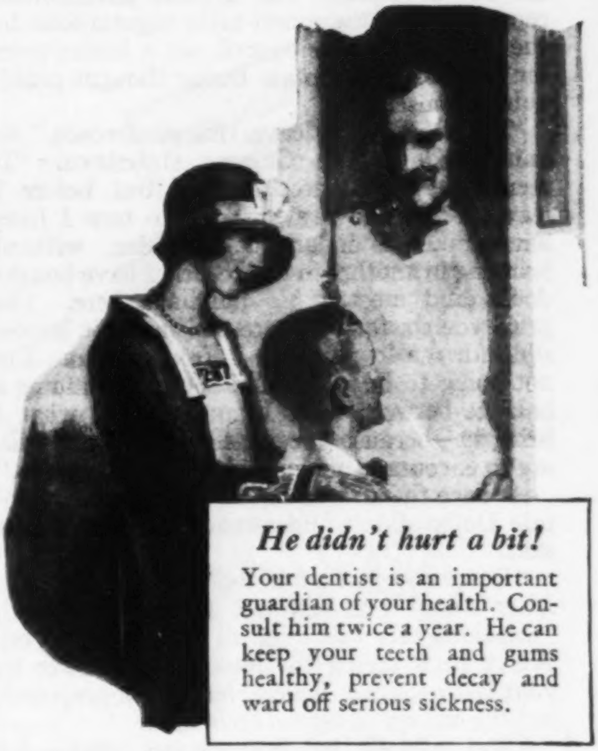

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ore out of China. The Chinese government, represented in the round-table negotiations by the premier and the council, set a higher price for the ore than Captain Dollar thought profitable to himself.

"I am ready to leave this conference," he announced to the Chinese statesmen. "It seems we can't agree at all. But before I leave, I want to say this: Up to now I have never taken a dollar out of China, without bringing in another to replace it. I have bought docks and erected big buildings here. The price you fix for your ore will make it impossible for me to purchase. From now on, I'm not going to be so careful about maintaining a balance between what I take out and what I bring in—because you gentlemen are not willing to encourage me by giving me a fair price."

At once the air was full of consonants. Captain Dollar didn't understand a word that was said.

"Don't go—just a minute!" the premier said. After about ten minutes, the premier said, "Captain, this talk has all been about you. We've been trying to think of an answer to your last remark. Several have been proposed, but the one we've agreed on is this:

"You take all that iron ore you want—and you fix the price!"

One time, because he saw the commercial possibilities, Captain Dollar bought a feather factory in China. Later it was sold, when more profitable ventures were found to take its place. Three hundred women were employed in the factory, preparing the feathers—duck feathers—for market. Often three thousand pounds of feathers were taken out in one shipment.

"A lot of feathers from a lot of ducks," Captain Dollar commented, smiling.

"Commerce," he remarked. "Let me tell you what commerce is. One time I sent a boat load of pine ties to China; the same boat came back loaded with Japanese *oak ties*. That's commerce!"

Fairness in all things is one of Captain Dollar's principles. He doesn't deny the right of labor to organize, but he does deny the right of any group of men to try to run the business of any other man or group of men.

He was a leader in the movement that broke up the dock strike in San Francisco in 1919. That strike was one of great bitterness. Strikebreakers were assaulted, and the courts feared to find the offenders guilty. The city prosecutor refused to prosecute.

An innocent bystander was almost killed in one demonstration. The ambulance was making hourly trips to the hospital—carrying strike-breakers.

Captain Dollar became a member of a Vigilante committee. The committee—composed of some of the biggest business men in San Francisco—called on the prosecutor. "We will not stand for the intolerable conditions of the waterfront," their spokesman announced. "If you don't prosecute those who commit assaults and endanger human life, we're going to take you and string you to a telegraph pole!"

The prosecutor thought it a joke at first. Then he turned to Captain Dollar. "Do *you* mean that?" he asked.

"I'm a peace loving man," Captain Dollar replied. "I have been a laborer. I am not opposed to labor. But I am opposed to the use of methods that endanger human life. . . . Yes, I mean it!"

The prosecutor prosecuted—and the judge, his courtroom packed with the Vigilantes, was emboldened to sentence men found guilty of waterfront disturbances.

Captain Dollar's two sons, R. Stanley Dollar and J. Harold Dollar, are associated with him as vice presidents. But they worked for their jobs, worked from the ground up.

"MY BOYS were no different from other boys," Captain Dollar said. "Before they were ready for responsible positions they had to equip themselves for responsiblity by getting experience. I sent Harold to China when he was twenty years old. He took his bride with him, and began life much the same as any other young man starting out in life with a wife to support."

One of Mr. Dollar's officials, going to China, was instructed by the Captain to look in on young Harold. "I want to know if he is really learning the business," said the captain.

The company official arrived in Shanghai to find Harold confronted with several serious business problems. Harold immediately asked the official's advice on them. But the official, newly wedded and on his honeymoon trip, asked to be excused from considering the problems just then.

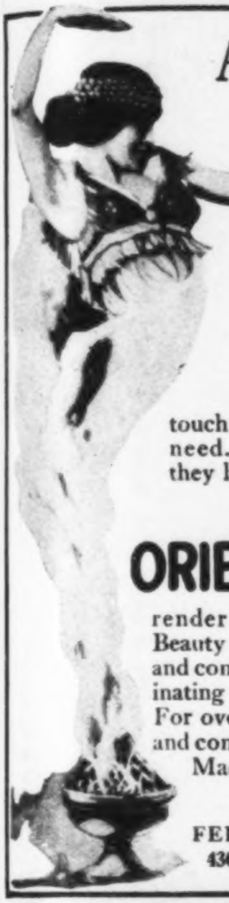
"But these are important matters, and they must be settled now," protested young Dollar.

"Leave them until I get back—couple of weeks from now."

When the official returned he found, as he expected, that the matters had all been disposed of by young Dollar. In addition the young man had written a letter to his father. "I don't understand what's the matter with Lorber," he said in substance. "I asked him to advise me on some things, and he wouldn't do it! I had to do the jobs myself."

Then followed a list of the things he had been up against and an explanation of how he had met them—the solution in each case being highly satisfactory.

Captain Dollar ("Cappy Ricks") chuckled as he read the letter—especially the part where the young man said, "I had to do the jobs myself." He knew that Harold, far over in China, was getting along all right.



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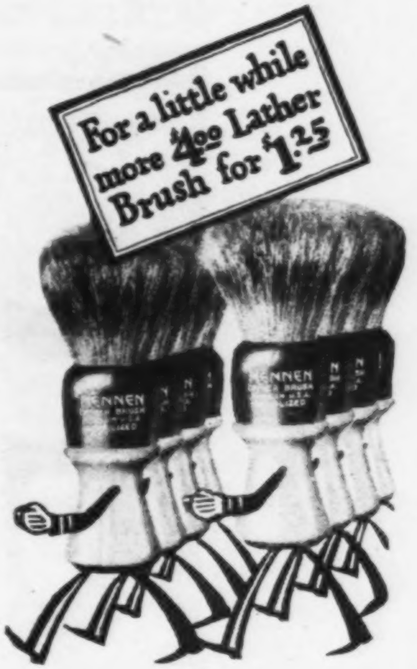
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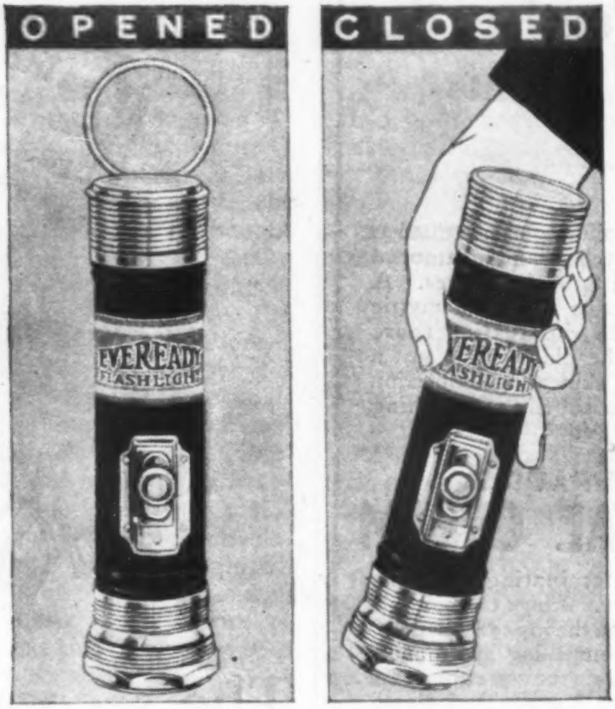
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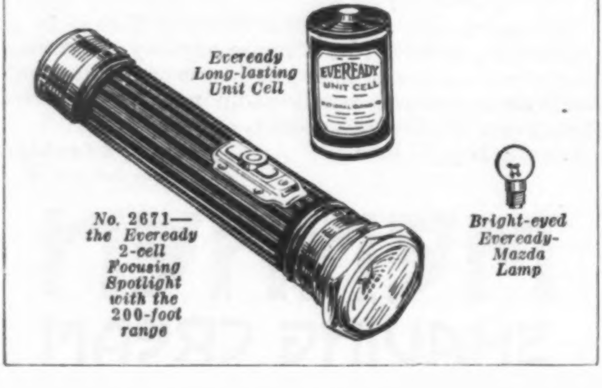
EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT

NEW

hinged metal ring in end-cap for hanging up flashlight.
Only Eveready *has this big convenience-feature*

ONE of the greatest single improvements since Eveready perfected the first flashlight. A simple, hinged, metal ring in the end-cap of each Eveready for hanging up the flashlight when not in use. Ring snaps securely closed and out of the way when not hanging up. Eveready Flashlights also have the safety-lock switch, which prevents accidental lighting and wasting of current; octagonal, non-rolling lens-ring; handsome, beveled, crystal-clear lens, etc.

To get *all* the newest and best flashlight features, insist upon getting the genuine Eveready. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There's a type for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby.


Eveready Long-lasting Unit Cell
EVEREADY UNIT CELL
No. 2671—the Eveready 2-cell Focusing Spotlight with the 200-foot range
Bright-eyed Eveready-Mazda Lamp

Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda Lamps, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
–they last longer